Current Literature

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VOL. XXIX., No. 2 — *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.* — AUG., 1900

The Boxer Movement

It is difficult amid all the false reports that come from China to form a fair conception of the situation there, which has brought about such great alarm among all civilized people. China is in a state of rebellion, so far as official advices go, but the general suspicion is that the Government itself sides with and encourages the rebels. These are the Boxers or "Righteous Harmony Fists," as their Chinese name would literally be translated. These Boxers are now said to number not less than twelve million adherents throughout the disaffected districts of China. They are an association originally formed for the pursuit of gymnastic exercises. They have attained a wonderful popularity in a twelve-month lease of life, and have by degrees added to their fistic sports something of the art of drilling and carrying fire-arms. They have received the sympathy and support of the ruling powers, almost openly, their real purposes being anti-Christian and anti-foreign. Their object is to oppose European aggression by wholesale massacre if necessary. The first overt acts of this kind were the massacring of over one hundred Christians in the Province of Chili, in which Peking is situated. An account of their early work apparently emanating from missionary sources appears in a recent number of the Outlook, from which we add what follows:

Of course hatred of Christian missionaries has always existed in China, but for a decade that hatred has been specially directed toward the Roman Catholics on account of the allegation, made with growing frequency, that their missionaries were too prone to take up lawsuits for their converts. Official classes were somewhat irritated by what they thought an interference with their prerogatives as civil magistrates. In 1898, in an interior village, the Roman Catholics purchased a Chinese temple and replaced it by a church. Native indignation was so great that the people from eighteen villages united and attacked the chapel. The Governor of the province sent a force to disperse them, but his action only stirred them to organized revolt. This revolt became the more assured by reason of the encroachments made by the Germans in Shantung after the capture of Kiaochau. The people of Shantung saw, beside their wretched roads and rotting wagons, their ill-kept canals and tumble-down junks, thrifty German prospectors laying railway tracks and opening mines. More than this, the Chinese heard the frank declarations from these prospectors that their Government would uphold them, by force if necessary, in developing at any cost the resources of a province which they had chosen for their own. Such declarations grated with special irritation on a people suffering from poverty caused by three years of poor crops. Originally directed against the Roman Catholics, the movement has come to be directed against everything foreign. The leaders were keen enough to recognize the advantage of secrecy in the initial stages of a revolutionary movement; they therefore formed societies, which a year ago were to all intents and purposes only gymnastic clubs. Last summer, however, the real purpose of the Boxers became known. Soon a military drill was added to the gymnastic exercises. Then followed the arming of the Boxers with swords, and then, when the real purpose of the society became known, with firearms. Each band of Boxers is conducted by a "demonized" leader, thus adding an element of supposed spiritual power. These leaders cause the utterance of strange speech, either through hypnotism or through an epileptic subject; they also assure their followers immunity not only from death, but even from physical harm. They excite religious prejudices by pointing to the blasphemous blasting in the foreigners' mines, which disturbs the repose of the Wind-Water Dragon, and to the locomotive's shriek, which disturbs the spirits of all ancestors; it is therefore irreligious and unfilial to follow the foreigner. Along with this, time-worn lies are repeated; the missionaries are sorcerers, murderers of children, etc. The leaders send out constant warnings to native Christians: "Renounce your religion or prepare for future calamity." The result has been a wholesale looting and massacre throughout the province of Shantung.

Still greater detail about the Boxer organization is given in an article in the Independent, by

Margherita A. Harum, which after some introductory remarks about the various societies leading up to the Boxer movement, says:

In 1898, toward the close of the year, a new society was registered by the British authorities under the name of I-ho-Chuun and I-ho-Tuun. The name is essentially Mongolian in its significance. I, the first radical, means righteousness or probity; ho, peace or tranquillity, and chu'un the clenched hand or the hand in action. The juxtaposition of the three radicals conveys about the same idea as the English phrase, the Church Militant. It is on account of the last syllable or radical that the members of the latest movement have been termed Boxers. There is another reason—namely, the resemblance of the phrase in question to another phrase, meaning fist-play or boxing. In China there is a great class of entertainers, including boxers, fencers, spear players, acrobatic dancers and actors. Their social position is of the lowest and they associate more or less with the criminal element of the community. Wherever there is a riot, Boxers and other stage people will be found in the ranks of the rioters. As a public entertainer is practically an outlaw it affords an admirable opportunity for revolutionary agents to pursue their calling without much fear of detection. They travel from city to town, and in a single year may visit from fifty to a hundred different communities. They associate with house servants, the rabble, underpaid soldiery and the hangers-on of the courts. Here they have opportunities numberless for spreading their doctrines and increasing their organization. How far the Triad has taken advantage of this condition of affairs is unknown, but that it has done so is confirmed by every letter from the Consuls and missionaries stationed in the various provinces of the Empire. The organization is conducted in about the same style as Masonry in this country. In the towns and cities are halls which are employed for meeting purposes, while in every village and country district are numerous temples which under the Chinese law are open and at the service of all who care to use their rooms and houses. In each lodge or chapter there are grades of membership, and there is a system of representation in the prefectural and provincial lodges and the Grand Lodge. Orders are carried with remarkable swiftness, owing to the fact that in their membership there is at least a majority of the Imperial Mail carriers, as well as a small army of compradores and boatswains on the many steamers which ply the coast and the larger rivers. It is from the latter that the rioters obtain their arms and ammunition. While the trade in modern weapons is prohibited by the law of China and the importation of such goods interdicted, nevertheless every foreign craft is allowed to carry an armory sufficient to repel pirates or to subdue a mutiny, and nearly every China coaster and river boat has an armament of reasonable size. They have drills, and in addition nearly every officer practices regularly so as to be prepared for emergencies. Even the steam launches which are used to communicate with boats in the harbor are often armed, while their European commanders are almost invariably supplied with a revolver. The revolutionaries purchase these weapons from the ships, paying, of course, a very heavy profit to the mariner. He in turn has no difficulty in resupplying himself at Hong Kong and other ports.

In this fashion a steady stream of rifles, repeaters and revolvers is flowing from the Western world into the interior of China. While the amount is small for each boat, yet when it is remembered that there are several hundred boats, and that each boat makes from four to thirty and forty trips a month, the sum total may be and probably is very large.

The Chinese Situation

The situation in China as it is generally received by European nations is summed up in the following article in the London Spectator:

The central fact of that situation is that China, in the informal and cruel way usual in Asia, has declared war on Europe. As we predicted months since, the proud people of China, cut to the quick by the insolent arrogance of the foreigners who treated their decaying Empire as already dead, and openly discussed great plans for its partition, showed such symptoms of disaffection as startled even the stubborn pride of the Empress-Regent, whose career has given her a belief in herself such as a born sovereign rarely feels. As furious as her subjects at the tyranny of the Powers, and probably alarmed by menaces both from the Viceroys and her generals, she resolved to submit no farther—she did reject a demand from Italy with something of arrogant contumely—and issued a circular to the nineteen Viceroys complaining of their submissiveness, and declaring that China, with its vast extent and population, did not fear a European war. This was followed in many provinces, or possibly all, by secret instructions directing that if the people rose upon the foreigners the latter were not to be protected. The instructions were accepted by those whom they reached as proof that a massacre was intended, and the Viceroy of Yunnan, either moved by some personal scruple or afraid of invasion from Tonquin, revealed them to M. François, a French agent, who happened to be in his territory with an exploring expedition. M. François

when invited to fly refused in the absence of orders, and was a little later arrested, to preserve his life, as the Chinese Ambassador in Pari. protests—perhaps truly—to keep him as a valuable hostage, as M. Delcassé suspects. The cue thus given, petty revolts broke out here and there, the great anti-foreign society of the "Red Fists" or "Boxers," which, as the German missionary Bishop testifies, includes men of all the respectable ranks, and is only followed by the ruffians, rose in arms, and the scene commenced which we are now watching throughout Pechili, the home province of the Empire. All available troops were collected by the Empress, and the grand design must have been communicated to a considerable number of persons, for on May 16 the Chinese agent of the North China Herald forwarded to Shanghai a full account of the plot, which was published, but regarded, of course, as only "sensational and alarmist."

Our Woodlands

A writer in the New York Tribune draws the following object lessons from the deforestization of India, Egypt and Persia, in a way which cannot but impress upon readers the prime necessity of intelligent protection to our tree-covered districts:

An impressive object lesson, threefold in scope, against our mad destruction of forests comes to us from the Old World. One is in the Indian famine. What causes the famine? Drouth. And what causes the drouth? The answer is in the dryness of the treeless plains and in the abundant moisture of the forest and jungle. The bewildering increase of population under the benign peace of British rule has increased proportionately the demand for arable land, and to supply that demand forest and jungle have been swept away by thousands of square miles. And now come drouth and famine. Another lesson comes from Egypt. The Nile is drying up. Not only does it never even approximate to the height and depth it knew in ancient times, but it is perceptibly dwindling now from year to year. Why? Because in those remote wildernesses toward the sources of the great river forest destruction is proceeding at a rate unrivaled even by our own œstrus goaded tree slayers. And the third is from the Congo, where the seemingly inexhaustible forests have already suffered such ravages that men are now talking of the need of protective measures. We have only to look at Persia and at the Sahara to see the full fruition of the forest-destroying policy. Once Persia was the most fertile land of Asia, well watered and richly wooded. Once the Sahara was the granary of Africa and of Europe. To-day they are barren sands. They are still traversed by rivers, but these flow far beneath the surface. Here and there they rise sufficiently to maintain small oases. Elsewhere they are hidden below sands as dry and sterile as a furnace floor, through which, however, if a well be sunk, the subterranean stream is surely tapped. Wherever by artificial irrigation the area of vegetation, and especially of woodland, is extended, Nature gladly responds with a return toward her former benign conditions. The French in the Sahara are taking advantage of this fact, and are actually making measurable progress toward reclamation of that desert. It is reasonable to believe that through irrigation and reforesting conditions may be reached in which artificial irrigation will cease to be necessary, for Nature will do the work she used to do before her principles of climatic economy were outraged by artificial deforestation. These lessons, all three of them, are directly applicable to the United States. We have actually known famine in some of the Western States through the malign effects of drouth. Some of our streams are dwindling as is the Nile, and threaten to vanish entirely as those of the Sahara have done. And if in the stupendous arboreal wilderness of the Congo it is becoming necessary to devise protective measures, what shall be said of such necessity in a country so recklessly denuded of its woodlands as our own? The laws of Nature cannot be violated with impunity. She gave the forests as mediums of natural irrigation. If we destroy the means we lose the end. The law is inexorable. Men now see trickling rills where in their boyhood they saw full brimming streams. And they also see bare, sunscathed hillsides where then they saw dense, primeval forests. It is cause and effect, nothing more. But should not rational men learn the lesson?

Power of the Flood

For years after the idea of utilizing the power of Niagara Falls was first thought to be possible the harnessing of the great flood was always spoken of as a practical impossibility. Notwithstanding this it is to-day operating the street railways of Buffalo and distributing energy in immense quantities at long distances. Quite an instructive editorial upon the subject appeared lately in the New York Evening Post, which takes the legend printed at the top of the first page of the Buffalo Express, "Printed by Electric Power from Niagara Falls," as its text. This article says:

There are to-day ten dynamos of 5,000 horsepower each in operation in a low, unpretentious, but architecturally graceful building on the outskirts of the city. They make very little noise—less than one old-fashioned flouring mill would produce. They are capable of sending out the energy of 50,000 horses. One of the dynamos is kept in

reserve, and usually one is under examination or repairs, leaving eight in operation making 250 revolutions per minute. One hundred and sixty feet beneath each of these dynamos is a turbine wheel of 5,000 horse-power, to which the water of Niagara is communicated by a steel tube or penstock. Before these giant constructions were put in place there had never been a turbine, or a dynamo, made or designed or imagined of more than 2,000 horse-power, nor was it known that any device could be contrived or any materials put together that would endure the pressure of a perpendicular steel shaft of this length and magnitude supporting the weight of the giant dynamo, and whirling with such velocity. It seemed as though nothing could prevent it from boring a hole to the centre of the earth if the revolutions could be maintained. Mr. Emile Geyelin conceived the idea of applying the pressure of the water to the bottom of the turbine wheel instead of the top, so that the weight of the shaft and the dynamo should cushion on the water itself instead of on the lignum vitæ socket which supports the weight in ordinary turbine practice. This was accomplished by giving the bottom of the penstock a turn of a half circle, and inverting the turbine itself. Without this simple but most ingenious contrivance the great enterprise as it stands to-day would have been impossible of execution.

This is only one of the new conceptions and devices that have been added to the world's resources in the course of the development of Niagara power. The truth is that the men who have put this wonderful machinery to work for the satisfaction of human wants have been obliged to "feel their way" from the outset. They began work in 1890. Electrical science was in its infancy so far as they were concerned. All that was then known had reference to the day of small things. Even Mr. George Westinghouse advised them at first to use compressed air instead of electricity for the transmission of this power. He did not conceive it possible to construct electrical machinery which could make profitable use of the power of the magnitude contemplated by the Niagara works. It was not until the experiment of long-distance transmission was made at Lauffen, by which the water power of the river Main was conveyed to the city of Frankfort, that the decision was reached to use electrical apparatus at Niagara.

It is futile to seek to popularize electrical science. All teachers of the subject are agreed that it cannot be simplified. Even the writers who contributed the articles in the Niagara number of Cassier's Magazine tell us that we must accept results without seeking to know the processes except in some vague outline. Very few persons know or can be made to know the difference between volts, amperes and watts, or what an alternating current is. When we come to the two-phase, the three-phase and the polyphase systems, we must take everything on trust. One fact, however, can be grasped by the lowest intelligence, viz., that electricity is not a power, but is only a means of transmitting power. Even this is not generally appreciated, the phrase "electrical power" being commonly understood as something different in its nature from steam power or water power, and therefore an addition to the forms of energy previously available for the use and behoof of mankind. Any kind of power which can be used to revolve an armature in the near vicinity of a series of magnets artificially "excited" can be transmitted by electricity for considerable distances and reproduced as power to turn machinery, or as heat to fuse metals or bake bread, or as light to illuminate a city, with some loss by way of leakage in transmission. Ninety-seven per cent. of the power applied to the turbine down in the wheel-pit can be transmitted electrically for use in factories near to the power-house. Ninety-two per cent. can be delivered at Buffalo. It is computed that 60 per cent. could be delivered at Albany, 339 miles distant from the falls, and that at the latter distance the cost of the power would be something, but not much less than that of steam power produced by the most economical engines.

Poets Laureate

A writer in Harper's Weekly calls attention to the fact that Mr. Austin's lines on the relief of Mafeking, paraphrasing Tennyson's Balaklava, come with bad grace from the present Poet Laureate, in view of the opinion he has given out about his more famous predecessor. The writer quotes these remarks as follows:

It is not without interest at this time to revert to some observations which Mr. Austin once made as the result—to use his own words—of "a confidence not the growth of yesterday, but of long, deliberate and ever-deepening conviction." Writing in 1870 on the subject of Tennyson, Mr. Austin challenged the then Laureate's title to be considered a great poet. He thought it worth while to do this because "the vulgar suppose that nobody for a moment dreams of challenging it. I," he continues, with fine contempt for the vulgar, "am going not only to challenge it, but to deny it altogether, and to implore the age whilst there is yet time to save itself by a seasonable recantation from the posthumous ridicule and contempt in which a conventional persistence in an untenable opinion of permanent interest will necessarily involve it." Further on, Mr. Austin concludes a glowing para-

graph, still speaking of the greatness of Tennyson, with the words, "This is the opinion I challenge and denounce—the opinion that will make posterity shriek with laughter and flout us with scorn."

Race and Color

There is still no more acute problem before the people of this country than that which was supposed to be settled when the negro was set free. It has been quite generally recognized even by those of the North that in giving a full franchise to the negro race, in order to live up to the letter of our Declaration of Independence, less haste would have tended to modify the gift. For one thing it has not removed the negro from popular anxiety. The problem of his rescue from slavery was easy, but now the problem is to rescue his liberators from the consequences of their generosity. The question now to be decided is what is to be done with him. Difference of race and color strike deeper than the surface, and though theoretically all men are born free and equal we have only to consider the unpopularity of intermarriage between the negro and the white race to see that in our hearts we consider the question of equality, as mentioned here, a "lapsus penni." Mr. Charles Dudley Warner recently read a paper before the Columbian University in which he frankly confessed that Northern people "have made a mistake in their estimate of the negro's evolution as a race, in attempting to apply to him the same treatment for the development of character that we applied to a race more highly organized." This confession has been seized upon by various Southern journals to point out the fact that the attempt to educate the negro up to our ideals has been a failure, and that it is only one of many mistakes due to the zeal of partisanship. However this may be, it emphasizes a point in the character of Americans which has not before been brought out, and that is that race prejudices are even more intense among Americans than any other people. This fact is pointed out by a writer in the Boston Transcript, who says:

> Europeans have caste prejudice, such as produces in the long run a being such as Millet has limned on canvas and Edward Markham has embalmed in song and story as The Man With the Hoe.
>
> Dead to rapture and despair,
> A thing that hopes not and that never grieves,
> . . . brother to the ox.

Europeans understand this sort of creature, a thing pinned to the soil or the factory, without hope of escape from the menial condition from sire to son, from generation to generation, until it becomes a veritable lower animal—lower, that is, than the representative type of man—a logical and inevitable involution of feudal conditions, of lord and fief, of kingship and priestcraft, upon which the social and political organism of Europe is founded. European institutions do not recognize in the fatherhood of God the brotherhood of man, although the principle came out of the convulsions of the French revolution and found a lodgment in the soul and the brain of Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson and became embedded as an axiom in our Declaration of Independence. Europeans do not understand how we could have adopted the principle as ours and yet ignore it in all our social and political conduct. How many Americans understand the paradox or care a rap about it? The European peasant may chafe and fret over the caste law that forever dooms him to his parents' condition, whatever that may be, but his chafing and fretting avail him nothing, and he knows it. There is no escape for him. Law and custom fix his status. He may come to the United States and better his condition; he cannot remain in Europe and do it. We have no such law and custom in the United States. The theory of our institutions is that "all men are created equal, and endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." This theory runs through all our fundamental law—Federal, State and municipal. It is a beautiful theory. Some day, in our ceaseless aspiration after perfection, we may embody it in practice. And the millennium is also coming. But in the United States, from the foundation of the Government to the present, we have cultivated a special prejudice based upon color which has caused more heart-burning, blasted more reputations—including those of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster—and cost more blood and treasure than all other questions combined. It would seem to all rational beings that we should have had enough of the prejudice against black and yellow people. But when we went to war with Spain to free Cuba, where the leaders of the Cuban rebellion and a large percentage of the Cuban army were black and colored people, we gave them ex-Confederate Southern officers and soldiery, whose education of more than a century made them despise the people they were sent to free; such men as Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, John Gray Evans, of South Carolina, Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, and the like, with soldiers like-minded under them to fight or do garrison duty in Cuba. And all that time loyal black men on their way to the front were harassed in their camps and made to feel that they were not wanted to help drive the Spaniards out of Cuba. And they were not wanted by the Southern men who got such prominence in the war. Under the circumstance, it was inevitable

that American color prejudice should get planted in Cuba, where there had been practically none under Spanish rule; indeed, it went to Cuba with the American army, and it has got the Cuban people to making fine distinctions, just as it is all done in the Southern States, and in some of the States outside of those States.

The Modern Rustic

A writer in the London Spectator draws some conclusions regarding a quality which he calls "slimness." He contrasts the modern Boer with the American, finding in general that the rustics of these two countries are both adroit and cunning, contrary to general expectation. In speaking of the Boers this writer says:

They ought as rustics to be simple, a word which meant in earlier English at once innocent and foolish. It seems to be forgotten that precisely the same charge was formerly leveled against the "Yankees," and this not by Englishmen or any Europeans, but by all Americans outside the six New England States. The farmers of those States were supposed by their countrymen to be the most cunning of mankind, always intent on small cheateries, and always getting the better of their innocent neighbors by carefully devised little plots. That was the central idea of Sam Slick, a coarse but genuinely humorous book, now, we fancy, nearly forgotten; and though Judge Haliburton was an Englishman, he was not half so bitter as Fenimore Cooper, who in his later years wrote five or six novels mainly to prove that "Yankees" were a set of rascally thieves, and that the Boers or Dutchmen of New York were the worthiest of mankind. Even now we imagine a Connecticut farmer is esteemed by the rest of his countrymen one of the craftiest of men, with whom it is not convenient to bargain, and who must be avoided as an employee because he is sure sooner or later to play the part of the cuckoo. He is, in the literature of his enemies, for all his rusticity, over-canny, penurious to dishonesty, and up to a certain point, where his religion comes in, entirely undeserving of trust. What with his patriotism, indeed, his love of deception, and his capacity for irregular warfare, he was very like a Boer, with these differences, that he was precise and even prim, instead of lax, in his personal habits, and was never, so far as we can remember, accused even by implication of any proclivity to cruelty. It is interesting to trace the causes of an opinion so widely entertained. One, no doubt, is a sense of annoyed surprise to find the "yokel" or "lout" or "countryman" so much cleverer and more roguish than he is expected to be. An opinion so general that it extends even to those who suffer from it, confines acuteness and the disposition to overreach to the inhabitants of cities. The countryman must be innocent, for does he not live among lambs, and bring up beasts which to those who have never kept a collie dog seem absolutely incapable of guile? Moreover, the tiller of the fields is incapable of designing, for how should he design who is never in a crowd, who talks in a thick dialect instead of a mincing one, and who is actually, if the district is remote, reverential to his betters? When accident reveals to the townsman that this simple friend can on occasion be the subtlest of plotters, that he is always secretive, and that he understands the characters of all with whom he comes in contact, and is willing and able to play on any weakness he perceives, the citizen becomes angry, and in his anger—which is partly with himself—invests his rival with "slim" attributes exactly equivalent to those with which a hundred pens are now investing the Dutch of South Africa. Another cause is aloofness, the different training of generations having rendered citizens and country folk so different in speech and ways, that they are to each other almost foreigners, and like foreigners, are at once slightly despised and slightly suspected. But the main cause of the charge of "slimness" is that it is true. The peasant in every country, South Africa included, entertains from tradition a suspicion that all who deal with him intend to oppress him, that he can only defend himself by craft, and that in money matters especially, if he is ever to be safe, he must be both penurious and sly. He has to make his income by small bargains, and he becomes an adept in bargaining, especially with those who are not experts, as he is, in the qualities of the thing bargained for. He teaches himself, therefore, to become at once plausible and persistent, and having in business dealings exactly the same conscience as the small tradesman, he generally does get the advantage in a deal. That seems very surprising to his irritated adversary, but there is in it no real ground for surprise. There is no reason whatever why the countryman should be either better or more foolish than the man of the towns. He has rather more temptations because he is poorer and has fewer opportunities of making profit, and he is just as experienced, though his experience has been gained in a rather different way. There is nothing in the fields, or the air, or the beasts to make him silly, and, as a matter of fact, he knows thoroughly one of the most difficult and complicated of trades —how to extract a living from the soil. He acquires, too, from intense watchfulness in defence of himself, a gift—comprehension of personal character—which is often wanting to his rival, who has to take his customers in the lump.

Tientsin and Peking*

The old walled city of Tientsin, at the northern terminus of the Grand Canal, holds with its suburbs more than a million people, and stretches along the river in compact mass for six miles. It is built of gray bricks, has dingy-tiled roofs, and, without space, splendor, greenery, or cleanliness anywhere about it, is but a huge warren in whose narrow stone runs unceasing processions of people stream and scream and scold their way from dawn to dark. A few streets have been widened or made passable for jinrikishas, but blockades are frequent and to be remembered. No stranger doubts the fighting qualities of the Chinese after he has been a few times blockaded in old Tientsin's streets.

The two great events of Tientsin's history were the war and the winter of the allies' camps (1860-61), and the massacre of 1870. The severe lesson taught the Chinese in the allies' war had not lasted them ten years when popular anti-foreign frenzy turned upon the orphanage of the French Sisters of Charity, and the mob massacred twenty foreigners, including the French consul, all the sisters, and two Russians, and burned the cathedral and convent. They were moving upon the settlement to put all foreigners to death, when—rain dispersed them! "I can hear the gongs and the shouts yet," said one Tientsin resident, who as a child saw the flames of the burning cathedral, and the bodies of the murdered nuns floating down the river past the ship on which the residents took refuge for a week. A summary punishment, another occupation of Peking, some actual humiliation and a visible lesson of the consequences of such an outrage would have saved thirty years of lost time in China, but France was in the agony of its great war. There were no troops to spare, and home questions were of such import that things could not be managed with a free hand in China. The so-called degradation of a few officials, the execution of twenty alleged ringleaders of the riot, the payment of an indemnity, and the despatch of an embassy of apology to Paris, were the only results. Since that unhappy summer, Tientsin has never been left without its foreign gunboats, and Li Hung Chang, who was made viceroy of Chili after the massacre, took up his residence in the dilapidated yamun by the river, and for twenty years was the real ruler of China as regards its foreign policy.

Tientsin's sights and shops are few and small compared with Peking's, and its specialties are not many. Its position at the head of the Grand Canal made it for centuries the great market and exchange where the Mongol horse breeders and the camel trains from the north brought their products to barter for those of the south. All the tribute rice from the southern provinces once passed in endless lines of red junks up the canal and the river, to the imperial granaries beside the walls of Pekin; but that tribute has been nearly compounded now, and with the silting up of the Grand Canal and its invasion by the floods of the Yellow River the great traffic from the south has been diverted to coasting steamships. It carries one back and away from the modern world to meet the caravans that still come to Tientsin, bringing wool, hides, grease and furs from Mongolia, the soft-footed, shaggy camels of Central Asia treading and swaying in single file beside the telegraph and the railway track. The great tea caravans start from the river bank, each camel loaded with baskets of brick-tea, and his slow tread rivals the pace of the coolies of the cargo-boats, who haul brick-tea up the river to Tungchow, where the baskets are loaded on camels for their slow transit to the heart of the vast continent.

The great shag of the camel's wool is shed and clipped in the scorching summers, and many weavers supply the so-called Tientsin rugs for all China and the Far East. Until recent years they wove a close, firm, hard carpet, with a long, thick nap, using the wool in the natural brown color, with two blues and a black, in good old Chinese geometric and conventional designs. The corrupting touch of foreign trade has given the weavers the cabbage-rose and the picture pattern, lent them solferino and all the analine colors, and led them to produce coarse, thin, loosely-woven carpets that wear flat in a few months and may be punctured at the first beating. The camel's-hair rug retains for months the awful caravan odor, overpowering in damp weather, but a good airing in sun or frosty air will dissipate it. From eighteen cents a square fot for a good, thick, closely woven rug of the old order, the price trebled in ten years; yet buyers are ten times as many as they were before, and one dreads to think what the Tientsin rug may become in another decade. The "Tientsin date," the fruit of the jujube-tree preserved in honey, is another specialty, but of Mongol origin or adaptation. The Tientsin fig-

*Reading from In China: The Long-Lived Empire. By E. R. Scidmore. Century Co. $2.50.

urins are as pleasing in their way as those of Tanagra, and as faithfully represent the people as they are to-day and have been, together with the chief figures of history and legend. The humble modelers in clay are found deep in the burrows of the walled city, and their shelves show all the types and costumes, all the classes, callings and occupations of the empire. One cannot buy modern portraits yet, and the wizened old artist of the inspired thumb looked blank when I insisted upon having him make me Li Hung Chang, bullet-mark, peacock feather, yellow jacket and all. The figures are so cleverly done, so expressive, often so humorous, that one buys recklessly at a few cents apiece.

There are many grimy temples and a Mohammedan mosque in the city; streets of silk and fur and sweetmeat shops, and a few curio shops, where the overflow and the suspicious pieces from Peking shops are vended. Peking palaces and yamun thieves make Tientsin their "fence," and strangers about to leave by the first steamer sometimes find fate flying in their faces with the offer of treasures that resident collectors seek in vain.

IMPERIAL PURPLE PEKING.

The great south gate in the continuous wall surrounding the Imperial or Yellow City, is the main gate of the palace, a state entrance used only by the Emperor on ceremonial occasions. One passes from the Tartar to the Imperial City by gates in the east, west and north walls, each a towering red Mongol keep, whose curving gables break the nine-mile circuit of the Imperial City's yellow-tiled walls. Each gateway is a busy centre of city life, where beggars wail, grandees strut, and mandarins, generals, eunuchs and bannermen, on foot and horse, in carts and chairs and litters, are continually passing to and fro. One is nearest the actual palace demesne at the north or "back gate," where, at the barracks of Manchu bannermen and the headquarters of the governor of Peking, the Ti-tu, or "Mandarin of the Nine Gates," all municipal and civic authority centres. In that intimate Imperial City there are streets of palaces, public offices and buildings, temples and residences with imposing gateways and roofs of colored tiles. There are even shops here in this imperial ward, although the Manchu is distinctly forbidden to engage in trade, and is gathered for defense closely around the yellow clay and yellow-tiled walls of the Sacred Purple Forbidden City of the Son of Heaven, the citadel in its midst.

From the broad avenue leading between the bannermen's barracks one looks directly upon the green hills and summer-houses of the Emperor's Pei-ta, or Northern Garden. One may drive beside the low garden wall for a mile, admiring the green Meishan, the Prospect or Coal Hill, which Marco Polo and Friar Odoric both described. This garden was laid out by Kublai Khan, and the Mongol emperors stored up supplies of coal against a possible siege and turfed them over into landscape ornaments. The Meishan is between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and sixty feet in height, and, overtopping the palace roof, suffices to ward off all evil influences from the north. The Ming emperors built, or more probably rebuilt, the fanciful round, square and hexagonal red pavilions on the hills, and near one of these temples or kiosks the last of the Mings hanged himself from an acacia-tree when the victorious Manchu general had captured the city and seized the throne. With proper respect for a sovereign ruler, the Manchu usurper loaded the offending tree with chains, as punishment for its part in an imperial crime. One pavilion hold a life-size statue of Kanghsi, and another is reserved for the lying in state of imperial corpses.

In the days when the religion of the lotus was law, this beautiful park and the adjoining Western Garden with its great lake were adorned by temples, pagodas and dagobas. One temple still holds a colossal golden image of Buddha, and another shelters ten thousand bronze images of the All-Knowing and his attendant bodhisattvas. There is a bronze pagoda covered with myriad images and reliefs, and a tall white dagoba that one sees above the tree-tops holds the ashes of a living buddha who died at Peking. There are monasteries in the palace gardens where legions of sleek lamas used to minister to imperial souls, and another of Yunglo's colossal bells swings unrung, voiceless, in its noble tower. The great religion is as dead within the palace walls as elsewhere, the temples and shrines are only relics and garden ornaments.

The Northern Garden is separately walled, and is divided from the actual palace inclosure by a broad highway, continued as a causeway or long bridge across its lake. Until quite recently this road and bridge were freely used as a direct route from one side of the Imperial City to the other. For more than twenty years foreign residents greatly delighted in this one green and beautiful prospect, this one breath of fresh, imperial, purple air, and drove frequently over the marble bridge of nine arches and picnicked in the deserted pleasure-grounds around the lake. Suddenly the gates were slammed in their faces, and no foreigners were permitted to pass through. At the sight of a foreigner looking from a passing cart now, the guardians run to shut the gates, and to emphasize their spite hold boards against the cracks long after the alien has gone his way.

From the city wall one can trace and identify the yellow-tiled roof of each of the pavilions of high-sounding titles, as they stretch away from the great south front gate for two miles back to the fairy pavilions on the green Meishan. Friar Odoric described the palace interiors, even to Kublai Khan's great dragon-carved jade punch-bowl, which, standing "two pages high" and hooped with gold, was always filled with drink, with golden goblets standing round. The store-houses, magazines of silk, furs, tea, clothing, jewels and the treasury of gold and silver ingots are on the west side of the main avenue from the south gate, with lesser storehouses of reserve clothing, drugs and perfumes on the east side. On the east side shines the green-tiled roof of the Imperial Library, the chief treasure of all China. This precious and now unique collection of books as brought together by that august patron of letters, the Emperor Kienlung, and duplicate libraries were deposited at the Summer Palace outside the city, at the hunting palace of Jehol in Mongolia, and at the old ancestral palace of the Manchus at Mukden. The library at the Summer Palace was burned by the allies in 1860, the Jehol palace has not been used for forty years, and Mukden's library is farther beyond imperial ken. Earlier imperial libraries treasured at Hangchow and on Golden Island, below Nanking, were destroyed in the Taiping rebellion.

Driving along the west wall of the palace, one may see the upper portion of the red palace which the Emperor Kienlung built for his Mohammedan wife, a Turkestan princess, whose religion he regarded to the extent of adding this unusual second story to a dwelling, in order that she might look upon the Mohammedan mosque across the way. Her face was turned to Mecca and to Turkestan at the same time—"the home-looking building," the Chinese called it. Near this little Turkish seraglio rise the gables of the one-story "Palace of Earth's Repose," which the Ming emperors built for the use of dowager empresses, and where Tsze Hsi-An, the despotic ruler for forty years, is supposed to have passed her time. The immediate dwelling, the intimate living-rooms of the Emperor, are in this northwest corner of the palace inclosure, nearest the women's quarter, and a high-walled passage leads from this private quarter to the Si Yuen, or Western Garden, a pleasure-ground disused as long as the tower of the Jesuit church overlooked it. The residence palace of the first Mongol emperors stood in this western pleasure-ground, but earthquake, fire and the ravages of the first Manchu conqueror left few of the Mongol buildings standing. The Empress visits the Western Garden in state once a year to perform the ceremony of feeding the silkworms at the so-called Silk Temple, and a few lamas tend their temples and maintain schools in the garden. The famous Pavilion of Purple Light is in this outer garden also—a building where Korean, Mongol and Loochoo envoys used to be entertained with feasts and games when they had offered their annual tribute, quite as the Great Father at Washington used to receive delegations of noble red men, give them presents of blankets and tobacco, and pretend to whiff at the pipe of peace. Ignominious audience was granted there to other outer barbarians and savages—the ministers and envoys of the great powers of Europe—when they clamored for audiences in 1874 and in 1891.

No sovereign lives in such seclusion and mystery as the Emperor of China, and the least is known in the general foreign circle at Peking of what goes on within the palace, of what affects the lives of eight thousand people who live and move within the four-mile circuit of those yellow, dragon-tiled walls. Everything connected with this tranquil Palace of Heaven, the actual imperial dwelling, has a tantalizing fascination for the outsider in Peking, indifferently and scornfully as some may regard it all. Half of the grotesque, absurd accounts of palace life are manifestly untrue, but the most truthful ones are often the most absurd, as witness the edicts and memorials daily published in the official Peking Gazette, oldest newspaper in the world. Nothing in comic opera, in the maddest burlesque of extravaganza, equals the bombast and grandiloquence of some of the petitions and memorials it prints, the maudlin raptures and exhortations in the name of filial piety, nor yet the puerile edicts signed by the "Vermillion Pencil," i. e., the Emperor, whose long-drawn pathos ends with a dramatic "Respect this." There have even been edicts commanding grasshoppers to retire from the stricken provinces, and the annual inundation of the Yellow River produces a crop of imperial immunities.

Where there is so much mystery, imagination at once supplies material, and almost everything one hears in Peking about the most exalted Pekingese circle is immediately contradicted or disproved. Except for the envoys and their suites on ceremonial occasions, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Russian princes and the ladies of the diplomatic corps, the only foreigners believed to have penetrated the forbidden realm during the nineteenth century were one or two physicians, an electrical engineer and some musicians, and these last were carried in and out in closed chairs, past blank walls, with everything screened from view save what pertained to their immediate errand.

Manchuria*

Because China is so vast, and Manchuria is (to borrow the Chinese phrase) merely a "cut-off region," remote from the world's chief highways, people in Europe and the United States have been in the habit of thinking of the latter as a paltry territory of no great value. If one considers merely its geographical position and climate, an appreciation of its size alone, without special regard to its natural resources, should suffice to dispel this view. Amid so many conflicting estimates, and in the absence of a proper survey, it is difficult to ascertain the exact size of the country, but it is probably well over 363,000 English square miles. It is more than twice the area of Japan, and nearly as large as Austria-Hungary, one-fourth the size of China proper, and over six times the size of England and Wales. Turning for comparison to America, it is considerably more than twice the size of the North Atlantic division of the United States, including Maine, Massachusetts, New York, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Vermont, Connecticut and Pennsylvania.

It is bounded north and east by the Amur River and its tributary the Usuri; southeast by the highlands and solitudes separating it from Korea, and by the Yalu River; south by the Yellow Sea; while westward, toward Mongolia, there are no natural frontiers. The border-line here was once delimitated by a line of palisades, the first of which was erected four centuries ago by the Ming dynasty to keep out the Mongols from Liaotung. A second was designed to keep out Manchu and Tartar robbers. They had, however, no strategic importance, serving simply as a "sort of magic circle traced round the land, which was thus placed under the protection of the terminal deities." These palisades can no longer be traced, only an occasional mound or row of trees marking where they once stood, and this region remains a veritable "No Man's Land."

At the present moment Manchuria has arrived at an interesting point in her history, for she provides the stepping-stone whereby the Russians, substituting peaceful for warlike methods, may emulate her own example of two hundred and fifty years ago. Entering China for the purpose of rescuing Peking from rebels, of restoring order and generally of preserving the integrity of the empire—that is, of protecting China—the Manchus themselves ended by establishing their own dynasty on the imperial throne. The position of Russia, as achieved during the past few years, is already that of virtual protector of China. Whether events will continue to move in a parallel line with past history until ultimately a similar goal is attained remains to be seen.

The ulterior motive of Russia in acquiring Manchuria is obvious. "What a base for further operations!" remarked a German officer in Siberia, with a deep-drawn sigh. And in this connection it may be noted as a feature of importance that Russia's frontier territories, always a source of strength by reason of their effective military organization, generally form a centre for further extension of territory, while Chinese frontier colonists merely settle down as peasant farmers, constitute no reserve of strength for the imperial government, and are, indeed, more than likely to make terms with the enemy. It is, however, a recognized fact that there are also more immediate reasons for Russian expansion. Hindered in her commercial progress in Asia by the intense cold of the long Siberian winter, lasting for eight months out of the twelve—something unknown in any other large tract where men live in a civilized state—Russia has for no inconsiderable time been covetous of the advantages likely to accrue from enjoyment of the fertile lands and the comparatively temperate climate of Manchuria.

Attainments of the longed-for prize has given an added impetus, of irresistible force, to the ambition and enterprise of the Russians. Sweeping the hand across the map southward as far as the Great Wall, "All that is ours!" they exclaim, in astonishment, contemplating their extraordinary windfall; and they are hastening to take full advantage of their good-fortune, as is evidenced by the phenomenal activity recently witnessed at Port Arthur, Talienwan, and in the Hinterland, where many thousands of Cossacks and large bodies of Chinese are employed on fortifications, harbors and railways, and by the increased zeal and energy with which the construction of the trans-Siberian railway is being carried on. Many Russians, indeed, more advanced in their views, already include Tientsin and Chefoo (that is to say, the whole Gulf of Pechihli) and even Peking; and as the first Muravieff, who took possession of the valley of the Amur, obtained the title of Amurski, so Muravieff number two is already spoken of, only half in jest, as Muravieff Pekingski.

The effect produced on the Chinese as a nation

*Reading from Overland to China. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. Harper & Brothers. $3.00.

by the Manchu conquest has been to considerably alter their former customs and practices. Before that time they had been liberal and enterprising in dealing with foreigners, and records are extant which prove that the advantages of foreign intercourse and trade were fully appreciated by them. With the advent of the Manchus, however, things were altered. Foreigners were as far as possible excluded, trade being limited to Canton. Anti-foreign feeling, in fact, began when the conquering race found the foreign trader no longer powerless and suppliant, but strong and self-assertive; and to this day it has been the policy of the Manchus to represent Europeans as a race seeking only commercial gain, and that at whatever cost to others. Many other exclusive measures were introduced, all designed with the object of maintaining the Manchu power and of upholding the dynasty. No mandarin, for instance, was allowed to hold office in his own province, nor to remain in one place for any considerable time. Thus it has come about that the Chinese as a race have unjustly acquired a character for national exclusiveness and immobility, and many customs introduced by the conquerors have been ascribed to a survival of Chinese antiquity. This Manchu policy of exclusiveness can at the present day be most clearly seen in the case of Tibet, which is still closed to the world. It is not to be assumed, as is usually the case, that the inhabitants of the Flowery Land submitted tamely to the Manchus, any more than they accepted the wearing of the queue, or pig-tail, without a murmur. They bowed to fate, as the Chinese always do when once mastered, but they opposed the Tartars for many years throughout China, and for eighteen years a large portion of the southern provinces was in rebellion, before complete submission was enforced.

The Manchus have been so far successful in their policy that, even with their small numbers, they have been able to maintain peaceful and absolute domination over an empire which, whether considered from the point of view of numbers or extent of territory, is the vastest in the world. But, with the Western powers coming into closer and closer contact, such a state of affairs clearly could not last. As wrote the Abbé Huc, in a fine passage: "These foreigners, these barbarians, whom the government of Peking pretends to despise because it fears them, will eventually become impatient before the obstinately closed doors; one fine day they will cause them to fly in splinters, and will find, behind, a people innumerable, it is true, but disunited, without power of cohesion, and at the mercy of any one who chooses to seize a whole or a part."

Even before the establishment of the Manchu dynasty in 1644, the Russians had cast covetous eyes on the rich country separated from them by the river Amur. Hitherto they had never ventured up the Sungari, but in that year, having heard of the fertility and productiveness of the country it drained, they organized expeditions, under the command of Stepanov, to examine the "terra incognita," and began to buy provisions, collect tribute and so forth. The Peking government, mustering a force at the mouth of the Sungari, put an end to these invasions. Stepanov was murdered in 1658, and for two centuries no Russian again appeared on this river. During the following years, however, several trading settlements were founded on the Amur delta.

It is a noteworthy fact that China—at that time superior in wealth and in civilization, and possessing a strong and intelligent government—in her early dealings with Russia always gained the advantage in settling questions of frontier. The White Tsar's ambassadors to Peking were treated in the same way as were other "tribute-bearers." As their northern neighbors became stronger, however, the Chinese court was gradually growing weaker and more effeminate; the people were oppressed, and brigandage flourished. On the conclusion of the Crimean War, Russia, able to devote more attention to her Eastern affairs, proceeded to secure her position. The great Proconsul, Muravieff Amursky, who was the chief promoter, if not actually the originator, of the Trans-Siberian Railway scheme, obtained for Russian subjects (by the treaty of Aigun, in 1858) the right to navigate the Amur and its tributaries, the Sungari and Usuri. The treaty was signed merely by local officials, and was not ratified by the imperial government until two years later (1860), when, Peking being in the hands of the Anglo-French forces, and China "in extremis," Count Ignatieff saw his way to obtain still further concessions. Making full use of her opportunity, Russia demanded and obtained the cession of the Manchurian sea-coast, extending for six hundred miles, and of the country stretching between the Usuri and Amur rivers and the Sea of Japan, for the first time acquiring, on the Pacific littoral, harbors which were not ice-blocked for six or eight months in the year. Thus, merely by diplomatic pressure skilfully applied, without even a consideration of any kind in return, a magnificent territory, the northern approach to China, was made over to Russia; and China voluntarily closed to herself forever all access to the Japan Sea, an act, referred to elsewhere, which was a turning-point in the world's history.

Rudyard Kipling*

By Richard Le Gallienne

Of the ballad, or rather of one kind of ballad, Mr. Kipling is clearly a master; that is the singing ballad, with swinging jingle choruses and catchy refrains, and written in dialect; but not the narrative ballad written in simple English. Nor, broadly speaking, can he write any kind of poetry in simple English. As a poet he stands or falls with dialect. Any minor qualifications this statement may seem to need will be made in due course. Our concern, for the moment, is with the Barrack-Room Ballads.

These are not, of course, of equal excellence. Out of twenty-one there are, perhaps, not more than seven that one cares about reading again, but these seven are Mandalay, Danny Deever, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, Tommy, Oonts, Gunga Din and Soldier, Soldier. Of these the first four are, in their several ways, perfect things. The delicious humor, the biting irony, and the irresistible music-hall swing of Fuzzy-Wuzzy and Tommy; the tragic shiver and mournful music of Danny Deever; the romance and melody and passion of Mandalay.

Here again in poetry was something that made us unspeakably glad. You might rank them this high or that, but without doubt they were real things, perfect things of their kind; in their degree as satisfactory as Kubla Khan, or a number from The Mikado, or a song by Mr. Albert Chevalier. They were, indeed, as Orphic in their possession of us as Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road, or Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay; but, unlike those fascinating masterpieces, they were not dependent upon histrionic or musical interpretation. They won us by sheer literary effect. You had but to read them, and they provided their own dance music. They lose, in my opinion, by being set to music—which is one of the signs of their being real poetry. Real poetry can as seldom be "set" as it can be illustrated. Also, one is struck, particularly in Mandalay, with Mr. Kipling's wonderful transmuting use of the commonest material. Its magic is made of the very refuse of language. It reminds one of the magic of certain paintings, say a portrait by Mr. Sargent, which close at hand looks all slaps and dashes of paint, like an untidy palette; but, as we move farther and farther away, the vision comes out of the chaos, and soon we forget the brush marks in the beauty. Similarly with the best of these Barrack-Room Ballads, the poor Cockneyisms are tranfigured out of recognition by imagination working at white heat, and a rhythm that might set rocks to dance music.

For satire in verse Mr. Kipling has a marked gift. He hits as hard as Tennyson could do now and again when he was so minded, though his method is rougher and more diffuse. The method of Tomlinson, so far as its metre and rough-and-ready imagination go, Mr. Kipling learnt, I think, from Mr. Buchanan in such ballads as The Vision of the Man Accurst. Using it thus, humorously, Mr. Kipling achieves his end of introducing Tomlinson; that is, of fixing in caricature a type not before pinned down. Tomlinson now stands for one of those book-fed, half-and-half dilettante products of civilization, who have never really lived at all, never done good enough to take them to heaven, or evil enough to gain admission into hell:

" 'This I have read in a book,' he said, 'and that was told to me,
And this I have thought that another man thought of a Prince in Muscovy.' "

Tomlinson, as the phrase is, has passed into the language; at all events into current mythology. But, once having been introduced to him, we have no further desire to read his letter of introduction. The method is just a little common even for satire. Only the force of the idea saves it. Tomlinson steps out of the verses, as a chicken out of its shell—and we think no more of the shell. The method is what one might call Mr. Kipling's "cosmic" method. For purposes of satire it is very effective. . . .

Mr. Kipling is fond of sneering at "Art with a big A." Evidently he had been, very naturally, nauseated with the cant talk about "Art," which, like his hero, Dick Heldar, he found current in London. No doubt certain criticisms on his work provoked his bitter, witty rejoinder. All the same, Mr. Kipling knows well enough that, however you spell it, there is a form of lasting creation with pen and ink, with brushes and paint, with marble and chisel, and with musical notes, which we call "art," which also has its eternal laws not to be set aside for any of us, not even for Mr. Kipling; and that this art is not stultified of her foolish children, however foolish their talk.

I hope Mr. Kipling will overlook my saying it, but Mandalay is something very like Art! It's

*Reading from Rudyard Kipling. A Criticism by Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane. $1.25.

"human," it's "striking," it's "clever," it's "pretty," Mr. Kipling "did it"—and yet, it is Art!

Yes, and as sure as Mandalay is "art," something like seventeen poems included in the Other Verses are not. For eleven of these no one whose opinion counts could seriously plead. The Last Suttee, The Ballad of the King's Mercy, The Ballad of the King's Jest. . . . .

In Mr. Kipling the banjo (self-admittedly his favorite instrument) has found its Apollo. Mr. Kipling can indeed wind our heartstrings round his little finger, but for joy or sorrow—or any manner of mystery—it must always be the banjo, and no other instrument. It must be either "Pilly-willy-winky-winky popp," or "Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tum-pa tump," or (for sorrow) "Plunka-lunka-lunka-lunka-lunk;" either that or nothing. And, of course, seeing it is the banjo, there must always be dialect, not necessarily dialect of speech, but at least dialect of mood, dialect of mind.

The Vampire is written in "essential" slang, and a devoted reading of everything Mr. Kipling has ever to my knowledge printed leads me to venture on the statement that, speaking of serious poetry, he has only written twelve non-dialect lines, and these are almost the best lines he has written. He buried them, as is his custom, in a cache—or he flew them kite-like with a long tail—of bad verses; but so poetry is often found:

"The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

"One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy Worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

"Take not that vision from my ken;
Oh, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need."

Perhaps the quality that first strikes one in reading Mr. Kipling's stories is their exceptional reality, and, gratefully recording the one impression, I must be allowed also to record that which, unexpectedly enough, is its complement. The stories are full of surprises, but one great and disappointing surprise is the facility with which we forget them. Paper and print have seldom, if ever, produced so magic lantern-like an impression of reality. One is the more surprised to find how skilfully they elude the memory. Out of all these one hundred and thirty-one stories, there is not more than a dozen of which a normal memory can recall the features, and numerous as are the characters to which we have been introduced, there are certainly not half a dozen whom we can differentiate. I think that one reason for this in the case of many of the stories, is to be found in the slightness of narrative motive. They are glorified anecdotes for the most part, and exist only in the skilful telling. . . .

Most of Mr. Kipling's stories (and probably those which have most advanced his general reputation) belong to science rather than to art. If I say that they are the product of the literary faculty anticipating the cinematograph, it is by no means with the intention of minimizing their wonderfulness, but rather that I may the more clearly indicate the kind of wonderfulness that really belongs to them. They belong to the wonders of science rather than to the wonders of art, that science of instinctive human faculty which anticipates all inventions; that marvelous science of literal mimicry and piquantly faithful record which finds its most attractive expression, perhaps, on the music-hall stage. It is only those who have not realized the wonderfulness of Yvette Guilbert or of Mr. Arthur Roberts, who will think my comparison of Mr. Kipling to those artists frivolous or disrespectful. I am sure that Mr. Kipling himself will make no such mistake. So, curiously enough, and without premeditation, I find that Mr. Kipling's prose as well as his verse sends me to the music-halls for illustration. . . .

Were Mr. Kipling to be considered as a writer of ballads and a teller of tales, and nothing besides, it had hardly seemed necessary to write a book about him; at all events, in the present stage of his career. Since the Recessional, however, he has been definitely more than that; while, long before it, if less explicity, he was no less virtually a national influence.

There is in England just now a public opinion corresponding in no small degree to the present contempt in France for the "intellectuels;" that is, for those who regard human life as something more than brute force, brutal rivalries and brutal pleasures. We are in the thick of one of the most cynically impudent triumphs of the Philistines the world has seen. All that should be meant by civilization is a mock. The once kindly fields of literature are beneath the heels of a set of literary rough riders. All the nobler and gentler instincts of men and women are ridiculed as sentimentality. All the hard-won gains of nineteenth century philosophers are thrown to the winds; and for the minor ameliorations of science we have to pay with the most diabolical developments of the foul art of war. Everywhere the brute and bully—and for the ape and tiger truly a glorious resurrection!

For this state of things in England Mr. Kipling is the most responsible voice. Of course, he did not create it. Such tidal moods of mankind go deeper than the influence of single personalities; or, indeed, if such cause them, they are usually long since dead, and the final effect springs from the cumulative power of their influence. Mr. Kipling's is not a lonely voice crying to-day what all will feel to-morrow. He is the voice of the tide at its height. Yet if the mood creates the voice, the voice powerfully reinforces the mood. There is a captaincy in expression, and such is the responsibility of the voice. And at all events, if the voice has no real responsibility, one is obliged to treat it as though it had. Mr. Kipling stands for a certain view of life which some regret, and, as spokesman, is responsible for that view. . . .

Who, knowing what war is—and none knows better than Mr. Kipling—shall deliberately glorify war, horrible always, but ten times more horrible to-day, however brilliantly, humorously, persuasively he does it, is an enemy of society; and the more brilliantly he does it, the greater is his crime.

Mr. Kipling not only glorifies war, but he is never tired of hinting his poor opinion of the stay-at-home man of peace, who cannot take murder in his light and airy fashion, and for whom death retains some of its pity and solemnity. What good fun he makes out of the distinguished novelist talking with three young officers home from India, and realizing, bit by bit, what their profession means!

"'You! Have you shot a man? And have you too?'

"'Think so,' said Nevin sweetly.

"'Good heavens! And how did you feel afterwards?'

"'Thirsty. I wanted a smoke too.'"

How fine to be able to feel—or rather not to feel—like that; and what charming taste in the expression of that heroic nonchalance! No wonder the great novelist felt himself a poor milksop "intellectuel" in the presence of these noble boys; for, as Mulvaney has said, "Canteen 'baccy's like the army. It shpoils a man's taste for milder things."

And what a fine contempt is Mr. Kipling's for the young recruit, who, as yet unused to bloodshed, turns white in his first action, and "grows acutely miserable when he hears a comrade turn over with the rattle of fire-arms falling into the fender, and the grunt of a pole-axed ox!" Perhaps no one ever wrote so profanely of death as Mr. Kipling, or with such heartless vulgarity.

But one has only to read the newspaper headlines to realize that in this respect, too, Mr. Kipling is the child, as well as the voice of the moment. A railway accident is now a "smash," a fatal fire is a "big blaze," and, of course, such are only indicative straws. Whatever the reason may be, there is unmistakably at the moment a general indifference to human suffering, and in some quarters a marked revival of interest in brutality. And one encounters it more often, perhaps, among women than men. The Roman lady of the gladiatorial shows is by no means uncommon in English society at the moment.

The Englishman has always been a strange combination of gentleman and brute. The gentleman has been besung to weariness. In Mr. Kipling we have him too; but for the most part Mr. Kipling's work is an appeal to, and a vindication of, the Englishman as brute. The Englishman, too, as Philistine. That particular Englishman has had rather a dull time of it in regard to literature for the past fifty years. In fact, Victorian literature has been painfully spiritual and intellectual. It has gone in for problems and making the world better, for solving "the riddle," and keeping down the ape and tiger. Between Ruskin societies, and Browning societies, and pre-Raphaelite poetry (not to speak of those terrible Burne-Jones women), what wonder if the young Englishman has not yawned and longed to go out and shoot something he could understand! However, being exceedingly docile and, despite his physical courage, of small moral courage, he has gone on submitting to his sisters in these matters. For there was not a single writer of genius to take his part. Then came Stevenson, with his books of adventure, and his gospel of manliness; and the young Englishman began to hope. But then Stevenson was far from brutal enough. Then, too, he had a style. Fatal disadvantage. It gets in the way so.

Then at last came Mr. Kipling, and the young Englishman had the permission of a man of undoubted genius to be just as brutal as he liked. The thing was as true to life as the cinematograph of a prize fight, and everyone said it was genius too. He had waited a long while for it, but at last it came, a complete triumph of the Philistines. And now the literature of beauty, of thought, of fancy, all the literature of idealism, can go pack. It must subscribe to the new fashion or die. All the old literary ideals must be discarded even by the literary journals. Idealism flies in panic; or bows down, abjectly sacrificing in terror one reputation after another before the conqueror. The old masters were milksops and knew nothing about writing whatsoever. Literary oracles in New York declare that Mr. Kipling is the greatest

master of English prose that has ever written, and an authoritative English journal timidly suggests that there may be one or two of the higher notes of poetry in which Tennyson is Mr. Kipling's superior. But you feel that the editor has taken his life in his hands. Wilder and wilder grows the popular taste for blood. "More chops," goes up the cry more fiercely every hour, "more chops, bloody one with gristle." No one writer can keep pace with the gruesome demand for blood-stained fiction, and so a vast school of battle and murder novelists arises, with horses and carriages and country seats and much-photographed babies; and ever the cry goes up, growing to a veritable roar: "More chops, can't you! Bloody ones with gristle."

No doubt there is an element of fantastic generalization in this statement of the situation; but, broadly speaking, it is true of the main current of popular taste. Perhaps we need not seek far for the reason of this widespread reversion to brutality and sensationalism in literature. Is it not the revulsion of an age sick at heart with much thinking; a pessimistic age that is tired to death with the riddle of things; an age that has lost one faith and not yet found another? . . .

For all the humor and bouyancy of his writings Mr. Kipling is at heart a pessimist, and, perhaps, his sincerest expression of opinion in regard to the government of the universe is contained in the fierce Omarian exclamation of Holden in Without Benefit of Clergy, addressed to no one in particular, but evidently meant to reach far up into the skies: "Oh, you brute! You utter brute!" So Omar bade Allah "man's forgiveness give and take."

One often sees Mr. Kipling praised as being startlingly "modern." It is true that he is—remarkably contemporary. Contemporaneousness he carries to the point of genius. But modern, in the larger sense of the term, he is not. In fact, of all European writers of importance to-day he is least modern. True, he is modern in that pessimism to which I have just referred; but of modern hope and modern endeavor he knows nothing or has nothing good to say. For typically modern movement he has nothing but cynical or good-humored contempt. Democracy, the woman movement, the education of the masses; these are favorite butts of his laughter, and "the Refining Influence of Civilization and the March of Progress" one of his favorite sneers. Wiser men have dreamed of a gradual "rapprochement" of the nations, a dwindling of meaningless race hatreds, even an ultimate union of separate peoples, for the general good of mankind. His influence, however, is all on the side of a narrow patriotism that can see no nation but it own. . . .

His work nobly enforces those old-fashioned virtues of man which, it is to be hoped, will never go out of fashion—to do one's duty, to live stoically, to live cleanly, to live cheerfully. Such lessons can never be taught too often, and they are of the moral bone and fibre of Mr. Kipling's writing. But with them go all the old-fashioned vices of prejudiced Toryism. For progressive thought there has been no such dangerous influence in England for many years. Of all that our best poets, philosophers and social economists have been working for he is directly, or indirectly, a powerful enemy. For is he not, on his own admission, a servant of "the great God Dungara, the God of Things as They Are, Most Terrible, One-eyed, Bearing the Red Elephant Tusk"? A god, indeed, not unlike the Jehovah of the Recessional, but very different from the gentle meliorist to whom the so-called Christian nation of England professes a hollow allegiance. Of one melioristic movement only he seems to be the friend: the crusade against drink.

It is Mr. Kipling and his followers who are the true end-of-the-century decadents, for it would seem to be their aim to begin the twentieth century by throwing behind them all that the nineteenth century has so painfully won. . . .

I have in these pages paid my tribute to Mr. Kipling's great gifts; paid it, I trust, with something of that generosity which beseems one of the many thousands whom he has so generously delighted. If there was nothing else to be grateful for, he is the one real humorist vouchsafed to England for some years. His farce alone is a well of precious laughter. Then it is painful to have had to write hard things of the man who made Mandalay, and gave us the Jungle Books. His mere vitality, apart from the variousness of it, is a joy to contemplate. Yet all these good reasons for praise are equally good reasons for fear, when we find gifts so remarkable wedded to a point of view hardly less advanced than that of the British soldier they have so handsomely celebrated.

As a writer Mr. Kipling is a delight; as an influence he is a danger. Of course, the clock of time is not to be set back by gifts ten times as great as Mr. Kipling's. The great world movement will still go on, moving surely, if slowly, and with occasional relapses in the direction which it has always taken, from brute force to spiritual enlargement. But there are influences that speed it along and others that retard. It is to be regretted that Mr. Kipling's influence should be one of those that retard.

Living English Poets: Edmund Gosse

Edmund Gosse was born in London, in 1849, and began, as a very young man, to write for the leading English periodicals. His first collection of verse, Madrigals, Songs and Sonnets, was published in 1870, when the poet was only twenty-one years of age, winning the praise of Tennyson and the favor of critics generally. His essential qualities as a verse writer appear in it: elegance and care of workmanship, close study of nature, felicity in phrasing, and a marked tendency to draw on literary culture for subject and reference. Other works of poetry, On Viol and Flute, 1873, New Poems, 1879, Firdausi in Exile, 1885, In Russet and Gold, 1894, with the dramas King Erik, 1876, and The Unknown Lover, 1878, show an unceasingly firm technique. Gosse has been described as a lyrist with strong descriptive powers. With Lang and Dobson, he revived in English the old French metrical forms, such as the roundel, triolet and ballade, and he has been very receptive to the new in literary form and thought, while clinging closely to classic models. As editor, translator, critic and poet he has done varied and excellent work. Sensitive to many literatures, and to good literature everywhere, he has remained stanchly English in spirit, and has combined scholarship with popular qualities of presentation.

SHUT OF EVE.

Our long, long day of warmth is done;
  Take courage to depart;
The world is chill without the sun,
  My heart, without thy heart.

In vaporous air the willows waved,
  Like seaweeds in the sea;
No other boon my spirit craved
  Than life, warm life with thee.

The glimmering corner of our lake
  Still glows with amber light;
The cold soft tops of grasses break
  Our long low line of sight.

But all in vain; like dying eyes
  That watch in hopeless hope,
We think to change with prayers and sighs
  Our fatal horoscope.

An hour of sun, an hour of breeze,
  An hour of passionate love;
And then the night, and moaning trees
  And folded skies above.

So let us sigh, "Farewell! bright day,
  Warm fern, and grassy dell;
The day is done, then let's away!
  Day, life, hope, love, farewell."

BEATRICE.

Thro' Dante's hands, in dreamy vigil clasp'd
  A pale green bud shot skyward from the sod;
He bowed and sighed; then laid the prize he grasped,
  A folded lily at the feet of God.

There she has slowly opened, age by age,
  And grown a star to light man's heart to heaven;
Her perfume his divinest heritage,
  Her love the noblest gift God's self hath given.

ON A LUTE FOUND IN A SARCOPHAGUS.

What curled and scented sun-girls, almond-eyed,
With lotus-blossoms in their hands and hair,
Have made their swarthy lovers call them fair
With these spent strings, when brutes were deified,
And Memnon in the sunrise sprang and cried,
And love-winds smote Bubastis, and the bare
Black breasts of carven Pasht received the prayer
Of suppliants bearing gifts from far and wide!
This lute has outsung Egypt; all the lives
Of violent passion, and the vast calm art
That lasts in granite only, all lie dead;
This little bird of song alone survives,
As fresh as when its fluting smote the heart
Last time the brown slave wore it garlanded.

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.

"Out in the meadows the young grass springs,
  Shivering with sap," said the larks, "and we
Shoot into air with our strong young wings,
  Spirally up over level and lea;
Come, O swallows, and fly with us,
Now that horizons are luminous!
  Evening and morning the world of light,
  Spreading and kindling is infinite.

Far away, by the sea in the south,
  The hills of olive and slopes of fern
Whiten and glow in the sun's long drouth,
  Under the heavens that beam and burn;
And all the swallows were gathered there
Flitting about in the fragrant air,
  And heard no sound from the larks, but flew
  Flashing under the blinding blue.

Out of the depths of their soft rich throats
  Languidly fluted the thrushes, and said;
"Musical thought in the mild air floats,
  Spring is coming and winter is dead!
Come, O swallows, and stir the air
For the buds are bursting unaware,
  And the drooping eves and the elm-trees long
  To hear the sound of your low sweet song."

Over the roofs of the white Algiers,
  Flashingly shadowing the bright bazar,
Flitted the swallows, and not one hears
  The call of the thrushes from far, from far;
Sighed the thrushes; then, all at once;
Broke out singing the old sweet tones,
  Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,
  The tree's slow life between root and fruit.

But just when the dingles of April flowers
  Shine with the earliest daffodils,
When, before sunrise, the cold clear hours
  Gleam with a promise that noon fulfills—
Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,
Perched as a spray by a rivulet side,
  Swallows, O swallows! come back again
  To swoop and herald the April rain.

And something awoke in the slumbering heart
  Of the alien birds in their African air,
And they paused, and alighted, and twittered apart.
  And met in the broad white dreamy square,
And the sad slave woman who lifted up
From the fountain her broad-lipped earthen cup,
  Said to herself, with a weary sigh,
  "To-morrow the swallows will northward fly!"

PLAYTHINGS.

The streets are full of human toys,
  Wound up for three-score years;
Their springs are hungers, hopes and joys,
  And jealousies and fears.

They move their eyes, their lips, their hands;
  They are marvelously dressed;
And here my body stirs or stands,
  A plaything like the rest.

The toys are played with till they fall,
  Worn out and thrown away.
Why were they ever made at all?
  Who sits to watch the play?

SONG FOR MUSIC.

Count the flashes in the surf,
  Count the crystals in the snow,
Or the blades above the turf
  Or the dead that sleep below!
  These ye count—yet shall not know—
While I wake or while I slumber—
  Where my thoughts and wishes go,
What her name, and what their number.

Ask the cold and midnight sea—
  Ask the silent-falling frost—
Ask the grasses on the lea,
  Or the mad maid, passion-crost—
  They may tell of posies tost
To the waves where blossoms blow not,
  Tell of hearts that staked and lost—
But of me and mine they know not.

WITH A COPY OF HERRICK.

Fresh with the airs of woodland brooks
  And scent of showers
Take to your haunt of holy books
  This saint of flowers.

When meadows burn with budding May,
  And heaven is blue,
Before his shrine our prayers we say—
  Saint Robin true.

Love crowned with thorns is on his staff—
  Thorns of sweet briar;
His benediction is a laugh,
  Birds are his choir.

His sacred robe of white and red
  Unction distils;
He hath a nimbus round his head
  Of daffodils.

THE SCHOOL OF FAITH.

Long time across my path had lain
A far-off bar like gathering rain;
The sunshine beamed along my way,
But this drew nearer day by day.

I walked amid a laughing throng
I plucked the flowers, I sang my song;
But all the time my load of care,
My bar of threatening cloud was there.

Some day, I knew, that bar must break
In tempest, fatal for my sake;
And in my heart of hearts I laid
My secret, and was sore afraid.

And yet it caught me by surprise;
Loud thunders pealed across the skies;
Ere I had time for craven fear
The hour had struck. The end was near.

With lips and lids set hard together
I sank upon the springy heather;
I said farewell to pleasant things
And waited for the angels' wings.

When, oh, the marvel! through the rain
Came odors exquisite as pain;
A softer warmth, like lover's breath,
Danced on my cheek instead of Death.

The birds around me sang in choirs;
My eyes unclosed to clearer fires;
The storm was only sent to purge
Of cloud my sky from verge to verge.

IMPRESSION.

In these restrained and careful times
Our knowledge petrifies our rhymes;
Ah! for that reckless fire men had
When it was witty to be mad.

When wild conceits were piled in scores
And lit by flaring metaphors,
When all was crazed and out of tune—
Yet throbbed with music of the moon.

If we could dare to write as ill
As some whose voices haunt us still,
Even we, perchance, might call our own
This deep enchanting undertone.

We are too diffident and nice,
Too learned and too overwise,
Too much afraid of faults to be
The flutes of bold sincerity.

For, as this sweet life passes by,
We blink and nod with critic eye;
We've no words rude enough to give
Its charm so frank and fugitive.

The green and scarlet of the park,
The undulating streets at dark,
The brown smoke blown across the blue,
This colored city we walk through—

The pallid faces full of pain,
The field-smell of the passing wain,
The laughter, longing, perfume, strife,
The daily spectacle of life—

Ah! how shall this be given to rhyme
By rhymesters of a knowing time?
Ah! for the age when verse was glad,
Being godlike, to be bad and mad.

Current Literary Thought and Opinion

*Literary Revelation of an Age.....W. H. Crawshaw**

The revelation of the age through literature is probably just as inevitable as the revelation of personality. Yet we can hardly believe that it is ever as complete and satisfactory. The age is so much vaster than the individual that a comprehensive revelation is hardly conceivable. If a writer cannot fully reveal himself how shall he fully reveal that which is outside of himself and greater than himself? Writers differ greatly as to the scope of their revelations. Some reveal little ouside of their own personality, some reveal only the life of their own neighborhood or class, some are broadly representative of the spirit of the time among their own people, while some may be called cosmopolitan in their breadth and regarded as representative of the world spirit of their time. This last has hardly been possible until our own day, and is perhaps best illustrated in Goethe. Yet not even the broadest genius that ever lived could more than begin to reveal his age as a whole. Nor would completeness of revelation be possible to all the writers of an age put together. It would probably still be impossible, even if all the individuals in an age were gifted with literary genius; for the expression of the age through individual channels would necessarily be indirect and fragmentary. The expression of personality has a directness and unity which make it clear, consistent, and in some degree adequate. The expression of the age, as we study it in the works of various authors, is seemingly contradictory and vague, though the operation of time may tend to resolve the obscurity and make clearer the proportionate value and truth of the various parts. It might be said that, in a period when the growth of popular legends and myths and traditions have free play, the expression of the age would have something of the unity and directness of individual expression; but such conditions are rare and temporary, and the very lack of self-consciousness would make the revelation less systematic and comprehensive. Incompleteness we must accept as a fact, recognizing that an incomplete revelation is not worthless because it fails to reveal all. We must remember, too, that literary revelation is supplemented by the revelation of art, of philosophy, of science, of historical activity. In spite of all its limitations, the literary revelation is full and valuable.

*From Literary Interpretation of Life. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Scarcity of Personal Views.....H. A. Milton.....Literatnre

If we could test books as we weigh merchandise or test scientific instruments, if there were a literary standardizing institution, an annual trial of a literary Pyx, there would be no place in criticism for the Personal View. All the critic would have to do would be to say how far above or below the standard each work was. The review columns of newspapers would then be printed in tabular form something like this:

Standard A.

Meredith, George—The Egoist + 50.
Hardy, Thomas—The Woodlanders + 50.
Hardy, Thomas—Jude the Obscure — 75.

Standard B.

Kipling, Rudyard—The Jungle Book + 40.
Henry, James—The Awkward Age + 45.

Standard C.

Caine, Hall—The Christian — 95.
Boothby, Guy—Dr. Nikola + 5.

And so on.

But since there are no recognized standards in criticism, all criticism must be in the nature of a personal view. It is all very well to say that a book must be judged for what it is. All fair-minded reviewers, I suppose, make an effort in this direction, and try to say whether books seem to them to be "good of their kind." But it is an extremely difficult thing to do. The best plan is to let a critic review only the books which interest him. The commercial objection to this is that a large number of novels would never get themselves reviewed at all. Personally I do not consider this an objection; I think it would be an enormous advantage.

However, under present conditions, novels demand notice and will not be denied. What is the result? Instead of doing as I have suggested, and letting reviewers review only the kind of book in which they are interested, the plan chosen is for reviewers to suppress their personal views altogether. They write in a half-hearted manner the kind of review which "cannot hurt anybody's feelings." But half the duty of the critic is to hurt people's feelings. Bad writers and those who admire them must be thumped into a better way. If you spare the rod, you spoil the child. If this was felt by Schopenhauer, who longed for a journal which should be "a dam against the unconscionable scribbling of the age, the everlasting deluge of bad and useless books," how much the more true is it nowadays? Schopenhauer would have had no parleying with even the indifferent good

in literature. "If there were such a paper as I mean," he exclaimed with fierce energy, "every bad writer, every brainless compiler, every plagiarist from others' books, every hollow and incapable place-hunter, every sham philosopher, every vain and languishing poetaster would shudder at the prospect of the pillory in which his bad work would inevitably have to stand."

Five-sixths of the reviews one sees in most papers are of the indeterminate, flabby, no-view-at-all variety. The writers of them write not what they themselves think (this you find out quickly if you happen to know them), but what they think the public thinks they ought to think. This is an utterly bad and worthless method. Nothing can be less interesting than people who hold on all subjects the opinions which they think "they ought to hold." They are mere colorless reflections; they have no individuality of their own; they are but shadows. No one likes them, not even those from whom they borrow their second-hand convictions. There is no more irritating character than the person who agrees with you because he imagines you will like him the better for it. So it is with these impersonal reviewers. They sedulously suppress their own opinions, they content themselves with expressing what they imagine, very often quite wrongly, to be the general opinion, and the consequence is that their reviews are not only without value as criticism, but utterly uninteresting. If a man who does not admire Milton has to write an article on Milton, he had much better say why he does not admire him instead of putting together so many mechanical phrases of commonplace and insincere admiration. The great fault of newspapers is that they will not give us enough fresh, individual opinions. Schopenhauer's "ideal journal" which would be written "only by people who joined incorruptible honesty with rare knowledge and still rarer power of judgment" is at the opposite pole from the cheap press with which the boon of popular education has dowered us.

Phases of the Book Trade. ..... *New York Evening Post*

The increased patronage of literature by classes which buy from the department store, and by others who go to the public libraries, has not diminished the numbers of those accustomed to buy editions de luxe. This very interesting and important branch of the book business is still in evidence, and publishers of fine and costly volumes say that the present output of these valuables is greater than ever. There is at least one house in this city which devotes itself exclusively to editions de luxe. It is not an uncommon thing for firms to issue magnificently bound editions of a standard writer, printed on special paper, and limited to fifty or a hundred or two hundred copies, signed perhaps with the name of the author, and prepared with the greatest attention to elegance and quality, which command prices of $25 and $50 a volume.

"These books," said a publisher, indicating a signed set of handsomely bound volumes, "sell for $10 each—a little more than catalogue price, because they are out of print. When fine books are issued, we send circulars or personal letters to a certain list of people whom we depend upon to want whatever we see fit to put out. We inform them that the book has been printed and that they are invited to buy. On this principle all rich books are put upon the market; or, if not precisely thus, by means of canvassers, who go their rounds and give our friends a chance to see the new productions.

"The sale of these books is therefore a matter between publisher and buyer. Little advertising, if any, is done. Sometimes, once a year perhaps, a man takes $50,000 worth of costly books and shows them in some of the cities of the land, but these ways of advertising partake only of the nature of private exhibitions.

"As to the marketing of books in general," the publisher continued, "there is greater latitude in every way. We divide our own roughly into two classes: first, cheap books, of a light and characteristic kind, which go to the trade and sell on their merits; and second, the expensive, heavier and more general works, which depend for their sale on subscriptions and devices of advertising. A novel is published by this house. One copy is sent to each of two hundred or more dealers in whom we have confidence. With this book goes the privilege of returning it within six months if it is not desired. If the dealer approves, he orders; and thus goes out, advertised by him and by us, the mass of light literature and single volumes which reach the reading public. If the work is a success, there is no difficulty in selling large quantities. On the other hand, no matter how good the book, nothing at all could be done in this way with dictionaries, books in sets, works of reference, and other more serious volumes. They might lie in the shop for many weeks without a purchaser. Encyclopædias at $50, like life-insurance policies, are desirable possessions, but are rarely sought of the purchasers' own intention. If we announced the publication of a new dictionary, nobody would come into our shop and buy it unsolicited. Therefore such books are handled by subscription agents, who have the sole right of sale in their respective territories and put out books on the instalment plan, whither they

are followed later by the collector, who goes about in a little circuit and gathers up the weekly or the monthly payments.

"All subscription works appeal to an odd and a scarcely meritorious instinct in man; namely, the love of seeing books upon his shelves, regardless of contents or quality, if their bindings are but handsome and their cost not oppressive. The agent says, with much truth, that he can sell any book under the sun, provided it has a good binding or comes in sets and allows of being paid for ten cents at a time. The seductive quality of the instalment system is quite beyond the ordinary appreciation. Even with the costly works, which we were first speaking of, there is constant humbugging, and a tendency on the part of publishers to take advantage of human weakness. Pseudo-costly books are introduced into many homes by suave agents who make a great fuss with their coach and liveried lackeys. People buy books at $50 and $100 which are worth $5 and $10. The purchaser of a $200 book, who buys it on the condition that he shall be the only purchaser within a given territory, is a fair example of the victims."

Publishing subscription works is, indeed, by far, the most remunerative kind of bookselling, for, once the cost of the plates has been met, the income from the sales is clear profit for one person or another. The men who have made the greatest fortunes at publishing have been the ones who took large masterpieces on which the copyright had expired, or works which were unprotected by any copyright, and published them in a moderately cheap edition, with bindings somewhat above the average, and everything else about them somewhat below it. It is said that one man who "pirated" an unprotected foreign work and published it in this country made more than $10,000,000 for himself, and left a score of those who helped him rich.

Literary Atmosphere.....Charles G. D. Roberts.....Criterion

In New York the literary atoms, so to speak, have not yet coalesced into an atmosphere. They are too few, too scattered, too driven apart by varying interests and influences, for any great concerted effect, however brilliant individually. Each floats in more or less glittering isolation. The men and women who have won distinction in the making of literature are not proportionately so numerous in New York as in London, and are more overshadowed by those who have won distinction in other fields. Moreover, New York is not the literary metropolis of the nation in the sense that London is. She has rivals in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago—even, it would seem of late, in Indianapolis. Each of these cities is more or less of a publishing centre, drawing off from New York some appreciable portion of those precious particles which with concentration and cherishing might come to form a literary atmosphere. New York is, of course, the chief of the literary centres in America. More successful authors are to be found here than in any other city on the continent; but they have no background of tradition to support them. They seem like new-comers, as, indeed, they usually are; and one does not feel that the homes which they make here are permanent. Apartment houses and Harlem flats can hardly hope to become shrines for the worship of the literary pilgrim. All is fluctuation here, and restlessness. If one goes away for a year, and on his return wants the address of this or that distinguished author, one must go to the distinguished author's publisher to find it; for it is odds but the apartments lately dedicated to the scintillating line are now occupied by a haberdasher.

London has drawn to herself, for century after century, all the literary life of the nation. Every man-of-letters that Great Britain produces, though he may choose to eat and sleep at Land's End or John o' Groat's, is tied by many vital bonds to London. As a rule, he comes to live so near as to form a throbbing factor in the literary life of London. If his house is in the provinces, he is sure to have a regular London address—rooms or a club. And such address is pretty likely to be permanent. The English man-of-letters, however much he may wander up and down the earth, does not roam at ease unless he knows there is a fixed place to go back to, where he will find his pipe and his pen just where he left them. Such a homing-place, long occupied, gathers personality. London is so full of these places that their flavor tells.

The difference between the literary atmosphere of London and that of New York may fairly be exemplified by the difference betwen the Authors' Club of London and the Authors' Club of New York. If anywhere at all in New York, what literary atmosphere we have is to be breathed in the little coterie of brilliant writers and good fellows which has its local habitation and its name in the Carnegie Building. This club does a good work, prospers, and is peculiarly admirable for the sane, large-hearted, manly spirit which pervades it—for its freedom from intrigue and petty jealousy. But, inexplicably, it lacks that atmosphere which draws men to a club as a part of their daily routine. The members gather pretty regularly to their fortnightly suppers, which are the perfection of informal good-fellowship, and

a delight to the favored visitor. But for the rest of the time the rooms are little used. For thirteen days out of the fortnight their atmosphere is that of solitude—excellent for work, but not of social import.

The Authors' Club of London, on the other hand, though its regular dinner-meetings are perhaps, as a rule, less gay and spontaneously attractive than the fortnightly gatherings at the Carnegie, and though its rooms are much less cheerful than those of our own club, attains, nevertheless, the atmosphere which we miss. It is certainly a little heavy, on the whole; but it has an air of permanence, and draws one to it if but for a moment in the afternoon, to read, to write, to discuss the latest with some congenial spirit who is quite sure to be there at the proper time. It is a club to use as a daily, familiar thing; and its atmosphere, if not unduly exhilarating, is of the craft.

Mr. Shaw.....G. S. Street.....Blackwood's

Mr. Shaw has ideas. It might be thought from this remark that I propose to charge in his favor, but regretfully I am forced back upon criticism. Mr. Shaw's weakness is his superabundance of ideas. They have to come in at all cost, and character and experience may go hang. It seems that in whatever he writes he must introduce his whole philosophy. It is an engaging and stimulating philosophy, on the whole, and a little of it here and a little of it there would be very well. But all of it everywhere at once is not well. In his plays it has two bad effects. The first is that one seems to be listening to a lecture, a witty lecture, but not a play. The second is that it causes Mr. Shaw to use his actors worse than dogs. To get in an extra idea he will cheerfully sacrifice consistency of tone, and that is fatal to acting. In his You Never Can Tell, for an instance: a young woman, Gloria, is an ironical character, full of reason and philosophy and all that, and full also of human weaknesses. She is sympathetically ridiculous. But when a young man has kissed her on a slight acquaintance without her resistance, and her mother subsequently inquires what is troubling her, the curtain is rung down on her saying "Shame!" and covering her face with her hands—an effect, so far as it goes, of tragedy, the outrage on maidenly delicacy permitted by unguarded weakness, the girl's hatred of herself, and so forth. From that moment the farce, as a farce, goes to pieces, and the actress's comic effects and serious effects are alike spoiled. It is due in this case to say that Mr. Shaw was to some extent saved from himself by the actress in question intelligently minimizing the comic effects throughout, and so weakening the jar of the contrast; but Mr. Shaw did not deserve that. In the best of his more serious plays, Candida and Mrs. Warren's Profession, Mr. Shaw commits the same sort of offence: to bring off his contrasts not of character so much as of theory and ideas, he sacrifices credibility and consistency all the time. Until this prepossession and exuberance are subordinated to the conditions of the playwright's art, Mr. Shaw will not write plays which, simply as plays, will be excellent—until he is content that a theory shall not be stated unless it is natural to the given character to state it, and does not merely place it in the mouth of a character who is more appropriate to it than the others. But when this happens the excellent plays should arrive. He has a faculty of effective construction, both humorous and serious, and he understands how to oppose characters, if only (so to speak) he would let them alone. His dialogue is, I think, at present faulty. Intellectually, in intention, it is very good indeed, when the theories do not spoil it, but Mr. Shaw's ear is inaccurate—his people speak out of their kind. The trick of making people talk naturally and yet with distinction, the crown of dialogue, is not indispensable—at least few dramatists have possessed it. But that the people should use their own expressions is a necessary condition of good plays.

As a conscientious critic I have pointed out that Mr. Shaw's abundance of ideas spoils his plays: I may add as a man that to me it is their great attraction. Moderately good plays do not amuse me, clever quips and flashes do amuse me. If Mr. Shaw were to repeat You Never Can Tell for ever, I would go to see it in its latest form whenever it appeared. It is refreshing to be addressed from the stage as though one was an intelligent person.

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*Maurice Maeterlinck.....Virginia M. Crawford**

For Maeterlinck the highest function of art and of literature lies in the revelation of the existence of our hidden life, in the crystallization in concrete form of fleeting, impalpable truths, in the making visible that which we cannot see. Thus art and literature—no distinction can be drawn between them—should be more intimately concerned with the mysterious secret instincts of the soul than with the conceptions of the intellect, or even with the primary emotions of the heart. The great poets of the human race have ever been a powerful medium through which average humanity has gained such knowledge of the di-

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*From Studies in Foreign Literature. T. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

vine as we have hitherto acquired. By them the horizon of the human soul has been enlarged. Maeterlinck holds it as clearly established that at certain ages in the history of humanity, man's nearness to the unseen has been closer than at others—in ancient Egypt, in ancient India, in Europe during the two mystical centuries of the Middle Ages, and, he might surely have added, in the Ireland that gave us her national folk-lore. At such times, he tells us in his essay on the Awakening of the Soul, it would seem as though "humanity were on the point of lifting, however slightly, the crushing burden of matter. . . . Men stand nearer to themselves and nearer to one another; they see and love one another with a more solemn, a more intimate fellowship."

Maeterlinck aspires after nothing less than a complete reconstruction of the modern drama. In the near future, even on the stage, he hopes to see life in its material manifestations strictly subordinated to its spiritual sub-consciousness. Plot and action are to be relegated to an entirely secondary position; the stage is to be swept clear of cheap trickery and superficial effects; and the eternal mystery of life is to rise in an almost palpable sense before the spectator. In reply to sceptical doubts as to the practicability of his ideal, the young dramatist points to "the august daily life of a Hamlet, who has the time to live inasmuch as he does not act," and to the deep mystical sense underlying the words and acts of Hilda and Solness in The Master-Builder as unique examples of that which he is striving after. And he reminds us, too, that the most celebrated of the great Greek tragedies are almost entirely devoid of action. In his own plays he has rushed, with youthful ardor, and in a noble spirit of revolt against conventionality, to a hitherto undreamt-of extreme of immobility, in order that the immaterial may unmistakably transpire; and those who have argued from this that Maeterlinck never seriously intended his dramas for representation on the stage have entirely failed to grasp his attitude toward his art. In L'Intruse, Les Sept Princesses, Les Aveugles, there is, theatrically speaking, no plot or action whatever; but it is this very absence of material manifestation which allows the impalpable forces of Death and Darkness and Silence to make themselves felt with such solemn and haunting effect. Even in La Princesse Maleine, which to a certain extent follows the recognized canons of dramatic art, and which the author would probably readily admit to have been written when his Shakespeare fever was hot upon him, the action is strangely subordinated to what perhaps I can best describe as the state of atmospheric consciousness. We feel with extraordinary intensity, piercing, as it were, the slight framework of dialogue, the pure love of Queen Anne and King Hjalmar, the conviction of all-pervading calamity advancing with swift strides, the death of Maleine, the remorseful madness of the King, the horror of sin, the irrevocable doom closing in on the haunted palace. And yet, how simple the phrasing, how elementary the construction, and how tenderly human the love passages between Maleine and her betrothed! Side by side with the indispensable dialogue there runs another, and it is this second unspoken dialogue which appeals so irresistibly to our inner consciousness.

Bearing in mind the nobility of the ideal that Maeterlinck has set before himself, and the fact that he has only attained to his thirty-sixth year, it seems more than probable that his great masterpiece still lies before him, and that the dramas he has already given us do not contain the ultimate expression of his genius. Their merit, in truth, does not lie in their mature perfection either of form or of thought; rather they appeal to me in their tender, somewhat fragmentary beauty, as exquisite tentative efforts after a conception too vast and too elusive to be imprisoned in concrete shape by the soul that has perceived it. They are like the beautiful chalk studies, suggestive of much loveliness in their very incompleteness, which a great artist will make in preparation for some mighty work of art, destined, perchance, never to see the light. In Maeterlinck's case, however, standing as he does on the threshold of maturity, there is every reason to anticipate the full fruition of his great gifts; and even if the highest hopes of his friends were destined to disappointment, nothing, happily, could rob us of that which we already possess. From the first he has been a leader in the great revolt against materialism, which surely, whether in art or in religion, has been the distinctive feature of this final decade of the nineteenth century. He has given us a series of dream-like idyls inspired by a tender perception of the beauty of life, and he has propounded a new theory of dramatic art in a volume of exquisite suggestiveness. To say upon the stage what has never been said before; to convey impressions which no dramatic author had attempted to reduce within the compass of eye and ear; to dispense deliberately with all those external aids and mechanical contrivances which have come to be regarded as essential attributes of dramatic representation, in order that the spiritual significance of the action may the more effectively dominate the merely external presentment—all this Maeterlinck has essayed.

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

A few years ago, says the Home Journal, a slender volume of stories by an unknown Southern writer began, in a quiet way, to win friends for itself. From time to time a story in the magazines from the same pen was marked with the same charm and delicacy of feeling that characterized the book. Finally The Kentucky Cardinal appeared, and James Lane Allen became at once a writer of fame. That beautiful sketch, together with Aftermath, when published in book form, had an instant and enormous sale, and the books since then by this talented author have won places for themselves in the affections of readers all over this country.

Mr. Allen wrote for many years, slowly and always with great conscientiousness. Slowly he felt his way, sending off no piece of writing till he felt he could do no better with it. His was largely a labor of love and pride, so that even in his first published sketches there are no signs of immaturity. Slowly success came, and reached its height with the appearance of The Choir Invisible, though, had this much-overrated story not been preceded by his former volumes, it probably would have had but an ordinary sale.

Mr. Allen comes from Virginia ancestry and a pioneer Kentucky family. His grandparents settled in Mississippi and were of Revolutionary Scotch-Irish stock of Pennsylvania. He was born on a farm in Fayette County, seven miles from Lexington, Ky., where he spent his early childhood. He was educated in Kentucky (Transylvania) University, and graduated in 1872. For several years afterward he taught in district schools, at first near his home and then in Missouri. He afterward became a private tutor, and finally accepted a professorship at his alma mater, which he exchanged for a similar position at Bethany College, West Virginia. He gave up this latter profession in 1884, and began his career as a writer in the city of New York. The portrait which appears on the cover was taken a few weeks ago, and is the man to the life, strong, courageous and kindly. Taller than most men, the soldier rather than the novelist is the impression he makes. He came to New York in 1884, worked hard in cramped quarters, as many a poor student before him, but his student days had then long passed, and when he first ventured on the uncertain career of letters he had reached manhood.

James Lane Allen has never looked far from Kentucky for the life and scenes of his now famous novels. His work is inseparably coupled with the name of his native State. But while in its choice of subjects his work is sectional, its character and scope have given him a position to be envied as one of our few national novelists whose works are read almost as eagerly in England as in America. For the past two years he has been working on his latest novel, a story of the Kentucky hemp fields, which he calls The Reign of Law, and which has just been published.

Speaking of Southern writers, Prof. B. W. Wells declares in The Forum that the literary productivity of the South in the last few decades is one of the most striking and interesting facts in the mental history of our nation. Confining his attention to the literary output of a single year, he writes: Let us see what the South has done in twelve months from May, 1899, to May, 1900, in fiction alone. I have made no minute search, and I claim no bibliographical completeness. But during this year there has come to my notice the work of twenty-four Southern writers of novels and short stories. Of the twenty-four, fourteen are women, which will account, perhaps, for the fact that there are but four full-grown novels in the group, the others being stories, long or short, though many of them fill a volume. Taken as a whole, the work of the women must be pronounced to be as artistic, as strong, as effective and as bold in its dealing with the social problems that vex the South as is that of the men. Perhaps no one in the past year has given us a character quite so complete as Mr. Harris' Minervy Ann of the Chronicles and Plantation Pageants, though Mrs. Burnett, with her Tom De Willoughby, Mornin', and Mat, is surely not far behind. On the other hand, no one has treated the psychology of lynching as effectively as Miss Elliott, and no one has seen quite so deep into the racial feeling of the negro as Miss Pemberton, in her tragic story of Stephen the Black, though Mr. Chestnutt, in The Wife of His Youth, easily takes the mastery in stating, if not solving, the puzzling questions that gather around the status of the mulatto. All the characters that I have mentioned, save one, are of negro blood. The African is still, and not unnaturally, the chief source of local color. But one notices that there is a broadening in the field of Southern fiction as well as deepening in intensity in the handling of its greatest problems. The "poor white," Cracker or mountaineer, is the subject of three of the best

stories of the year—by Miss Glasgow, Mr. Robertson and Mr. Edwards—and he plays a considerable part in Mrs. Burnett's work. Though he fills proportionately less space in Southern fiction than in the halcyon days of Charles Egbert Craddock, he is treated with more power and more discrimination. Creole life, too, no longer finds in Mr. Cable its sole privileged expositor. And besides this variety in the treatment of old themes, we have new ones in Mr. Robertson's fearless handling of the taint in Southern political life, and in Mrs. Whitelock's ingenious study in comparative provincialism, when "Hindsight met Provincialatis."

Caroline Brown is the pen name of a young woman living in Indiana, the second daughter in a large family, all of whom are girls but one. Her oldest sister is a well-known traveler, while the family name is familiar to readers of papers and magazines. Miss Brown's education was obtained in private and public schools near her home. At the age of ten she aspired to be an astronomer, but it was only the whim of a child, for her taste lay in the direction of literature and languages. When scarcely out of her "teens" her mother died, and Miss Brown at once assumed the cares of housekeeping. Three years later a younger sister took her place at home, and she taught thereafter for five years. Her health gave way under the strain of overwork, and then followed a period of invalidism. It was during these years that Miss Brown began to write, "inspired," as she says, "by being unable to sew, cook or sweep, I suppose." Her first story was accepted by a syndicate, and was, like so many other "first stories," a surprise to her family and friends. Her first magazine story was accepted by the Cosmopolitan, and published in August, 1896, which work first brought her recognition as a writer. Since then she has traveled the thorny path of the new writer, with the usual ups and downs. While never a "newspaper woman," specials from her pen have from time to time appeared in Chicago and Indianapolis papers. Her work is done at home, in the pauses of homelier tasks. Four years ago, a conversation with an old lady about war times, more especially the troubles in Indiana, set Miss Brown to thinking that here was an ungleaned field. She became deeply interested in it, and with a good deal of timidity and many hindrances commenced the work. It would lie fallow six months at a time without a word being added, but at last it was finished in 1898, and has been published under the title Knights in Fustian, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Miss Brown enjoys the usual cultivated society found in a college town, while her personal tastes lie in the direction of books and nature. Walking far afield is her chief delight, and one of her friends says she is "hopelessly rural." Miss Brown is of Southern descent on both sides of the house. From her mother's side she gets her faculty for writing, her grandfather being a well-known scientific man in Indiana and a writer on scientific subjects.

Mr. Henry James, says a writer in the Saturday Evening Post, is rarely seen in London nowadays, and the occasional visit which he pays to that city is an event in literary society. The amusements of the town have no great charm for him, and he has come to a point where his own work and the creatures of his imagination are more attractive than the chatter of London. Technically, Mr. James may still be called a resident of the capital city, but his flat is usually unoccupied or lent to some friend. Lamb House, at Rye, is his real home. Rye is a quaint little walled town, perched on a hill and full of curious old brick and half-timbered houses. It was formerly one of the Cinque Ports, but the sea has receded and Rye sits on her hill by a little tidewater river, with long stretches of marsh between her and the channel. Lamb House is perhaps the most important house of the little city, yet it is only a modest establishment. An eighteenth century brick house of exquisitely simple architecture, its paneled rooms have been filled by its owner with the most carefully chosen old furniture, old pictures and old china. To some the place might seem sparsely furnished, but the most rigidly artistic house decorator would say that not one thing is wrong and that Lamb House is an almost perfect dwelling. There is a sunny garden surrounded by high brick walls and covered with the thick turf which is only found in the south of England. Mr. James is a hard and regular worker, and the best part of his day is spent in his study. It is interesting to know that Mr. James dictates all his work to a secretary, and rewrites and polishes it from a typewritten version. Considering how involved and periodic Mr. James' style has become of late years, it is marvelous that he should be able to dictate—or is, perhaps, the dictation the cause of the quality of the style? Life in Rye must, at best, be placid. Mr. James explores the country on a bicycle, geared low, takes tea at the golf club, or walks through the town. He does not play golf on the links on the downs, nor does he join in the clatter with which the Rye Harriers occasionally rouse the sleepy town as they start forth.

Since the appearance of Tolstoy's new book, Resurrection, public interest as regards his personality has been renewed. Tolstoy's house, where he lives during the greater part of the year, is a plain frame building which belongs to one of his sons. Every evening it is filled with visitors. A servant asks each visitor whether he desires to see the count or the countess, and if the former the visitor is conducted through the large salon, up a narrow staircase to the count's workroom, or study. This is a small, narrow room, with very broad windows. In one window is a plain desk, and the only other articles of furniture are a broad, old-fashioned divan, a couple of armchairs, and a book-case, which contains only works of reference, as the count considers his Moscow residence as merely a makeshift, and therefore keeps his library at his country home at Jassnaya Poljard. During the evening Tolstoy likes to read to his friends in the study passages from new books or journals, and to engage in lively discussion. It is an attractive trait in him that, during a discussion, he pays as much attention to a young student as to a gray-haired university professor. Quibbling is abhorrent to him, and he asks only candor and honesty. Tolstoy takes the utmost pains with his work. His manuscripts are written five or six times, and sometimes he writes single chapters ten times over before he is satisfied with them. His corrections are a torture for compositors, since he fills page after page with new words and sentences, and also makes numerous erasures and other alterations. The last proof shows as much evidence of careful study as the first one, and it is not too much to say that every line which he writes is rather wrung from him than voluntarily given to the printer. Countess Sophie is the most severe critic of his works, and her judgment has much weight with him. He has thrown aside a completed romance because she did not like it, and nothing will induce him to publish it. He also likes to read his new works, before they are published, to a few intimate friends, and the suggestions which he receives on such occasions are frequently used in his revisions.

The Bookman has some notes on the life and work of Stephen Crane, who died recently at Baden, after a protracted illness. Mr. Crane was not quite thirty years of age, yet he had been famous as a writer in England and America for some years, and many discriminating people thought that no one had a greater share of literary prominence among the writers of America. Crane was a New Jersey boy, born in Newark in 1870. He went to school at Lafayette College and Syracuse University, and had already in his undergraduate days developed a yearning for the atmosphere of printer's ink. In 1892 he came to New York and went through the routine discouragements of refusals from newspaper and book publishing sanctums. He had already written a book, Maggie: A Child of the Streets, but it could not be published except at the author's expense, and young Crane lived on bread and water to make the necessary money. Mr. Howells and others had, however, remarked a note of genius in the boy's writing. In 1893, at the age of twenty-three, Crane wrote The Red Badge of Courage. It was published very modestly first in a Philadelphia paper, and was afterward issued in book form by the Appletons, and made the youth famous in England and America. The whole world was astonished that probably the best description of war written in this generation should come from a young man born five years after the termination of the struggle that he described. The universal popularity of Mr. Crane's books in England led him to take up a residence in that country, and he was petted by the most exclusive London literary circles. In the last few years his most important work has been newspaper correspondence, notably in his reporting of the Greco-Turkish war in 1897, and the Cuban filibusters.

From an old number of Leslie's Weekly the following interview with Crane is quoted, giving an account of his beginnings in literature: When I was about sixteen I began to write for the New York newspapers, doing correspondence from Asbury Park and other places. Then I began to write special articles and short stories for the Sunday papers and one of the literary syndicates, reading a great deal in the meantime and gradually acquiring a style. I decided that the nearer a writer gets to life the greater he becomes as an artist, and most of my prose writings have been toward the goal partially described by that misunderstood and abused word, realism. Tolstoy is the writer I admire most of all. I've been a free lance during most of the time I have been doing literary work, writing stories and articles about anything under heaven that seemed to possess interest, and selling them wherever I could. It was hopeless work. Of all human lots for a person of sensibility that of an obscure free lance in literature or journalism is, I think, the most discouraging. It was during this period that I wrote The Red Badge of Courage. It was an effort born of pain—despair, almost; and I believe that this made it a better piece of literature than it otherwise would have been. It seems

a pity that art should be a child of pain, and yet I think it is. Of course, we have fine writers who are prosperous and contented, but in my opinion their work would be greater if this were not so. It lacks the sting it would have if written under the spur of a great need.

Mr. Ripley Hitchcock has written an appreciative introduction to a new edition of The Red Badge of Courage, by Stephen Crane, which will be published at once by D. Appleton & Co. The statement that Mr. Crane was not recognized at once by American critics, but left for Englishmen to discover, is corrected. Mr. Hitchcock, says: "When The Red Badge of Courage was published in this country in October, 1895, the quality which it possessed was soon recognized by American critics, and only a short time had passed when the success of the book became certain. The point is worth noting, because there grew up a myth that The Red Badge of Courage was first published in England, or, at least, that it lay unnoticed here until revived by English plaudits. The fact is that, although the book was copyrighted in England when issued here, the English publisher delayed its publication until over two months after its American appearance. Before the book had been published in England it had been the subject of eulogistic reviews throughout the United States, and its reception by readers had dealt another blow to the adage of the unhonored prophet. Later, when it finally appeared in England, its reception was assuredly remarkable."

Gen. Charles King has perhaps done more than any other man in this country to acquaint the public with life in the army through the medium of fiction. His long experience as an officer of artillery and cavalry in times of peace and under fire, added to an uncommon power of observation, has enabled him to present to his many readers pictures of life in the barracks and on the battlefield which place him at the head of this branch of our literature. To be sure, the vivid description of scenes connected with the daily experience of the soldier would not be enough to establish a writer's reputation as a novelist, but Gen. King is a gifted story teller, and his works charm the reader as much by the ingenuity of plot and the thrilling quality of the situations depicted as through the faithful presentation of the detail of military life in which they abound. Gen. King was born in Albany, N. Y., October 12, 1844. In 1866 he was graduated from West Point, and after having served in the artillery and cavalry, he was retired in 1879, with the rank of captain, for wounds received in action. From 1882 to 1889 he filled the office of inspector and instructor of the National Guard of Wisconsin. He rose to the rank of colonel and was placed in command of a regiment in 1890; five years later he was promoted to the rank of adjutant general, and after a lapse of three more years, in May, 1898, he was appointed brigadier general United States Volunteers in the war against Spain. He later served in the Philippines under Gen. Merritt.

Mr. Bernard Quaritch, says Dean Sage in The Atlantic, was incomparably the most munificent and liberal bookseller of this or any age, and it is very doubtful if the man lives who has the combination of knowledge, industry, enthusiasm, and high principles necessary to fill his place. In the Letter to Gen. Starring, he says: "My conduct ever since I was a man has been such as to win the respect and confidence of most people. Though I am what is called in England only a tradesman, the standard of my honor is as high as that of the best in the land. The character of the Chevalier Bayard—'sans peur et sans reproche'—has been my ideal through life." This and other quotations from what Mr. Quaritch has written might be taken to indicate an egotism that is sometimes, if not often, the mark of boastfulness rather than performance; but this conclusion would be far from correct in Mr. Quaritch's case. He was a man of absolute truthfulness, and his knowledge of books and of his own strong masterful character was so profound and accurate that what would be extravagance of statement in ordinary men was generally within the facts when said by him.

The deaths of Archibald Forbes and George W. Steevens leaves Richard Harding Davis in the highest rank of war correspondents. Perhaps, says the Criterion, he ranks them all in his particular field of description. Winston Churchill's strength is in his knowledge of tactics. Frederic Remington can draw, but he cannot write. Stephen Crane, Richmond Hobson, John Fox, Edwin Emerson, and several others have produced stirring bits of description. But on the whole, during the Spanish war, no one dealt with battles as intelligently and at the same time as picturesquely as Mr. Davis did. His narratives made the operations comprehensible, and his descriptions of the battles were strikingly vivid. It is said that the descriptions of the Transvaal which Mr. Davis has written for Scribner's Magazine are among the best work he has done.

Gaston Deschamps recalls in the Temps his last interview with Alphonse Daudet. "Alas! in what a condition I found the charming master of whom I had treasured such a radiant impression of brilliancy and happiness! His pale forehead, beneath still abundant, though prematurely gray, curls, was marked with a line of suffering. His eyes shone with an intense vivacity from a face ravaged by inexorable pain. His expression, which I shall never forget, revealed the will to bear up in spite of misfortune. Nothing was more painful to see than the trembling clasp of the wasted and groping hand, thenceforth uncontrolled by the commands of a mind which, in spite of the general disaster, had remained lucid, active and beneficent."

In an interesting article on Archibald Forbes, the famous English war correspondent, in The Leisure Hour, Mr. Massingham thus estimates his genius: "Brilliancy was indeed Forbes' special quality. His work had the fine flash and go, the power of instant observation, the gift of easy, adroit expression, the spirit and feeling both of the battle and of the larger task of campaigning, which make the ideal correspondent. Politics troubled him little. He had the soldier's eye for the objective fact; what lay behind it was less important."

A few days before Ruskin's death a New York editor despatched his London representative to interview the sage of Brantwood on the beauties and benefits of bicycling. Ruskin, following his usual custom, gave the newspaper man so cold a reception that the latter lost no time in making his return trip to London. A few days later the correspondent received a letter from Ruskin in which he said: "Some time since I put myself on record as an antagonist of the devil's own toy, the bicycle. I want to reiterate, with all the emphasis of strong language, that I condemn all manner of bi-, tri-, and 4-, 5-, 6-, or 7- cycles. Any contrivance or invention intended to supersede the use of human feet on God's own ground is damnable. Walking, running, leaping and dancing are the legitimate and natural joys of the body, and every attempt to stride on stilts, dangle on ropes, or wriggle on wheels, is an affront to the Almighty. You can't improve on God's appointed way of walking by substituting an improved cart-wheel." It is hardly necessary to add that the letter was not used in the symposium on the beauties and benefits of bicycling.

The Saturday Evening Post guarantees the following to be the latest about Mark Twain: Mark Twain has been living quietly in England for some time now, and were it not that he appeared to give evidence before a royal commission on the question of copyright, scarcely a soul outside his private and particular friends would have known he was there at all. The other evening he was dining at the house of a friend, and seated next to him was an American who had only that day reached England. They were, of course, talking war, and the newcomer, wishing to know the feeling of England in the matter of the future of the Transvaal, asked Mark Twain how he found public sentiment in England regarding the independence of the republics. "Well," said the genial humorist, "I find the English are paraphrasing a part of the burial service. They are all quietly repeating, 'Mr. Gladstone giveth and the Lord Salisbury hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

Charles Frederic Goss' new novel, The Redemption of David Corson, seems destined to be one of the striking successes of the next few months. Mr. Goss is a native of the State of New York, having been born in the town of Meriden in June, 1852. His first literary work consisted of a series of articles which appeared in the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune under the caption, The Optimist, and which attracted wide attention when published in book form. After this followed The Philopolist or city lover—a word of Mr. Goss' coinage—then a volume of essays called Hits and Misses, and in January, 1900, a life of D. L. Moody, with whom he had been on terms of intimate friendship for years. The Redemption of David Corson is his first long story. It is notable for its strength and vivid imagery and its comment of the secret springs of life is convincing and is filled with ripe wisdom.

For the last fourteen years the editor of one of the large London illustrated weekly journals has written an annual letter to W. S. Gilbert, of Pinafore and Bob Ballads fame, for a Christmas story. For fourteen years Mr. Gilbert has annually replied through his secretary that "Mr. Gilbert regretted that he would be unable to comply with the request, as Mr. Gilbert was not writing anything for serial publication." Last year the patient editor wrote his fifteenth letter, and this time the answer came in the author's own handwriting. It was to the effect that Mr. Gilbert would send him a Christmas story. Therefore, just after the holidays of last winter, work was begun, and now the manuscript has been turned in. It will appear next winter both in England and America.

Hemp*

By James Lane Allen.

Some morning when the roar of March winds is no more heard in the tossing woods, but along still brown boughs a faint, veil-like greenness runs; when every spring, welling out of the soaked earth, trickles through banks of sod unbarred by ice; before a bee is abroad under the calling sky; before the red of apple-buds becomes a sign in the low orchards, or the high song of the thrush is pouring forth far away at wet pale-green sunsets, the sower, the earliest sower of the hemp, goes forth into the fields.

Warm they must be, soft and warm, those fields, its chosen birth-place. Upturned by the plough, crossed and recrossed by the harrow, clodless, leveled, deep, fine, fertile—some extinct river-bottom, some valley threaded by streams, some table-land of mild rays, moist airs, alluvial or limestone soils—such is the favorite cradle of the hemp in Nature. Back and forth with measured tread, with measured distance, broadcast the sower sows, scattering with plenteous hand those small oval-shaped fruits, gray-green, black-striped, heavily packed with living marrow.

Lightly covered over by drag or harrow, under the rolled earth now they lie, those mighty, those inert seeds. Down into the darkness about them the sun rays penetrate day by day, stroking them with the brushes of light, prodding them with spears of flame. Drops of nightly dews, drops from the coursing clouds, trickle down to them, moistening the dryness, closing up the little hollows of the ground, drawing the particles of maternal earth more closely. Suddenly—as an insect that has been feigning death cautiously unrolls itself and starts into action—in each seed the great miracle of life begins. Each awakens as from a sleep, as from pretended death. It starts, it moves, it bursts its ashen woody shell, it takes two opposite courses, the white, fibril-tapered root hurrying away from the sun; the tiny stem, bearing its lance-like leaves, ascending graceful, brave like a palm.

Some morning, not many days later, the farmer, walking out into his barn lot and casting a look in the direction of his field, sees—or does he not see?—the surface of it less dark. What is that uncertain flush low on the ground, that irresistible rush of multitudinous green? A fortnight, and the field is brown no longer. Overflowing it, burying it out of sight, is the shallow tidal sea of the hemp, ever rippling. Green are the woods now with their varied greenness. Green are the pastures. Green here and there are the fields: with the bluish green of young oats and wheat; with the gray-green of young barley and rye; with orderly dots of dull, dark green in vast array—the hills of Indian maze. But as the eye sweeps the whole landscape undulating far and near, from the hues of tree, pasture and corn of every kind, it turns to the color of the hemp. With that in view, all other shades in Nature seem dead and count for nothing. Far reflected, conspicuous, brilliant, strange; masses of living emerald, saturated with blazing sunlight.

Darker, always darker turns the hemp as it rushes upward; scarce darker as to the stemless stalks which are hidden now; but darker in the tops. Yet here two shades of greenness; the male plants paler, smaller, maturing earlier, dying first; the females darker, taller, living longer, more luxuriant of foliage and flowering heads.

A hundred days from the sowing, and those flowering heads have come forth with their mass of leaves and bloom and earliest fruits, elastic, swaying, six, ten, twelve feet from the ground and ripe for cutting. A hundred days reckoning from the last of March or the last of April, so that it is July, it is August. And now, borne far through the steaming air floats an odor, balsamic, startling; the odor of those plumes and stalks and blossoms from which is exuding freely the narcotic resin of the great nettle. The nostril expands quickly, the lungs swell out deeply to draw it in; fragrance once known in childhood, ever in the memory afterward, and able to bring back to the wanderer homesick thoughts of mid-summer days in the shadowy, many-toned woods, over into which is blown the smell of the hemp fields.

Who apparently could number the acres of these in the days gone by? A land of hemp, ready for the cutting! The oats, heavy-headed, rustling, have turned to gold, and been stacked in the stubble or stored in the lofts of white, bursting barns. The heavy-headed, rustling wheat has turned to gold and been stacked in the stubble or sent through the whirling thresher. The barley and the rye are garnered and gone, the landscape has many bare and open spaces. But separating these everywhere rise the fields of Indian corn, now in blade and tassel; and—more valuable than all else that has been sown

*Reading from the Prologue to The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

and harvested or remains to be—everywhere the impenetrable thickets of the hemp.

Impenetrable! For close together stand the stalks, making common cause for soil and light, each but one of many, the fibre being better when so grown—as is also the fibre of men. Impenetrable and therefore weedless; for no plant life can flourish there, nor animal nor bird. Scarce a beetle runs bewilderingly through those forbidding colossal solitudes. The field sparrow will flutter away from pollen-bearing to pollen-receiving top, trying to beguile you from its nest, hidden near the edge. The crow and the blackbird will seem to love it, having a keen eye for the cutworm, its only enemy. The quail does love it, not for itself, but for its protection, leading her brood into its labyrinths out of the dusty road when danger draws near. Best of all winged creatures it is loved by the iris-eyed, burnish-breasted, murmuring doves, already beginning to gather in the deadened tree-tops with crops eager for the seed. Well remembered also by the long-flight passenger pigeon, coming into the land for the mast. Best of all wild things whose safety lies not in the wing but in the foot, it is loved by the hare for its young, for refuge. Those lithe, velvety, summer-thin bodies! Observe carefully the tops of the still hemp; are they slightly shaken? Among the bases of those stalks a cotton-tail is threading its way inward beyond the reach of its pursuer. Are they shaken violently, parted clean and wide to right and left? It is the path of the dog following the hot scent—ever baffled.

A hundred days to lift out of those tiny seeds these powerful stalks, hollow, hairy, covered with their tough fibre—that strength of cables when the big ships are tugged at by the joined fury of wind and ocean. And now some morning at the corner of the field stand the black men with hooks and whetstones. The hook, a keen, straight blade, bent at right angles to the handle two feet from the hand. Let these men be the strongest; no weakling can handle the hemp from seed to seed again. A heart, the doors and walls of which are in perfect order, through which flows freely the full stream of a healthy man's red blood; lungs deep, clear, easily filled, easily emptied; a body that can bend and twist and be straightened again in ceaseless rhythmical movement; limbs tireless; the very spirit of primeval man conquering primeval nature—all these go into the cutting of the hemp. The leader strides to the edge, and throwing forward his left arm, along which the muscles play, he grasps as much as it will embrace, bends the stalks over, and with his right hand draws the blade through them an inch or more from the ground. When he has gathered his armful he turns and flings it down behind him, so that it lies spread out, covering when fallen the same space it filled while standing. And so he crosses the broad acres, and so each of the big black followers, stepping one by one to a place behind him, until the long, wavering, whitish-green swaths of the prostrate hemp lie shimmering across the fields. Strongest now is the smell of it, impregnating the clothing of the men, spreading far throughout the air.

So it lies a week or more drying, dying, till the sap is out of the stalks, till leaves and blossoms and earliest ripened or unripened fruits wither and drop off, giving back to the soil the nourishment they have drawn from it; the whole top being thus otherwise wasted—that part of the hemp which every year the dreamy millions of the Orient still consume in quantities beyond human computation, and for the love of which the very history of this plant is lost in the antiquity of India and Persia, its home—land of narcotics and desires and dreams.

Then the rakers with enormous wooden rakes; they draw the stalks into bundles, tying each with the hemp itself. Following the binders, move the wagon-beds or slides, gathering the bundles and carrying them to where, huge, flat, and round, the stacks begin to rise. At last these are well built; the gates of the field are closed or the bars put up; wagons and laborers are gone; the brown fields and deserted. . . .

A round year of the earth's changes enters into the creation of the hemp. The planet has described its vast orbit ere it be grown and finished. All seasons are its servitors; all contradictions and extremes of nature meet in its making. The vernal patience of the warming soil; the long, fierce arrows of the summer heat; the long, silvery arrows of the summer rain; autumn's dead skies and sobbing winds; winter's sternest, all-tightening frosts. Of none but strong virtues is it the sum. Sickness or infirmity it knows not. It will have a mother young and vigorous, or none; an old or weak or exhausted soil cannot produce it. It will endure no roof of shade, basking only in the eye of the fatherly sun.

Ah! type, too, of our life, which also is earth-sown, earth-rooted; which must struggle upward, be cut down, rotted and broken, ere the separation take place between our dross and our worth—poor perishable shard and immortal fibre. Oh, the mystery, the mystery of that growth from the casting of the soul into the dark earth, until the time when, led through all natural changes and cleansed of weakness, it is borne from the fields of its nativity for the long service.

Count Tolstoi*

The great sorrow of Tolstoi's childhood was his personal appearance. He had an elder brother who was strikingly handsome, but he himself was utterly lacking in beauty. He was early taught that no one would love him for his good looks, and that therefore he must strive to be a good and sensible boy. He was painfully sensitive to the contrast between his brother's winning exterior and his own unattractive one.

"Moments of despair," he says, "often visited me. I fancied that there was no happiness on earth for a person with such a wide nose, such thick lips, and such small gray eyes as I had; and I besought God to work a miracle, to turn me into a beauty, and all I had in the present, or might have in the future, I would give in exchange for a handsome face." Even when he grew up the feeling did not leave him. He would gaze in the mirror with a heavy feeling of sorrow, and even of aversion. "I was convinced that my appearance was not only plain, but I could not comfort myself with the consolation usual in such cases, I could not say that my face was expressive, intellectual, or noble. There was nothing expressive about it; the features were of the coarsest, most ordinary and homeliest. My small gray eyes were stupid rather than intelligent, particularly when I looked in the mirror. There was still less manliness in my visage; although I was not so very diminutive in stature, and was very strong for my age. All my features were soft, flabby and unformed. There was not even anything noble about my person; on the contrary, my face was exactly like that of a common peasant (muzhik); and I had just such big hands and feet. This seemed to me at that time very disgraceful."

All people in the world were, for him, divided into two classes, those who were "comme il faut" and those who were not. By this second class he meant those of a certain position who were lacking in this respect. The common people for him did not exist. The conditions of this quality were: First, a perfect pronunciation of French; second, long, clean, polished finger nails; third, a knowledge of how to bow, dance, converse; and fourth, a very important one, indifference to everything, and the constant expression of a certain elegant scornful ennui. His whole time was given to attaining these things. Hours were spent in secretly practicing bowing, conversation, dancing, French; in cultivating indifference and ennui; and many, many hours of arduous labor were devoted to his finger nails. He could not have respected a renowned artist, nor a scholar, nor a benefactor to the human race, if he had not been "comme il faut."

We get a glimpse of the self-sufficiency of the Russian nobility from Tolstoi's confession of his surprise when he first realized that the world did not revolve round his family, and that there was another life for those who had nothing in common with them. "I wondered," he said, "what they could occupy themselves with, since they cared nothing about us."

A fresh surprise awaited him at the university, where he found the students of a different position in life, who were not "comme il faut" and cared nothing about that mysterious talisman, knew much more than he did. If he attempted to display his knowledge of music, or language, or literature, he found that they knew everything better than he did, and were not in the least proud of it. And yet, for some reason, he felt superior to them, and of different clay. At times he would ask himself, "What is that height from which I look down upon them? My acquaintance with Prince Ivan Ivanovitch? My pronunciation of French? My drozhky? My cambric shirts? My finger nails?" And now and then a suspicion passed dimly through his mind that all this was nonsense. He even envied the fellowship and good-will of these youth who were not in society. Tolstoi did little in the university. He changed from mathematics to medicine, then to law, and from that to Oriental languages. Because of his fickleness and lack of application, he failed to pass his examinations, and obtained no degree.

On leaving the university he entered the military service and was sent to the Caucasus. The wild and picturesque life of the region is vividly described in his novel The Cossacks. It was here that his first novels were written. He is himself the hero of the Cossacks, as of Childhood, Boyhood and Youth. At his own desire he was transferred to the Crimea. He took an active part in the Crimean War, and was present at the siege of Sebastopol. The picture of that terrible siege is given in three of his striking sketches.

At the close of the war Count Tolstoi retired from military service and lived for a time in St. Petersburg, where he made the acquaintance of Turgenieff and the other literary men of the capi-

*Reading from Prophets of the Nineteenth Century. By May Alden Ward. Little, Brown & Co. 75 cents.

tal. They received him with open arms, he says, and with much flattery. In the book called My Confession, Tolstoi has given in a few brief lines a picture of his life during the first ten years after leaving college—a picture which would suit many a Russian nobleman of that day or this; he was, in fact, considered more particular than was necessary by the men of his class.

"I cannot now recall those years," he says, "without a painful feeling of horror and loathing. . . . I put men to death in war, I fought duels to slay others. I lost at cards, wasted my substance wrung from the sweat of peasants, punished the latter cruelly, rioted with loose women and deceived men. Lying, robbery, adultery of all kinds, drunkenness, violence and murder, all committed by me, not one crime omitted, and yet I was not the less considered by my equals a comparatively moral man. Such was my life during ten years.

"During that time I began to write, out of vanity, love of gain and pride. I followed as a writer the same path I had chosen as a man. In order to obtain the fame and money for which I wrote, I was obliged to hide what was good and bow down before what was evil. How often while writing have I cudgeled my brains to conceal under the mask of indifference or pleasantry those yearnings for something better which formed the real problem of life. I succeeded in my object and was praised." . . .

In his fiftieth year he found life impossible unless he could obtain an answer to the question, "What result will there be from what I am doing now, and may do to-morrow? What will be the issue of my life? Why should I live? Is there any meaning in my life which can overcome the inevitable death awaiting me?" He sought the answer in human learning and human wisdom. But science and philosophy could only answer, "I do not know." . . .

His wanderings through the fields of knowledge not only failed to cure him of his despair, but increased it. All the sages gave him the same answer: "All is vanity;" a misfortune to be born. Death was better than life. Having failed to find an explanation in knowledge, he began to seek it in life itself. He began to watch the lives of the men about him, to see how they treated the question. He found that the people of his class met it in four ways: First with ignorance. The majority of women and very young or very stupid men, not understanding the problem of life, did not see either the dragon or the mice, and so enjoyed the honey. A second way was the epicurean, knowing the evil and hopelessness of life, and yet taking the advantage of every good there is in it, avoiding the sight of the dragon and the mice, forgetting the future. A third class escape by suicide. The fourth way is through weakness, to know the evil and absurdity of life and yet live on, wash, dress, dine, talk, and even write books, and so consent to live in despair. In the fourth class Tolstoi ranked himself. And all this time he fancied he was studying mankind. It seemed to him that the small circle of learned, rich and idle people to which he himself belonged formed the whole of humanity, and that the millions living outside of it were animals, not men. He thought the life of a Solomon, a Schopenhauer, a Tolstoi, was alone real and fit, and the life lived by unconsidered millions a circumstance not worthy of attention.

Fortunately for Tolstoi, his instinctive affection for the laboring classes and his fondness for country life led him to realize that he and a few thousands like him did not constitute the whole of mankind, that he was still ignorant of what life was. He found that the unconsidered millions who form the great world of humanity had another answer to his questions. For them the meaning of life was faith. He was compelled to admit that besides the reasoning knowledge, which had seemed to him the only true knowledge, there was in every living man another kind of knowledge, an unreasoning one which gives a possibility of living—faith.

His reason might not accept faith, but he was obliged to confess that faith alone gave man an answer as to the meaning of life. But when he turned to those of his own class who were believers, he found their lives in flat contradiction to their faith. They lived as he did. They were as much afraid of poverty and illness and death as he was, whereas their faith should have destroyed that fear. Then he began to study the lives of the people, to seek the germs of faith among the poor, the simple, monks, peasants. And in them he found that faith and works agreed.

After ten years of struggle and search he had found the truth which every prophet finds, the truth proclaimed by Faust, that only in renunciation is life; the moral scheme which can alone reconcile us to existence is, not to think of self, but to love others. We can then trace the path which has led Tolstoi to his present position. "He started with this principle—the exclusive development of the ego, the individual. In practice, this principle led him to conflict, to violence and to hatred. He ended with this principle—the absolute sacrifice of the ego. In practice, this principle leads him to a life of abnegation, of gentleness, of love." "And thus," he says, "the vital forces were renewed and I began to live."

Choice Verse

The Violin (Vox Humana).....Alice Lena Cole.....The Critic

The song of the violin—
The bow just sweeps the strings:
First, tenuous and thin
The notes begin,
And then, oh, how it sings
With a searching voice and human
Of the love of man and woman,
Life's yearning and its pain,
And the heart unsatisfied;
The gladness that is gain,
The hope that fainted, died,
And the hope that soared and soared,
Climbing high on a master chord,
Where it gathers strength to reach
Some far, white peak intense,
Beyond the scope of speech,
As past the pale of sense,
Lost to the ear, and then
We are back on earth again,
Back in a world of men.

The maker of the violin—
We found him in the city's cataract din
Where many little streams converged in one,
Whose fluctuating currents chafed and beat
From sun to sun,
Along the rocky channel of the street.
What is the maker's chrism,
The secret of its mechanism?
The door was open and we entered in
To watch him shape with strenuous hands,
Not in a merry mood
As Mercury the lyre upon the sands,
But as the Master of creative art
Breathes from his very heart
Into the thing he makes and finds it good,
So did he shape the wood.
What bits of plank are these?
I seem to see the trees
Rise round me straight and tall,
Old oaks ambrosial,
Haunts of the hamadryades.
Unbroken forest where the sunlight sifts
Down thro' the little rifts
Upon the black leaf-mold
Its powdered gold.
No sound to break the silence deep
That broods on summer noons a world asleep,
Save when a wood bird shy begins to sing,
O'ercounting one by one
His cool delicious notes, as maidens run
The pearls upon a string.
Or else in winter, when the mailèd boughs are vexed.
But all the winds that blow—
What can she know,
The nymph that haunts the tree,
Of the perplext
And plangent music of humanity?
The violin maker smiled
As tho' his thought had read,
Like the thought of a child,
All that I had not said:
"Before the violin
Can ever win
A searching, human tone
Long must the wood have known
The human touch, man's life or sad or merry.
This little piece I call
My choicest bit of all
Is from the floor of a Canadian monastery.
Then if the player have the wit and skill
To mold it to his will,
Lo, he shall make it yield
What lies within its heart concealed."

The song of a violin—
The bow just sweeps the strings:
First, tenuous and thin
The notes begin,
And then, oh, how it sings
With a searching voice and human
Of the love of man and woman,
Life's yearning and its pain,
And the heart unsatisfied;
The gladness that is gain,
The hope that fainted, died,
And the hope that soared and soared,
Climbing high on a master chord,
Where it gathers strength to reach
Some far, white peak intense,
Beyond the scope of speech,
As past the pale of sense,
Lost to the ear, and then
We are back on earth again,
Back in a world of men.

Ships of War.....James Eugene Farmer.....The Bookman

Ye Ships of War that ride the waves
  And strike with spurs of steel,
Your coursers quiver 'neath the curb,
  But heed the iron heel;
You bear our hearts and hopes abroad,
  Across a shoreless sea,
While, storm-defying, on your prows
  Stands thund'ring Victory!

What though the eastern sky be black
  With death for those that rove,
Though darkness of the damned engulfs
  Palm and palmetto grove,
Your fires flash along the shore,
  Your search-lights flood the bay,
And Liberty can enter where
  Your great guns blaze the way.

When your trackless paths prove lonely,
  And friends are far and few,
Or in all the waste of waters
  None but the Lord and you,
To Him who shields and saves us all
  Prayers rise from maid and man,
For you bear the nation's banner;
  You are the nation's van.

Advance, ye steel-clad Ships of War,
  Dispelling doubts and fears!
Your bosoms hold a precious freight,
  The fates of future years.
High o'er your conquering conning-towers
  The pennants fly unfurled;
The Stars and Stripes above you are
  The best hope of the world.

The Moor Loch.....Robert Bain.....Chambers's Journal

Among the lonely hills it lies,
Deep, dark and still;
And mirrors back the changeful skies,
The sun, moon, stars, the bird that flies,
The broad brown-shouldered hill.

The world's wide voice is silent here;
The cries of men,
The sob, the laugh, the hope, the fear,
The things which make earth sad and drear,
Lie all beneath its ken.

And only he who comes from far,
Seeking the deep
Communion sweet with sun and star,
Knows of the calm and joys that are
In its vast stirless sleep.

For here the eternal soul holds speech,
Yet makes no sound;
With naught but clouds which one might reach,
The black flood, the untrodden beach,
And hearkening space around.

Time and the things of Time are not;
The path we trod
Ends with the world's end here, and thought
Can neither see nor dream of aught
Save man's own heart and God.

*Sea Wrack.....Moira O'Neill.....Songs of the Glens of Antrim**

The wrack was dark and shiny where it floated in the sea,
There was no one in the brown boat only him and me;
Him to cut the sea wrack, me to mind the boat,
An' not a word between us the hours we were afloat.
The wet wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was strong to cut.

We laid it on the gray rocks to wither in the sun,
An' what should call my lad then to sail from Cushendum?
With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the deep,
Him to sail the old boat, me to fall asleep.
The dry wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was dead so soon.

There's a fire low upon the rocks to burn the wrack to kelp,
There's a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an' sorra one to help!
Him beneath the salt sea, me upon the shore,
By sunlight or moonlight we'll lift the wrack no more.
The dark wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack may drift ashore.

Vox Militantis.....B. Paul Neuman.....London Spectator

On the wide veldt, beneath the vaster sky,
The graves of battling Boer and Briton lie.
By day the sunlight watches o'er their sleep,
By night the stars their solemn vigil keep.

Cold, calm and brilliant, from that awful height
They ask: "Were ye so weary of the light?
Ours the slow æons, yours the flying day,
Why reckless fling its noon and eve away?"

And lo, the answer: "Nay, but life was sweet,
Death a grim horror that we loathed to meet,
But Duty spurred us to the foremost place,
And Honor beckoned with a shining face."

The Faithful City.....Christian Burke.....Blackwood's

Month after month of fighting—till Hope in the dust lay low,
Inside Famine and Fever—outside the surging Foe—
Women in silent anguish rocking their little ones,
Men with their set white faces dropping beside the guns:
Home after home in ruins in the wake of the shattering ball,
Sickness that held the strongest in the deadliest grip of all—
Waiting with dogged patience the succor that seem'd to lag,
And still o'er the Faithful City floated the English Flag!

Month after month of watching, till the bravest heart grew cold,
As the chance of help waxed fainter, and the sullen Foe more bold:
One and another missing from the daily sharing of bread,
And the roll of the Living short'ned by the length'ning roll of the Dead:
Wrapped in an isolation that was harder by far to bear
Than the roar of ceaseless Cannon, or the reek of the sickly air—
Desperate and yet undaunted—as the sixth month's Siege went by
Echoing their Colonel's message: "Hungry—cheerful—dry"!

Lonely? never less lonely, O Garrison staunch and true,
There is not a heart in England that has not watched with you!
Eager, restless, impatient, as the weeks and months went past,
We look'd for the conquering Column that brought you relief at last,
Till that night when we stood together waiting with straining breath
For the hurrying, fateful tidings which seem'd to us life or death;
And the long suspense was over, and we lifted wet eyes to see
High over the Loyal City the Banner of Victory!

O faithful and loyal City—when the tale of the War is done,
And wheat waves white in the furrows where blood-stain'd fields were won,
When Peace with her healing fingers has bound up the wounds of strife,
And, cleansed by fire, the Nations shall rise into purer life—
We shall tell our sons your story—how facing a hostile world,
Starving, fighting, and dying, you kept your Flag unfurled—
And the length and breadth of England to-day with thanksgiving ring,
In praise to the Lord of Battles for the Heroes of Mafeking!

*The Macmillan Co. $1.

Contemporary Celebrities

Kuang Hsu

Popular interest in Chinese matters at this time will excuse a longer excerpt than usual about the strange personality of the dummy Emperor of China. What follows is from an article By R. Van Beyen, in the Home Magazine:

When, in 1872, Tung Chi was sixteen years old, orders were sent to all the principal families in the realm to send their marriageable daughters to Peking, that the Empresses might select a wife for him. This order could not be disobeyed, but a great many of these girls would have declined the honor, if they could have had a voice in the matter. In China, until she becomes the mother of a son, a wife is only the principal servant of her mother-in-law; and to come at once in the possession of two mothers-in-law was certainly no pleasant outlook. It was, at the time, whispered at Peking that the Empresses had made a selection in Aluteh, the daughter of Prince Chung; Dame Rumor also had it that this girl, singularly beautiful and intelligent, placed rolls of wadding upon her shoulders and under her dress so as to appear deformed. She evidently did not know the astuteness of the two Empresses. After she had been duly selected the official Gazette gravely announced that the court physician had been able to cure the deformity of the new Empress by "removing the protuberance from her back," a token that it was evidently the will of heaven that the girl, so singularly favored, should be raised to the exalted dragon throne. This remarkable operation must certainly have made the fortune of the physician.

The wedding took place with the ceremonies prescribed for such occasions. On the day before three princes were duly deputed by the Emperor to "inform heaven" of the important event, and incidentally burn incense at the temple. Another prince was to carry the news to Mother Earth, and a fifth messenger of the same rank was to serve official notice upon the imperial ancestors. These unavoidable and important ceremonies completed, the marriage was solemnized with all the pomp due to the glad event.

Two years later Tung-Chi was "specially favored by heaven," which is Chinese for saying that the Emporer had the smallpox. Odd as it may appear to us, it is nevertheless true that the Chinese look upon this disease as a great favor. However that may be, it certainly ended Tung-Chi's troubles, for after a few days it was announced that "he was received as a guest on high," another flowery expression with the plain meaning that he had joined the majority. Aluteh did not survive him many days. The official announcement said that she had died from grief; but it was whispered that the two Dowagers had hinted that her existence was a nuisance, in obedience to which she had starved herself to death.

It was absolutely necessary to select at once a successor. What would become of the peace of the Empire if Tung-Chi were not worshipped and sacrifices duly offered to his spirit? But the two Dowagers had tasted the sweets of power, and it was decided that he could not be of an older generation than the late Emperor. It was therefore decided in the family council that the little baby brother of Hien Feng should be the successor. The child was sent for immediately. He arrived, and his name was changed from Tsai-tien to Kuang Hsu, meaning Illustrious Successor.

The child was, at this time, three and a half years old. Prince Chung, his father, duly resigned his claims in favor of the two Dowagers, who constituted themselves once more joint guardians. Whatever she did afterward to the poor Illustrious Successor the Dowager Empress certainly did her duty to him as baby and boy, and so long as he did not appear as an obstacle to her authority. The oldest newspaper in the world, the official Gazette of Peking, gravely records the child's doings from babyhood. Scarcely old enough to realize their meaning, he was made to preside at the Councils of State. In China and Korea this meeting takes place before dawn, or between the hours of 2 and 6 a. m.

From the pages of the before-mentioned paper, there is, however, ample evidence that he was permitted to take exercise within the walls of the Forbidden City. Thus the announcement is gravely made from the Throne: "The horse which was presented to us by Poyennamoku was quiet and gentle when we rode it. Let it, therefore, be called 'The Pearl that flies like a bird.'" It is to be hoped that this exercise gave him pleasure, for the young Emperor's life was one of constant and irritating formality and ceremony.

Thus, then, the child and boy Emperor passed his days, and the time approached when with marriage he was to assume man's estate and man's duties. But the two Dowagers had grown accustomed to the wielding of power in the twenty-five years of minority, and it was not likely that they should resign it entirely and willingly. In appearance, however, Kuang Hsu reached his

majority and ascended the throne. The ponderous machinery of State revolved around him as around the central axis, but behind the screen were the Dowagers, hearing all that passed and having a strong voice in the imperial decisions.

This would have worked well, for, cumbersome though it be, it has worked in China for thousands of years, if the world from beyond the Empire had not thundered at its gates with impatient knocks. The Middle Kingdom had been compelled to acknowledge the equality of the outside barbarians, and to submit that their representatives reside in Peking. But these ministers insisted upon entering the Forbidden City, and coming face to face with the Son of Heaven—and they refused to kow-tow!

There the matter rested, and it was not until after the war with Japan that Chinese court etiquette submitted, and the foreign ministers were received by Kuang Hsu within the walls of the Forbidden City.

This is not the place to speak of this war, although it exercised an unheard-of influence upon the Middle Kingdom and its innocent young Emperor. It is enough to state that, when it was brought home to him that China had no army, except on paper; that the money appropriated to the defense of the realm had clung to the fingers of the mandarins, who should have seen to its proper disbursement, the young Emperor felt thoroughly distressed, as the official Gazette of that time amply proves. But the poor hermit, profoundly ignorant of the world beyond the walls, did not know where to turn. Following the only precedents which he knew, he might deprive Li Hung Chang of his yellow jacket and peacock's feather, but it did not strike at the root of evil. China cannot continue an independent empire unless Confucianism is dropped, and the progress of this age permitted to enter.

Poor Kuang Hsu felt this instinctively, and was inclined to emulate Mutsuhito, the Emperor of Japan. In this purpose he was strengthened by Kang Yu Wei, who represented the Progressive Party of China. The official Gazette promulgated edict upon edict. English was to be taught in at least one school of every Fu, or district. The examinations for office, instead of being confined exclusively to the Chinese classics, should embrace the modern sciences, etc. These and similar innovations alarmed the mandarins, or officials, as well as the prospective officeholders or "literati." When, then, it was announced that Marquis Ito was about to visit Peking the apprehension arose that he was to assist Kuang Hsu in carrying out these reforms. The aid of the Empress was invoked, and she, grown old—the surviving Dowager is sixty-six years of age—under the endangered system, interposed her parental authority. If Kuang Hsu had disregarded the prescripts of filial piety he would have been execrated by every Chinese. What could the poor fellow do, situated as he was, between the devil and the deep sea?

At first the rumor spread that the Emperor was dead. If the world at Peking had accepted the rumor as a fact, there is no doubt that a dose of poison would have removed him quietly. But a great deal of sympathy was felt for Kuang Hsu, by the foreign diplomats, and they joined in the demand that a foreign physician should be permitted to examine him. The old Dowager was furious at this interference with her plans, but she dared not refuse, and the physician attached to the French legation was admitted. He found the young Emperor weak and ailing, but suffering from no serious illness. Still, it was evident that he was a prisoner in the Forbidden City, and that the Dowager had usurped his authority.

Afraid to carry out her purpose of assassination while the foreign ministers were watching her, the stern old woman is mad with baffled revenge. She has been making frantic efforts to establish an army and navy, forgetting that it takes years of application before these branches of the government can be brought into a state of efficacy. Money has been squeezed out of the reluctant pockets of the viceroys, and, last, but not least, the aid of Japan was invoked to help China resist the demands of the western barbarians. Needless to say that Japan has gladly acceded to the request, so far as it could be done without openly offending Russia.

In the last half of January of this year, or to be exact, six days before Chinese New Year, Kuang Hsu was compelled to issue a proclamation that on the first day of the year he would abdicate to favor of Ph'u Chun, a nine year old boy, whom no one knew. This again was a "feeler" from the old Dowager, to see how the news would be received. She did see. Kuang Hsu's sufferings had been made known among the intelligent Chinese, and there was a tempest of indignation. In Shanghai King Yium Sin, the manager of the Chinese Telegraph Company, circulated a petition, which was signed by 2,600 merchants, begging the emperor to revoke his decision, and conveying the threat to the Dowager and her supporters that, unless the petition was granted, an army would be speedily raised to inquire the reason why. At Hankow Sam Chum Man, holding the position of judge, prepared a memorial, of much the same tenor, and had sufficient backing to face the viceroy, Chang Chih

Tung, and demand his signature. The weazen-faced, opium-dried official declined, and when they made the same threat he appeased the committee by allowing his deputy, Yi Yum Lam, to sign.

These two memorials, together with others, showing that the stoical Chinaman, when moved, can proceed to extremes, frightened the old woman, and it was announced that Kuang Hsu intended only to inform the public of his intention to adopt an heir. In the meanwhile Kang Yu Wei is in Singapore, strictly guarded against possible assassins, for the Dowager has offered a reward of $100,000 for him, dead or alive. The same reward is offered for Long Kai Chu, another reformer, recently arrived at San Francisco, where he will raise funds among the wealthy Chinese to assist the reform movement, and incidentally to liberate Kuang Hsu, in whom the hopes of patriotic Chinese are centred.

In the meanwhile the Empress Dowager is making it extremely interesting for the leaders of the memorials. Where it was possible, their property has been confiscated and they themselves are fleeing for their lives. It is, after all, but another illustration of the old adage: Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. As if China had not enough foes from without, it appears as if the total destruction will commence from within.

The Dowager Empress of China

As a sequel to the foregoing account of China's emperor, the following from the Shanghai correspondent of the New York Sun pictures the indomitable will and ambition of the real power in Chinese politics:

A letter was recently received by a member of the reform party in Peking from a relative who is a eunuch in the imperial palace. It throws a flood of light upon the mental suffering and the daily humiliations which have robbed Kuang Hsu of his strength and his cheerfulness. The writer of this letter was an eye-witness of two remarkable scenes in the palace—one the wresting from the emperor of his signature to the astonishing decree abdicating his power, the other the rage of the old empress dowager when she received the memorial from Shanghai, signed by more than a thousand prominent Chinese, protesting against the emperor's abdication and requesting that he should be allowed to retain his imperial rights even during his illness. It was January 24 last that the empress dowager, who had given her nephew no peace for weeks, finally forced him to abdicate the throne. The writer of the palace letter says:

"I was one of those who stood around with inkslab and pen for the emperor to use, while the empress dowager herself held out the pen to him. Even then his majesty hesitated to take it and sign the ready prepared imperial decree of abdication held out to him; but an imperious stamp of the right foot and the piercing, menacing eyes of the empress dowager frowning upon him seemed to enthrall and fascinate the emperor. He immediately stretched forth a trembling hand and the next moment, with a groan and a gesture of despair, the fateful deed was done and the empress dowager triumphantly snatched the decree from her nephew's hands. At once her face lost its severity and became soft and benevolent. He had sunk down on his chair, a deadly paleness spread over his face, and a moment later his robes were dyed by blood that flowed from a ruptured blood vessel, due to his intense excitement. Very kindly the fierce old woman escorted her nephew to his sedan chair, and she only left him when she saw him taken into his imperial prison—the water-surrounded kiosk at the Southern Lake palace—and the drawbridge lifted, which made him a secure prisoner. All the way from Peking to his palace prison I heard the emperor weeping over his hard fate. He seemed utterly broken and hopeless."

The letter then gives details of the preparations made for the crowning of the new emperor, which was to have occurred the first day of the new year, corresponding with January 31 in our calendar. Four days before an imposing memorial was delivered into the emperor's hands. It was drafted by the Kin Lien-Shan, master of the Shanghai telegraph administration, and was signed by himself and more than a thousand well-known Chinese. It prays that "the emperor be allowed to resume the reins of government, even in his illness, for that was the only way to satisfy his majesty's millions of subjects throughout the empire." Then the letter writer gives this picture of the effect of the memorial:

"Oh, the rage of the empress dowager when she read that obnoxious memorial! I have seen many of her displays of temper and anger, but none like this one. It surpassed even her rage at Kang Yu-Wei and his reformers. We eunuchs and even the Prince of Li, who brought the memorial, were terrified and trembled lest her anger should be wreaked on any one present. 'Who dared send such a telegram?' she asked. 'Kin Yuan-Shan (his official name) of Shanghai and over a thousand others,' was the reply. 'Very well,' she said, 'we'll show them how we deal with traitors who cross our path.'"

Upon this protest many others followed which showed the empress very clearly that it would be dangerous to follow out her plan. No fewer than forty-six protests came from Peking, as many as

a dozen in a single day. So the coronation was deferred to a more propitious time, but those who know the empress do not believe that she has abandoned her attempt to place a young boy on the throne, so that her own power as regent would be secure for several years.

Meanwhile Kin Lien-Shan, who fled when he was warned that orders had been issued for his arrest, has been captured at Macao and the Portugal authorities at first actually prepared to deliver him up to the Chinese officers who demanded him. They had prepared trumped-up charges of malfeasance in the Shanghai telegraph office and expected to extradite him on these charges. His counsel objected, however, pointing out that the Chinese officials used the device of embezzlement to cover up the real political nature of his offense and that under the law of nations the man should not be delivered up to what would be certain death. The result has been that the case will be argued and Kin will probably escape.

Since the emperor's abdication the decrees issued by the empress have proved very clearly that she is violently opposed to any reforms. The Manchu princes, among whom the high officers are apportioned, encourage their mistress in her fight against foreign reforms. Her recent decrees setting a price on Kang Yu-Wei's head and offering a big sum for his assassination, ordering the discharge of foreign officers and closing all schools and colleges of western learning have led to the union of a large number of influential Chinese in the treaty ports, who now propose to work for reform in the government. These men are native Chinese who have wealth and power. Heretofore they have kept aloof from all affairs of government, but now they are bound to secure relief from the corrupt rule of the empress.

The Other Crœsus

The other millionaire of South Africa, Cecil Rhodes being the one everybody knows, is Alfred Beit. We find this gossipy description of him in the St. Paul Pioneer Press:

Alfred Beit is beyond question the most remarkable millionaire in the world, and the greatest proof of his skill is found in the fact that hardly a man outside South African circles has heard his name. He is practically unknown. In London not one person out of a hundred thousand would recognize his photograph. Yet, though today only forty-six years old, he has accumulated a fortune beside which the dreams of the Arabian Nights seem trivial. He is probably the only living billionaire; and, though unknown and unseen, his power is felt all over South Africa and the far East of Asia in a thousand ways. He holds a thousand strings in his hands, and pulls them none the less surely because he remains behind the scenes. More than any other man except Rhodes he is responsible for the present war.

The ordinary picture of a South African millionaire is that of a vulgar, loud-spoken, showy, ostentatious man. Alfred Beit presents a complete contrast to this. In simple, almost shabby clothes, with a meek air, mild eyes and a low-spoken voice, he gives one at first the idea of the confidential clerk of an old lawyer. It is amusing to see how people are at first disappointed with him. Not long ago a military authority who came across him in South Africa wrote home: "That he is a millionaire and a great financier I am informed on good authority and take it for granted. Had I been in ignorance of his entity I should have taken him for a nonentity, and certainly not have given him the credit for being either millionaire or financier. For he is a most unassuming and unostentatious man of wealth and as kindly, quiet and courteous as it is possible to be. Very ordinary and meagre in his ideas and commonplace in his conversation, he is one of the last men I should have picked out of a crowd as able and capable. Beit must be either so deep or so shallow that, in the one case, it is impossible to get at the bottom of him, and in the other, although it is possible to look through it is quite impossible to see anything."

However, Mr. Beit's meekness is deceptive. As a young man he was sent from Johannesburg to the diamond mines at Kimberley. He was only twenty-two, but he had skill enough to see that with proper management the mines were only at the beginning of their life. He had a rich father in his German home, who backed him with abundant funds, and young Beit began buying with marvelous results. He was soon joined by another man whose name is now in the mouths of all—Cecil Rhodes. Rhodes was backed by the Rothschilds, Beit by his father, and together the two succeeded in forming the great diamond trust, which, under the name of DeBeers, now controls practically the whole output of the most precious stones in the world. At the De Beers mines in Kimberley Messrs. Beit and Rhodes do things on a big scale. Nine years ago they admitted that up to that time they had taken something like nine tons of diamonds from their mines. The mines yield a profit of close on $9,000,000 a year and pay a dividend of 40 per cent. Last year, as a sort of a pourboire, Mr. Beit and Mr. Rhodes made the shareholders a present of their interest as life governors in the mine. As life governors they were each entitled to $150,000 a year salary, so that this present really meant a gift of about $5,000,000 to the shareholders.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon

The Evening Post of New York gives this description of "Joe" Cannon, who has served for twenty years on the Appropriations Committee in Washington:

The familiar title "Uncle Joe" is a tribute to Mr. Cannon's approachable disposition. There is no "deportment" about him. He is a homely man of the rural type, who hates buttoned waistcoats and straight-back chairs. He early learned that tables were made to rest one's feet on, and that there is no comfort like that founded upon the shoulder-blades. With the stump of a cigar clenched in the corner of his mouth and a glance directed over the upper rims of his spectacles, he is prepared to meet all comers. A little burst of profanity may pave the way to a better understanding. With him this is merely a notice to the other person that all the conventionalities are barred, and that the matter in hand must be treated in a matter-of-fact way. After that, he will proceed to deal with it like a diplomat. This is how it happens that he has made a success of public life. His blunt, quick manner and alarming expletives are only a mask to a large modicum of the wisdom of this world.

A Quaker settlement, called New Garden, near Greensboro, N. C., was Mr. Cannon's birthplace. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, and Joseph was educated in its doctrines. But he married outside of the order, and there was a mutual renouncement, the elders repudiating Joseph, and Joseph repudiating the elders. It is said that he began at this time to study the the gentle art of swearing, just to emphasize his repudiation; for, according to the story, a fatherly elder came to him with a proposal to return to the fold. Young Cannon, who had begun to make his mark, was informed that all he would have to do to atone for his sin in becoming unequally yoked to a worldling was to say that he was sorry he had married Mary. "But I'm blanked if I'm sorry, and I'm blanked if I'll say it," was young Cannon's reply. Whereupon diplomatic relations were severed.

Cannon's parents left North Carolina when he was four years old, and removed to Indiana, where they settled at Bloomingdale, in Parke County. It was here that Joseph was brought up, and acquired, by hard knocks, a little general education and a smattering of the law. His father died when he was fourteen years of age, and he worked in a country store to help support the family. Later he removed to Bloomington, and then to Terre Haute, where he regularly entered a law office and mastered the rudiments of his profession. In 1858, when twenty-two years of age, he decided to set up for himself in Tuscola, Douglas County, Ill. In personal appearance, the subject of this sketch is peculiar. He has a thin, florid face, with high cheek bones, tawny hair, a smooth-shaven upper lip, and a fringe of reddish-gray whiskers beneath his chin. A black bow tie and a studied carelessness of dress are part of his make-up. It is in spite of his uncouthness and his way of going at things that Cannon is a power. There is something there more than mere show. By many he is regarded as a strong speaker, though no one has ever called him an orator. Two things comprise the sum total of his forensic abilities—earnestness and common sense. If these will not win his case, he fails. On the wrong side of an argument "Uncle Joe" is weak. He is not an adept in sophistries and avoidances. True, he does occasionally wave the flag and make the bird of freedom scream, but he only resorts to this when hard pressed. His manner while speaking is a spectacle to make the angels weep. He is constantly in motion—legs, arms, fingers, face and coat-tails. He is like a gas-engine working with a defective valve-gear, and on a loose foundation. The wrenching and racking which he undergoes in an ordinary five-minute speech seems as if it would be enough to lay him up in the repair-shop for a week. One of the funniest things ever seen in the House was when Congressman Otey gave in imitation—for it would be impossible to burlesque—of one of "Uncle Joe's" speeches. He usually begins with the little finger of the left hand linked into that of the right, and for a while there is a struggle to see whether he can pull them apart. Meanwhile he is slowly beginning: "If my good friend from Mississippi will consider a minute," etc. By the time he has reached this point he has thought of what he wants to say, and has grown quite red in the effort to get the fingers separated. The next stage of the speech is a struggle between the forefinger of one hand and the palm of the other. This is a fierce bout, and the palm gets a severe beating. As the speech progresses the hands attack each other in force, and there is a round of catch-as-catch-can. As he reaches the climax, the contesting hands make a hasty truce, and unite in assaulting the desk. They whirl around the now suffused face of "Uncle Joe" till the end is like a glowing pin-wheel on the Fourth of July—a purple and red centre, and a shower flying from it in all directions. It is very convincing. But "Uncle Joe" is a credit to his State. What he lacks in everything else, he makes up in hard sense. Although sixty-four years of age, he is as active as a boy of sixteen. He has a rare reputation for honesty in a place where it would be easy to have his name associated with scandal.

Ashanti

[The books from which we make the following reading on Ashanti, though published some time ago, are still timely and suggestive in their presentation of two British points of view.]

*Human Sacrifice**

In no part of the world does slavery appear to be more detestable than in Ashanti. Slaves, other than those obtained by raids into neighbors' territory, have here to be smuggled through the various "spheres," French, German and English, which are beginning to hem the country in on every side. The climate they are brought to is a sickly one for men bred up-country. They are not required for currency, since gold-dust is the medium here. Nor are they required to any considerable extent as laborers, since the Ashanti lives merely on vegetables, which in this country want little or no cultivation. And yet there is a strong demand for slaves. They are wanted for human sacrifice. Stop human sacrifice, and you deal a fatal blow to the slave trade, while you render raiding an unprofitable game.

In England we scarcely realize the extent to which human sacrifice has been carried on in Ashanti previous to the late expedition, but evidences were not wanting to show it.

Kumassi means "the Death Place." The town possessed no less than three places of execution; one, for private executions, was at the palace; a second, for public decapitations, was on the parade ground; a third, for fetish sacrifices, was in the sacred village of Bantama.

Close to the parade ground was the grove into which the remains of the victims were flung, and which very aptly was known as "Golgotha" to the members of the force. The ground here was found covered with skulls and bones of hundreds of victims. At Bantama was the celebrated execution bowl, which was fully described by Bowdich in his account of Kumassi in 1817. It is a large brass basin some five feet in diameter. It is ornamented with four small lions, and a number of round knobs all around its rim, except at one part, where there is a space for the victim's neck to rest on the edge. The blood of the victims was allowed to putrefy in the bowl, and leaves of certain herbs being added, it was considered a very valuable fetish medicine. The bowl has now been brought to England. Then in Kumassi are two blocks of houses occupied entirely by the executioners—one being assigned to the sacrificial, the other to the criminal executioners. Among the loot taken in the houses of Prempeh and of his chiefs were several "blood stools," or stools which had been used as blocks for executions, and which bore very visible signs of having been so used. In these notes, be it remembered, we are only dealing with Kumassi, but every king—and there were some half a dozen of them in the Ashanti empire—had powers of life and death over his subjects, and carried out his human sacrifices on a minor scale in his own capital. In fact, the ex-king of Bekwai was deposed on account of his overindulgence in that form of amusement.

Any great public function was seized on as an excuse for human sacrifices. There was the annual "yam custom," or harvest festival, at which large numbers of victims were often offered to the gods. Then the king went every quarter to pay his devotions to the shades of his ancestors at Bantama, and this demanded the death of twenty men over the great bowl on each occasion. On the death of any great personage, two of the household slaves were at once killed on the threshold of the door, in order to attend their master immediately in his new life, and his grave was afterward lined with the bodies of more slaves who were to form his retinue in the spirit world. It was thought all the better if, during the burial, one of the attendant mourners could be stunned by a club, and dropped, still breathing, into the grave before it was filled in. In the case of a great lady dying, slave girls were the victims. This custom of sacrifice at funerals was called "washing the grave." On the death of a king the custom of washing the grave involved enormous sacrifices. Then sacrifices were also made to propitiate the gods when war was about to be entered upon, or other trouble was impending. Victims were also killed to deter an enemy from approaching the capital; sometimes they were impaled and set up on the path, with their hand pointing to the enemy and bidding him to retire. At other times the victim was beheaded and the head replaced looking in the wrong direction; or he was buried alive in the pathway, standing upright, with only his head above ground, to remain thus until starvation, or—what was infinitely worse—the ants made an end of him. Then there was a death penalty for the infraction of various laws. For instance, anybody who found a nugget of gold and who did not send it at once to the king was liable to decapitation; so also was any-

*The Downfall of Prempeh. By Major R. S. S. Baden-Powell. Methuen & Co.

body who picked up anything of value lying on the parade ground, or who sat down in the shade of the fetish tree at Bantama. Indeed, if the king desired an execution at any time, he did not look far for an excuse. It is even said that on one occasion he preferred a richer color in the red stucco on the walls of the palace, and that for this purpose the blood of four hundred virgins was used. I have purposely refrained elsewhere from giving numbers, because, although our informants supplied them, West Africa natives are notoriously inexact in this respect. The victims of sacrifices were almost always slaves or prisoners of war. Slaves were often sent in to the king in lieu of tribute from his kinglets and chiefs, or as a fine for minor delinquencies. Traveling traders of other tribes, too, were frequently called upon to pay customs dues with a slave or two, and sometimes their own lives were forfeited.

When once a man had been selected and seized for execution, there were only two ways by which he could evade it. One was to repeat the "king's oath"—a certain formula of words—before they could gag him; the other was to break loose from his captors and run as far as the Bantama-Kumasi cross road; if he could reach this point before being overtaken, he was allowed to go free. In order to insure against their prisoners getting off by either of these methods, the executioners used to spring on the intended victim from behind, and while one bound his hands behind his back, another drove a knife through both his cheeks, which effectually prevented him from opening his mouth to speak, and in this horrible condition he had to await his turn for execution.

*England and Ashanti**

During the whole period in which the English have been in relation with Ashanti, the goal of their ambition has appeared to be the conquest and destruction of that kingdom, and at no time does any serious effort appear to have been made to secure these brave, intelligent and industrious people as permanent allies of the British Crown. On the contrary, the English have from the first identified themselves with the debased coast tribes and especially with the quarrelsome, timid and indolent Fantis. With the unerring instinct of a professedly philanthropic nation, they have selected the sturdiest, most enterprising and most courageous tribe as the special object of hostility, and have consistently endeavored, after the fashion too common among philanthropists, to secure the survival of the unfittest.

*Travels and Life in Ashanti and Jaman. By Richard Austin Freeman. Archibald, Constable & Co.

It was in accordance with this policy that, after the war of 1873, the tributary States of the Ashanti kingdom were encouraged to revolt and claim their independence, it being rightly imagined that its disintegration into its component tribes would permanently destroy its power.

The explanation of this policy is to be found in two very different sentiments, each characteristically British. One is that of the philanthropist, whose sole object is the welfare of the negro, who yearns to introduce him to the blessings of civilization and the consolations of religion, and seeks to rescue him from the sufferings entailed by the imperfections of his nature. From his point of view the destruction of the power of Ashanti was necessary for the preservation of peace in the district and as a prelude to the introduction of civilization, as well as for the abolition of the practice of human sacrifice.

The other is that of the trader who imagined that the integrity of the Ashanti kingdom constituted a serious hindrance to commerce, and who from purely selfish motives desired to see the native rule abolished, believing that such abolition would greatly enhance the prosperity of the Europeans.

Let us now consider whether the results of the breaking up of the Ashanti kingdom up to the time of its final annexation have been such as were anticipated by either of these parties. To take first the view of the philanthropist who anticipated the establishment of peace, the abolition of human sacrifice and the introduction of some degree of civilization.

Before the war, the kingdom was extensive, powerful and fairly well organized. The various tributary States were to a great extent restrained from mutual warfare by the power of the central authority, extensive commercial relations existed with the great nation of the remote interior, and the relatively peaceful conditions allowed of the cultivation of indigenous industries.

After the breaking up of the kingdom and the separation of the tributary States the disorganization was complete. The "emancipated" tribes and minor kingdoms, instead of settling down to peaceful pursuits, kept up more or less constant war with Ashanti and with one another, and the chronic hostilities thus arising rendered unsafe the caravan roads to the interior and periodically closed the trade routes to the coast. And meanwhile the local arts and industries were suffered to decay, and the general level of civilization was unquestionably lowered. The loss of life entailed by these continual intertribal wars was obviously much greater than that occasioned by the comparatively infrequent campaigns of the united

Ashanti kingdom, while their destructive effect on the indigenous civilization was immeasurably greater. Thus in two respects the destruction of the power of Ashanti produced results entirely the reverse of those anticipated; it tended to increase the amount of bloodshed and the resulting misery, and to lower the level of civilization.

With reference to the third object of the philanthropic party, the abolition of human sacrifices, it is quite certain that it was not attained; it is obviously impossible to judge whether any diminution took place, for the simple reason that the evidence as to their original extent was totally valueless. For my own part I am inclined to think that they have been the subject of gross exaggeration, and this opinion I have found to be in agreement with that of the educated natives with whom I have spoken on the subject. It is easy to see how such exaggeration might occur. All the accounts of the great sacrifices have been obtained from native reports, and the statements of natives with regard to numbers are totally unreliable in consequence of their tendency to exaggeration. Moreover, a large proportion of the reported "sacrifices" were nothing more than public executions, as clearly appears from Dupuis' account of the sacrifices at the custom of "Little Adai;" for having described the ceremony (of which he was not, however, actually an eye-witness), and stated the number of victims, as reported to him by a native, he goes on to remark that the greater number of these victims were really criminals whose lives were already forfeited by reason of their crimes.

To realize how a report of the kind once started grows like a rolling snowball, it is only necessary to recall the lurid stories of human sacrifice that appeared in some of the daily papers during the progress of the last expedition—combined with accounts of hordes of "serpents" at Pra-su and other phenomena "new to science"—emanating from men who, strangers to the country, could have had, while attached to an invading force, no opportunities whatever of obtaining any reliable information on the subject. Some of these gentlemen referred to the existence of vultures at Kumassi as conclusive evidence of the prevalence of human sacrifices, regardless of the fact that they are equally numerous at Cape Coast, Sierra Leone and other places in West Africa, being in fact the common scavengers of the district. Whenever a human skull or bone was encountered it was at once identified as a relic of human sacrifice, the implication being that all persons dying by any other means vanished into smoke.

But to whatever extent the custom of human sacrifice obtained before the destruction of the power of Ashanti, it is tolerably certain that the British interference produced no improvement. Indeed, it would have been very surprising if the Ashantis had, at the command of a foreign nation, abandoned what appears to be in their opinion a religious rite of prime importance in its influence on the welfare of their ancestors; especially when we consider that human sacrifices are still, or were until quite recently, offered in the British protectorate in spite of the efforts of the Government to suppress the custom.

Ashanti in the days of its power was one of the most important commercial centres in West Africa. It was the focus of a most extensive traffic with the Moslem nations of the far North and East. From Timbúktu and Jenne, from the land of the Tawareks, from Sokotu, Kano, Kachina and other Hausa cities, from Bornu by Lake Chad, even from the shores of the Mediterranean the caravans wended their way to the great negro kingdom where the precious guru or kola could be purchased. With these great African nations Kumasi was brought into communication by means of two main caravan roads; one leading from the east, from Bornu and Hausa and passing through Bórugu and Yendi (the capital of Dagómba) to Sálaga and Kantámpo; the other from Timbúktu, passing through Massina, Sofara, Júlasu, Kong and Bontúku to Kantámpo. There appears to have been a second Timbúktu road which, starting from Kábara, the port of Timbúktu, passed through Banya-gerra, Mandoli and Wurga-duku (the capital of Moshi or Mo-si), and joined the eastern road at Yendi; while at Sokóto or Kachina the same road was joined by the great caravan road from Tripoli.

Neither of these great roads actually entered Kumasi, for the Ashantis do not appear to have wished to make a market town of their capital; although according to the descriptions of Kumasi given by Bowdich, that city would appear to have contained quite a large floating Mohammedan population. They therefore formed at Kantámpo, a few days' journey to the northeast of Kumasi, a market for the interior traffic, and at this place the two caravan roads met.

Many native merchants, too, from Cape Coast and the adjacent towns of the littoral, visited Kantámpo, where they exchanged European goods for the merchandise from the interior, and in some cases the merchants from the far interior would travel down through Ashanti to the British settlements.

The benefits that these international markets conferred were numerous and great. To the European import trade they contributed very largely, for the caravans, besides being themselves con-

sumers of European goods which they carried back with them to their own countries, greatly enriched Ashanti and the other local countries, and thus enabled them to become purchasers of the imports of the white men. The presence of these markets and their importance to the welfare of Ashanti contributed largely to the maintenance of peace in the district; for a war which rendered the caravan roads unsafe closed the markets to connection with it, and the flow of wealth into the treasuries of Ashanti was for the time stopped. The influence of these great market towns must have tended to gradually raise the level of civilization in their neighborhood! Indeed, I may say that they actually did produce this effect.

Now it must not be forgotten that these centres of civilization and commerce, so beneficial to European trade and so important to the welfare of the natives, were brought into existence by Ashanti; that these great international marts were created and almost entirely maintained by the caravan traffic from the far East and North, and that the goal of these caravans was Ashanti. With the disintegration of the Ashanti kingdom that took place after the war, by which it happened that Ashanti proper became surrounded by the hostile territories of revolted vassals, a great part of the caravan trade ceased, the more local part of it being diverted to Kinjabo (Assini) in the adjacent French protectorate, while part was probably transferred to the kola-producing districts of Senegal. Whatever caravan trade had survived these changes in the condition of the country was almost certainly extinguished when Ashanti became British territory.

But besides creating an extensive and important commerce by which the English merchants on the coast were inevitably benefited, Ashanti served as the link that connected the interior with the seaboard. The Great North Road—which after the war of 1873 rapidly degenerated into an almost invisible bush track—formerly connected Cape Coast, by way of Kumasi, with Kantámpo, Bontúku and Kong, and was the shortest road from the markets of the interior to the sea. But whereas in the palmy days of Ashanti this was an open and safe road, the disorganized mass of mutually hostile tribes into which that kingdom was subsequently broken up presented an almost impossible barrier, and, as a result, the stream of trade that formerly flowed into Cape Coast through Kantámpo and Ashanti was diverted, as I have said, to the French protectorate, passing to the north of Ashanti and striking the coast at Assini.

The interior—that is, the country that lies behind Ashanti—has no wealth to offer. There are no great cities peopled by civilized men calling aloud—and able to pay—for the products of European industry. The wide plains of Jáman and Gwanjiowa, but sparsely covered with tiny hamlets and widely separated small towns, have for the most part a population that amply supplies its own wants by the cultivation of a few plots of yams, beans, maize, cotton and tobacco; whose conception of luxury is realized by sitting on the ground in the shade of their huts and chewing a stick, and whose ideas of magnificence find sufficient expression in the simple ceremonial of the village dances. Even in so important a town as Bontúku I was compelled to give away the goods that I had brought for barter, because nobody would give me even a handful of cowries for them. My native servant and several of our carriers who had brought with them small consignments of Manchester cottons had a similar experience; they sold a few clothes at less than cost price and took the remainder back to the coast. In summing up the character of the Jámans and other interior tribes, my servant remarked with disgust that they "got a dry eye," by which he meant that they were willing to receive gifts, but would not give anything in return.

Specially fortunate among European settlers in West Africa in having in the immediate interior of our possessions a nation not only sufficiently civilized to act as a link between us and the tribes of the far interior, but of a commercial importance so great as to attract native traders from nearly half the Continent, we have apparently almost from the first made it one of our principal objects to destroy the power upon the integrity of which our commercial success so largely depended. Peculiarly favored in finding in the rear of our settlements a powerful nation ready and even anxious to enter into a friendly and mutually profitable alliance with us, we have consistently followed a policy as fatal to our own interests as it has been injurious to the subjects of our hostility. There can be little doubt that but for the perverse and unintelligent policy of such men as Governor Smith and Sir Charles McCarthy (by whose activity European trade was, at one time, nearly extinguished), the Ashanti kingdom, with its great commercial organization, would have extended quite early in this century to the sea coast and realized its great ambition, that of trading directly with the white man. By this means Cape Coast, Accra, and other centres of European trade would have become termini of Ashanti trade roads and would thus have been brought into direct relation with the caravan traffic of the far interior.

The World Over: Pen Pictures of Travel

Ashanti Fetishes and Oracles.....Journal of American Folk-Lore

The Ashantis recognize the existence of a Superior Being whom they adore, but in a vague manner. They commonly consecrate to him the trunk of a tree which they have cut down in the forest and transported to the inner court of their huts; they call it "Onyame dua," tree of God, place at its summit a sort of earthen pan in which they pour their offerings, consisting of palm wine, eggs, feathers of hens and like objects. Whenever they drink palm wine, they pour on the ground some drops before carrying it to their lips, and do the same thing when they eat their fufu. If you inquire the significance of this action, they answer that they are thanking God. They have, for the rest, singular traditions to explain the origin of the cult offered to fetishes. At the commencement of the world, in the night of time, Onyame (God) was in daily relations with men. He came on the earth, conversed with mankind, and all went well; but one day the women, in pounding their fufu, used too long pestles and struck God, who in anger retired from the world, leaving its management to subaltern divinities. These are spirits (fetishes), who dwell everywhere, in waters, woods, rocks, and it is necessary to conciliate them, unless one is willing to encounter their displeasure. Hence the worship rendered to fetishes.

Let us take a concrete example, and see how things pass when one goes to consult the fetish Deute, at Krakye, the most known and most powerful on the Gold Coast. This fetish is served by two priests. One lives in public and is well known, while the other remains concealed, is known to nobody, and considered as the great priest of the fetish. For the rest, all the inhabitants of Krakye are affiliated to the fetish and labor to augment his prestige and renown. If a stranger arrives in the town to consult the fetish, he is made to talk, interrogated, information is obtained concerning the object of his journey, his family circumstance, all this without display, and these details, it is unnecessary to say, are carefully communicated to the priest, who derives from them all possible profit. In the night, when all the world is asleep, he goes to find his secret companion, relates to him all he knows, and prepares with him the séance of the morrow. In fact, it is not possible to interrogate the fetish every day; monsieur has his hours of consultation, and that but once a week. He inhabits a great cavern, in which, during the day, is kept his secret priest, and thither come the people to consult him, under the direction of the public priest.

The procession arrives with the priest at the head, to the sound of tambourines and horns, and places itself at the entrance of the cave, but turning the back to it; none dares to gaze. I relate this verbally after the report of a native. Then in the cavern is heard something like the sound of a bell—wuui-wuui-wuui—and every one feels as if a pail of cold water were poured down his back! Then come salutations, the throng presents to the fetish its homage, crying out the most flattering epithets: Nana é, nana é (grandfather), apeade-ahû (seer), opam-boy (stone-uniter), and the like. The entry of the cave is closed by a great curtain; then stands the public priest and transmits to the multitude the answers of the fetish. The latter, utilizing the details which he has found means to collect during the week, unveils to his astonished listeners their antecedents, their family secrets, and gives them thus a high idea of his science.

Finally the solicitors bring their offerings, which consist of palm-wine, couries, fowls or sheep; the fetish fixes a day when he will receive them to give his response. Remarkable answers are cited, which denote finesse and judgment.

I will also mention Atia-Yaw, the most important fetish of Okwaou. He was known and feared for leagues about. Up to the time of the arrival of the missionaries, none contested his power, none had the idea of doubting his existence and potency.

Some affirmed that he was a spirit, others saw in him an animal. These last, for a period, were right; it was said that during several successive years a gorilla played the part of the fetish. In fact, no one had seen him, none had touched him, except the king or the chiefs, to whom at times he extended a little hand, hairy and unrecognizable, without revealing himself. This divinity also lived in a cage, where he gave responses, after the manner of Virgil's Sibyl.

He made, for example, great use of leaves from trees, the different properties of which he had recognized. Sometimes he chewed them, and contrived to produce with them as much smoke as the most furious smoker; at other times he threw them into a calabash full of water, passed and repassed a leaf of white paper on a burning brazier, soaked it in a calabash, and drew it forth covered with signs which resembled Chinese or Japanese characters, all accompanied with mimicry intended

to deceive the public. These characters, professing to be printed, were supposed to give the answer of the fetish to the questions which had been put to him.

The writer shows that the arts of the juggler are employed, that the priest is put to death and brought to life again, that poison is used, and that it is the habit of the fetish to emerge at night.

Atia-Yaw, however, did not remain confined in his cavern; he allowed himself promenades. Preceded by a forerunner, who announced his approach by means of a shrill whistle, and cried, "Here is the father!" he traversed the town in every direction, and woe to those who encountered him! A stab, a shot, made them comprehend that it is never well to be curious. He generally arrived at the fall of night, between six and a half and seven in the evening. At such times every one fled into his house and put out his fire, for it was supposed that the fetish could not bear fire. At other times he took malignant pleasure in chasing the inhabitants out of the city to dung-heaps, where they became the victims of the ants constantly found there. He presented himself under all sort of forms. Sometimes he came furious and made every one tremble; sometimes he tranquilly promenaded the streets, even presented himself before the king and discussed politics, naturally always through the medium of his priest.

M. Perregaux gives an account of the initiation of a candidate to the secret society formed by the priests. This rite, according to the account, includes transfusion of blood, and is supposed to give the power of giving life to the dead. Priestesses also are found who take part in the dances, and appear possessed by the demon.

The River People.....Dexter Marshall..... Scribner's

Every one of the streams belonging to the Mississippi system is infested with water tramps. Some began the life afloat in New York or floated down to the Ohio, and there became confirmed in their useless, idle mode of existence. Others reached the Ohio, and through it the Mississippi, from the headwaters of the Monongahela, the Big Sandy, the Cumberland, and other tributaries of the Missouri, and still others were recruited from points along the great rivers themselves. They are of every nationality common in the United States, and the diversity of their antecedents explains the lack of a distinctive river dialect, which seems strange at first. Certain individuals among them are believed by their fellows to have been red-handed fugitives from justice originally, and there is nothing inherently improbable in the belief. Yet not one in ten, probably, has ever been guilty of anything worse than petty thievery when he was hungry, and not one in ten is now an aggressively bad man.

The professional river thief, often confounded with the simon-pure water tramp, is of a radically different type, though the line of demarcation between the two classes is unusually hazy. The water tramp is a nerveless creature, who is almost literally afraid of his own shadow. He is also a dreamer, slow of thought and sluggish bodily. But, whatever the faults of the professional water thief, he is shrewd and alert, and he does not lack in boldness. The very fact that he is a river man gives him a big advantage over the landsman in the stealing business. The latter can as readily cross the stream from State to State, in evading the law, as the former, but he understands the river's ins and outs; he knows of a hundred snug hiding-places along its shores, to which he may retire when the officers press too close. Once he gets uncaught aboard his floating home, whether it be skiff or cabin-boat, the chances of his capture are hardly worth discussion. The cleverer river thief does nearly all his work away up stream in the warm weather, rarely disposing of his booty till weeks or months later, after he has floated down to the town he calls his home, where he can sell without exciting suspicion. There are stories current among the water tramps, of river thieves who live ashore in winter, South, posing as respectable citizens. Some of these tales may be true, but naturally they lack confirmation. Unlike river tramps, river thieves often, of necessity, travel in pairs.

The bumboat of the interior rivers is vastly different from its prototype in European seaports, being nothing more nor less than an unlicensed floating liquor saloon. Sometimes there is a bar, but oftener not. Bumboating is not so profitable as formerly, and not many bumboats are to be found very far up stream. The bumboat keeper is generally less of a river man in spirit than most of the water dwellers, and, having more money than they, he does not draw so much of his subsistence from the stream. Though they patronize him, they are prone to consider him a parasite, and so he has really cordial relations with the criminally inclined among his fellows only; and, as the shore people look down upon him from ineffable heights, he is about as friendless a creature as you will find on the river. Everywhere he goes the land authorities are after him for violating the excise laws, and he has to keep dodging from shore to shore to avoid arrest. Most bumboat men pay the federal tax without protest, and thus are in fear of local authorities only. Such lead comparatively easy lives, but

it is otherwise with those who defy Uncle Sam. Sooner or later they are sure to be run down and punished, though occasionally one leads the internal revenue men a worrying chase. One of this sort, captured on his boat after long pursuit, managed to cut his moorings, with the officer aboard, and the unverified story is that the latter was not set ashore till he had promised to make no trouble. The bumboat man had his wife along, and, armed with a seven-shooter, she stood alternate watch with her husband over the officer, who was made to understand clearly that indiscretion meant sure death, and who was so cut up that he resigned from the service.

River shows and floating dance-halls are not so common as of old. Some of the former were big establishments in the palmy river days, and the entertainments they gave were unobjectionable. Housed in good-sized water theatres, and moved by steam towboats, they stopped only at the larger towns, where they sometimes attracted audiences composed of the "very best people." Time was when the Ohio supported two or three such boats handsomely, but they have long since disappeared. If any river shows are left at all they keep well down the Mississippi and low cheapness is their leading quality. The degenerate river shows, the river dance-halls which are vile, and certain other floating establishments of even shadier reputations, have contributed most to the low standing of the river people as a whole.

Like Solomon Smith, the water tramp, a goodly proportion of the river people migrate Southward in cold weather, and Northward when the weather is warm. Many river men act as professional guides to well-to-do gunners along the lower Mississippi and its branches, in the late fall and winter, spending all but the shooting season on the river, and earning in that season all the money they need for the year. These river men are "well heeled" for water folk every spring, and do not begrudge the few dollars they have to pay a towboat going North, for giving them a line. Not a few of them moor their boats in summer near river-side resorts, and do a thriving business as curio dealers, dispensers of ice-cream, soft drinks and the like.

Notwithstanding the general tendency to change quarters with the seasons, there are some river people who never go South, and some who never go North. A few, indeed, do not move their boats at all, from year's end to year's end, being engaged in regular pursuits, the same as if they dwelt on land, and living on the water mainly to save rent and taxes. They have a tendency to be boat-builders and menders and keepers of "boat liveries," according to the river phrase, though they often adopt other occupations. A considerable number of the river people earn the money which they must have to buy their quinine, their coffee, and their miscellaneous supplies, digging clams or river mussels for their shells, which are used in making pearl buttons, so called. Some tie up every summer where they can cultivate unclaimed bottom land, and raise potatoes and other vegetables, for sale and their own use. One river man of the writer's acquaintance has bought a half acre of ground and converted it into a poultry-yard; his sale of chickens keeps him the year round. He hasn't moved his boat for four years, and his pile of river driftwood is nearly as big as his floating shanty.

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*Filipino Organization..Packard...Scientific American Supplement**

The autonomous village is called a pueblo. One which has not yet attained autonomy but forms one community with a pueblo is called a barrio, visita, or anejo. Each village has a public edifice like the rathhaus in Germany, which is called the tribunal, in which are held the sessions of the municipal council and of the gobernadorcillo's court. This building also serves as a public station when there is no prison in the village. If the government employees in the capital of a province have their offices in the tribunal, the building then takes the name of the casa real, the literal meaning of which is royal house.

The village dignitaries are the gobernadorcillo, whose functions are something like those of a French maire, and who is generally called captain. He has a principal lieutenant, two sub-lieutenants, several officials with the title of judge, who attend to suits or differences about agriculture and cattle, and try police disputes, and finally, the alguazils, who are captains or officers of the police force. These offices are all elective. Each vista also has its lieutenant, judge and alguazil. Before describing the rights and duties of these magistrates, it is desirable to give some further details of the cabezas de berangay.

The division into barangays is always in force, fifty families forming a barangay, at the head of which is a cabeza or chief, as has already been said. When the position is not hereditary, the cabezas are elected, and almost always from among the principals. Usually, at the expiration of his functions, the cabeza is re-elected. If he resigns, his son is usually chosen to fill his place.

The term of service is from one to three years in different provinces. Besides collecting the

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*This article is taken from the work of the German ethnologist, Prof. Blumentritt, on Philippine Village Organization before the advent of the Spaniards, and as modified by Spanish policy.

taxes and superintending the performance of personal services the cabeza is responsible for the public peace in his barangay.

The cabezas are exempt from taxes and personal service. They have the title of "don," which raises a native, in the view of his countrymen, to the rank of gentleman. These privileges extend to the wife of the cabeza, to his eldest son, and to his eldest adopted son if he has no children.

Noble native families, dating from the conquest and descendants of the ancient dattas, enjoy these privileges as a matter of course, without restrictions, and without the condition of performing the duties of a cabeza. The novus homo who is elected cabeza preserves the title of don even after leaving office, and is numbered thenceforward among the principales.

In order to be eligible to the important position of gobernadorcillo the candidate must be an "Indian," that is to say, a Malay native or Chinese métis (i. e., son of Chinese father and Malay mother), he must be 25 years old, must know how to read and write, and must have filled the office of lieutenant or cabeza de barangay, and the taxes of his barangay must not be in arrears. For these reasons the office is monopolized by the principales. The gobernadorcillo is elected for one year, and the election takes place in the following manner:

The electors are the gobernadorcillo who is about to resign, six cabezas de barangay, and six ex-gobernadorcillos who have been cabezas de barangay, making thirteen voters, who are all, it will be noted, principales or nobles. None of these electors is the subordinate of any royal functionary or of the curé, but the president of the electoral board must be a Spaniard—the governor of the province or his substitute if possible. The curé of the village has the right, although it is not his duty, to attend the election, which must be held in a public building, such as the tribunal or a school, and not in a private house nor in the parsonage. The thirteen electors choose two candidates, to whom the outgoing gobernadorcillo is added. The president makes a report of the election, which is signed by all the electors, the curé and the clerk, in which he indicates which of the two candidates he considers best suited to the position, and this report together with all the documents bearing on the election are sent to the governor-general at Manila. The candidate presented in this way is nearly always appointed by the government. In the Bisayas the provincial governors are delegates of the general government on this occasion and confirm the election themselves.

The badge or staff of office of the gobernadorcillo is a gold-headed cane with a silk tassel, which he always carries and does not lay aside even while at meals.

Besides his qualities as political head of the pueblo—and as such responsible for troubles with the government—and director of its commercial affairs, the gobernadorcillo is also a judge, taking original cognizance of cases not exceeding 25 pesos. He also makes the first investigations in criminal cases and hands his report, together with the criminal, over to the Spanish authorities. It is one of his functions, too, to see that the people of his village attend to their religious duties, principally the rites of baptism and marriage. His means of coercion are usually the rod and imprisonment, which are also the means employed by the judges in enforcing their decisions. If the village is a port and is not the residence of a Spanish governor, the gobernadorcillo is also the captain of the port.

His position, in the eyes of the natives, is rather a distinguished one. He is always accompanied by an escort composed of his lieutenants, clerks and others, while if he goes far from the suburbs he is escorted by the national guard, and he has a place of honor in church.

The election of the lieutenants and judges takes place in the same way as that of the gobernadocillo except that no approval from Manila is necessary. Only those who have held the position of gobernadorcillo can be superior judges. The alguazil, mayor or chief of police, has charge of the principal police station and watch houses.

There is no session of the municipal council in the sense in which we understand the term. The administration and direction of the village are entirely in the hands of the principales and as they are controlled by the curé it follows that all the threads of the municipality are held by him, provided, that is, that he be Spanish, for the colored ecclesiastics have little consideration.

Impressions of Bruges. .....Edmund Gosse.....The Independent

It is customary to speak of Bruges as of a dead city. "Bruges la Morte," her own poet, George Rodenbach, has called her, in a story which has sent hundreds to visit her long canals and fantastic lines of gables. But it would be more just to call her Bruges the Sleeper, and the lovers of beautiful things should be warned that she begins to move in her sleep. We have seen, in a single generation, the sequestered dignity of Nuremberg sacrificed to the needs of commercial enterprise. The home of Dürer has become a great manufacturing centre; the monuments are preserved, indeed, but all the atmosphere which surrounded them has been destroyed.

Bruges remained, in all the north of Europe, the one completely medieval city, unspoiled in the lovely grace of its antiquity. But the excellent Brugeois are not pleased to be supposed to be dead, and it must be acceded that if one were an ordinary inhabitant of a show-place of this kind, one would be irritated at seeing nothing new except one endless succession of the foolish faces of tourists. Who shall blame a citizen who respects the antiquities of his city, and yet desires to see it no less prosperous than its neighbors?

Simply, for those who are not Brugeois, the time has come when Bruges must be seen soon if it is to be seen at all. A sculptor of merit, M. Georges Pickerij, has executed a statue called "Le Reveil de Bruges." She starts to her feet, she casts aside the veil, she prepares to compete with her neighbors. But, for us, what has been so charming, so unique, has been Bruges crouching over her canals, Bruges closely veiled, Bruges turning silently away from the human struggle. A Flemish poet of to-day declares that Bruges is another Brunhilde, whom the spirit of modern life is calling upon, like a Sigurd, to arouse herself. Again, one says, excellent for the Brugeois, but it is not a commercial Brunhilde whom we have come across the dykes and flats of Flanders to visit. I have been reading in a local newspaper a highly depressing account of the financial prosperity of the little, old city, and I feel constrained to say to lovers of the beautiful, Come before Bruges contrives to make herself as rich and as uninteresting as Ghent.

The Brabant chronicler, Barlandus, writing four hundred years ago, said "Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels, Louvain, Malines are beautiful cities, 'sed nihil ad Brugas,'" nothing in comparison with Bruges. This supereminence in beauty still survives, and it is the object of not a little local vanity. The majestic Belfry, which is the central feature of Bruges, is surmounted by a balustrade with peaks at intervals which gives the summit a coronated look. This feature was really added as late as 1822, but you cannot persuade any one in Bruges to believe that. Ah! no, they say, our Belfry, the most beautiful in the whole world would never have been left by its architect without a sign to show that Bruges is the queen of all cities.

To be subjected to the full fascination of Bruges, one should see it on a fair, still night, without a moon. In every direction gables mysteriously cut the sky. All is vast and dim around the funereal canals, out of which, one knows not how, gray towers, like the architecture of fairyland, spring through bouquets of colorless foliage. On the lustrous and vitreous waters, profoundly quiet, a few reflected lights are dancing. But the one feature which meets the eye—as it seems, from every quarter—is the majestic Belfry, unaccountably vast in the dim night. Every fifteen minutes something speaks in song; from far up in the obscurity of the vaulted city something flings the ringing melancholy carillon; and then the eye peers up to see what manner of vocal miracle this is. In the faint collected light from all the slight lamps and fires of Bruges one sees the Belfry there, rising like some tree-fern or palm, enfolded in its fans. It seems less a work of the constructing hands of men than some mysterious vegetable growth of the forests of heaven, and we watch it with a species of apprehension, lest, with intolerable sound of rustling, it should suddenly open out and cover the entire face of heaven with its miraculous branches. But Venus burns at the side of it, like a beryl with fire in its heart, and gradually the eye, so fed with light, becomes accustomed to the outlines, and to their fixity, and to the eternal stillness of the carven stone.

It is needful to spend many days in Bruges and to wander down its rose-colored streets in every direction to understand its charm. Bruges itself is lovelier than any object in Bruges, lovelier than the Memlings, or the reliquary in the Chapelle du Saint Sang, or the thirteenth-century lace in the Gruuthuis. It is, perhaps, the only town in the north of Europe that is not in some degree or respect disappointing; it is the one place in which, not merely a few prominent buildings, but all the dwelling-houses also, are of the Middle Ages. Nothing startles the eye, because all is in keeping. We walk under the great fantastic façades of the Rue de Jerusalem without reflecting, at first, that these were built in 1535, that honest burghers have lived in them ever since, that this tradition, and that of hundreds of beautiful private houses in Bruges, is unbroken. There are places where few tourists ever go, such as the Quai de la Poterie, and the turn of the Quai Vert, where the scroll of the years turns back for half a century, where all is unchanged, where time does not exist. So the canals branched under the pear-blossom, so the jagged outline of the gables—red brick and white stone alternated—pierced and broke the sky, so the swans oared themselves through the lustrous waters, so solitary women appeared, high up in the little balconies of stone, so the carillon floated down in starry octaves from some unknown height in air, when the Burgundian princes held their court in this exquisite city. And for this impression of perennial and consistent antiquity one has in these later days to go to Bruges.

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

Contagion by Telephone.....Literary Digest

For many years past it has been recognized that the contact of telephone transmitters and receivers with the ears and lips of a great number of persons might result in the transmission of contagious diseases. The microphonic plate against which we speak is in particular a receptacle for all sorts of organic matter, including drops of saliva, which dry on it and form with floating dust breeding-places for noxious germs. The speaker must articulate distinctly and open his mouth wide; there is therefore, as he inhales and exhales, an opportunity for a free exchange of microbes. All these facts, which are by no means new to students of hygiene, have at last begun to be noted officially. The Revue Encyclopédique, in an article by Dr. Foveau de Courmelles, quotes the following bit of news regarding what is being done in France:

"By advice of a special commission, M. Mougeot has recommended that, in public telephone booths, the vibrating-plates of the transmitters and the cones of the receivers should be wiped with a cloth slightly moistened with dilute carbolic acid, and that the walls of the booths be sprayed with the same daily. In cafés, banks, etc., this should be obligatory. In Vienna the telephone booths are furnished with napkins bearing the inscription: 'Wipe, if you please.' These measures, good though they are, will be effective only when the napkins are changed frequently. There is still a better plan—to do away with the present form of telephone apparatus and to substitute new systems in which hearing and speaking are effected at some distance. It is well known that the loud-speaking telephone, capable of being heard at a distance, is an accomplished fact. We have at least three systems, based either on perfection of line and of instruments, or on a combination of microphone and phonograph. We have recently seen M. Dussaud's telephone at work in a newspaper office and it apparently satisfies the requirements of both hygiene and electricity. We know that these two branches of science may lend each other powerful aid, and now we have not only electric antisepsis (made possible by electrically-produced ozone) but a practical hygienic telephone!"

The Lingual Tractor.....Scientific American Supplement

Every being whose heart no longer beats and who has apparently ceased to exist may, in many cases, provided he has no lesion of his principal organs and is not exhausted by disease or extreme destitution, be brought to life again. As a general thing, people have no idea of the persistence of "latent" life in those who have been asphyxiated, hanged, drowned, or struck by lightning. A man whom it has been impossible to restore to life after ten minutes' effort is dead. At least that is what is believed almost everywhere, although it is a serious error that should be dispelled. Owing to such a prejudice, many a person who might have been resuscitated has been allowed to die.

On the seventh of June, 1898, Bowman Aguel, of the Huveaune, was on duty, on the point of the Mediterranean coast known as "Anse du Prophète," when he heard cries of distress proceeding from a sixteen-year-old cabin boy named Igardeus. The boy was bathing at a distance of about thirty yards from the shore when he disappeared beneath the water. He had committed the imprudence of jumping into the sea immediately after eating. A man named Ricard, the cabin-boy's master, happening to be near by, jumped in to save him, but was just about sinking in turn when the bowman threw himself into the water without taking the time to remove his blouse. Reaching Ricard, he held him until he could pass him over to a second rescuer, who carried him to the shore. He then made another dive in order to find the second victim, and, in a few minutes, was fortunate enough to be able to carry the cabin-boy to land. But Igardeus was inert, since he had remained under water at least ten minutes. All hope of resuscitating him appeared to be lost; but Aguel, recalling the directions given in circular No. 2,463, of November 2, 1894, applied to the boy the process of "rhythmic tractions of the tongue" recommended by Dr. Laborde, of the Academy of Medicine. Although the victim continued to give no sign of life, Aguel, without allowing himself to become discouraged by a probable want of success, persisted in his manœuvres and prolonged the operation for three hours. This laudable perseverance was crowned with success. The boy's respiration was re-established, he gradually became able to rise, and was then out of danger.

This is a succinct réhumé of a report by M. Vauter, director of the customs region of Marseilles, to the director-general of the Custom House. A simple officer of the administration had been able, after three hours of rhythmic tractions of the tongue, to restore to life a boy who

had remained ten minutes under water. After three hours! Up to 1898, no physiologist or physician would have dared to claim that latent life could subsist for hours. And yet three hours is doubtless not the extreme limit; and it might perhaps be possible to meet with success much beyond this length of time. We do not know exactly at the end of how many hours real death takes the place of apparent death; the interval of time may be very variable according to the individual; but life exists, at all events, in the subject whose organs are healthy and have not become affected by disease.

The objective external death of the organism revealed by the suspension of functional manifestations, especially by the suppression of the cardio-respiratory function, is not complete definite death. While the organism has ceased to live externally, said Dr. Laborde recently to the Academy of Medicine, it still lives internally. That is to say, life continues in a latent manner through the persistence of the functional properties of the organic elements and tissues. The sensitive properties are the first to disappear, then the nervous motor functions, and finally muscular contractility. Complete death requires time.

Upon the whole, the general mechanism may come to a standstill through the cessation of an essential function, such as that of respiration; but, if the organs are not changed, they may be again excited and be made to resume their normal operation. As long as there is latent life, the saving of an asphyxiated or drowned person must not be despaired of. The function most indispensable to awaken—the primordial function—is the respiratory. It is necessary to excite the respiratory reflex, which, fortunately, as Dr. Laborde shows, has an extraordinary persistence of life. It is to this, then, that recourse must be had in order literally to resuscitate persons who might be considered as absolutely dead.

Dr. Laborde has been testing the efficiency of the method for a long time and is able to mention to us numerous cases of return to life.

How long does the respiratory reflex action survive? Dr. Laborde, in operating upon dogs, found that it lasted two and three-quarters hours. He took a vigorous half-bulldog, weighing 35 pounds, and submitted him to the inhalation of chloroform until respiration had entirely ceased. The dog was quickly put into a state of apparent death. After a quarter of an hour's traction of the tongue, the animal came to. The experiment was tried again until complete asphyxiation supervened, and recourse was not had to traction until five minutes afterward. This dog, which was well named "Lazarus" in the laboratory, appeared this time as if it were really dead. One hour and two hours of traction were followed by no result, and Dr. Laborde feared a setback. Leon Jaudon, the laboratory boy, who had an affection for the animal, nevertheless continued the tractions with an imperturbable confidence in the method. He saw the tongue become red—a certain sign of reaction and of the return of the first respiratory motions. In fact, after two hours and a half of rhythmic tractions, a respiratory hiccough occurred, and then successive inspirations supervened. The animal returned to life and began to walk around his friend with an astonished look.

It is therefore possible to assert that the respiratory reflex persists, ready to operate anew, at least three hours after apparent death.

Perhaps the reader will be astonished at our speaking calmly of lingual tractions effected for hours at a time. Bowman Aguel had the perseverance necessary to make a success of them, but it is clear that everybody would not be capable of doing so.

It occurred to Dr. Laborde that it would be a good idea to substitute an automatic apparatus for the hand covered with a cloth, and this having been suggested to M. Mouchel, who had witnessed various experiments in resuscitation made by the doctor, this gentleman constructed a small apparatus, driven by clockwork, that gave 120 tractions per minute, with all the rhythmic intermittence desirable.

This apparatus, the first one of the kind ever devised, allowed Dr. Laborde to perform laboratory experiments, and served especially for saving the life of the dog Lazarus, above mentioned.

Unfortunately, the spring of the clockwork did not permit the apparatus to operate for more than five minutes. It was necessary to wind up the movement, and that, too, often more than twenty-five times during an experiment. But this difficulty has now been surmounted by the addition to the mechanism of a small electric motor supplied by a few accumulators; so that it is possible to operate for three hours in succession without touching the apparatus.

The important method devised by Dr. Laborde for resuscitating subjects in a state of apparent death, constitutes at the same time a method of ascertaining whether a person is really dead. If the respiratory reflex is abolished after more than five or six hours, death is certain.

Hereafter, when a person is carried under the water by a falling tide, or when a fireman becomes asphyxiated by mephitic gases, it will be necessary only to have recourse to rhythmic tractions, not for half an hour, but for several hours;

and in most cases the unfortunate victims will be resuscitated. So, municipalities, in cases where electric traction apparatus are wanting, should be urged to put automatic ones into the hands of their employees, even if the clockwork movement has to be wound up every quarter of an hour.

Sir John Sibbald on Suicide.....Knowledge

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Sir John Sibbald, retired Commissioner on Lunacy, gave some very interesting results of his examination of the statistics of suicide in Scotland for many years. And the most startling, though at the same time the most comforting, was his conclusion against the opinions of all who had not carefully investigated the case, as to the increase of suicide. He found that it was not really on the increase.

He first drew attention to the fact that the statistics of Scotland showed the increased number of suicides during May, June and July, compared with November, December and January. This coincides with the result of statisticians in other countries. The winter decrease was not owing to the deterrent of cold water by drowning, but in the other forms of wounding, poisoning and hanging.

In regard to the comparative influence of town and country life on the occurrence of suicide, Sir John found that suicide was not—as was generally supposed—more frequent in towns. In fact, the annual rate per million of population in the eight principal towns of Scotland was somewhat lower than the rate in mainland rural districts.

He found great—even remarkable—differences in the rates for different parts of Scotland, the counties all along the east coast having higher rates than those along the west coast. The average rate for the whole of Scotland (from 1877 to 1894) was 55 per million of population. The lowest rates were for the Highland counties lying northwest of a line drawn from the Moray Firth to the Firth of Clyde. The rate for Inverness was as low as 27; whereas in Kincardine, on the east coast, the rate was as high as 92. This showed that the Scotch statistics bore out the statement of previous writers—that suicide was far less common among the Celtic race than among the Teutons, being a more dreamy and less determined race, and that in this respect the Highlanders and other Celtic people were more like women.

Medical men are of opinion that, although the proportion of the male sex who commit suicide is large in comparison with the female sex, women have quite as strong suicidal tendencies as men, if not stronger, but they lack the courage to put their feelings into effect. Hence, though the tendency may be as strong in the Highlander as in the Teuton or the Roman, he has not the courage of his suicidal conviction.

Until Sir John gave us the result of his extensive investigation, it was held by most observers that suicide has been increasing to a great and perhaps alarming extent in recent years. The average rate for the years 1865-1869 was 40 in Scotland and 67 in England, whereas the average rate for the years 1890-1894 was 54 in Scotland and 86 in England—an increase of 35 and 28 per cent. respectively in thirty years.

Two factors account for this. The state of public feeling as to suicide has changed; the belief that an act of suicide necessarily involved disgrace has greatly diminished since suicide has been recognized to be, to a great extent, the result of mental disease; and, in consequence of this change of opinion, efforts to conceal its occurrence have correspondingly decreased. That is one reason. The second is that as suicides have increased, accidents have decreased. In the only case where suicide, by the strict police and registration machinery under statute, is now impossible to be concealed, viz., by hanging, the rate during that period is unchanged; it stands fixed at 16 per cent. in Scotland and 26 per cent. in England. That is an important fact. But turning to the suicides by the other methods—poisoning, wounding and drowning—it is found that almost exactly as these rates have increased, the rates for accidents from the same causes have decreased. Similar results are shown from the English statistics—that the total increase in the rates of suicide by wounding, poison and drowning is exactly counterbalanced by a total decrease in the rates of accident from the same causes.

Dr. Clouston, one of the highest authorities on mental diseases, followed this up by mentioning a very curious fact—that the average rate of suicide between the ages of fifty-five and seventy is greater than that between fifteen and fifty. He stated his decided opinion that sexual influences mainly accounted for the difference. He showed that up to fifty a man or woman is, or should be, full of life, vigorous and healthy; consequently possessed of a strong desire for the reproduction of the race; and that while possessed of that feeling he or she had no desire to die, but rather a strong desire to live. On the other hand, in the later years the body became less vigorous, the blood less easily inflamed and consequently sexual feeling became less strong and the wish to live gradually passed away and the tendency to suicide became stronger.

Seasickness.....Herman Partach.....Medical Record

What is first disturbed in the animal mechanism is the vaso-nervous system, that which controls the circulation of the blood, and, as a result, the circulation itself must of course be disturbed. The first important result is a relaxation of the blood-vessels in the abdominal cavity; these vessels having much less outside support than those that traverse muscular tissue.

The second effect is the gravitation of blood into the relaxed vessels, thus permitting the occurrence of a deficiency in the brain. One result of this deficiency in the brain is the sensation called nausea. This mechanical deficiency of blood in the brain, with its corresponding sensation (nausea), is to be avoided when observed to be approaching, and corrected when already present, by lying down with the head no higher than the body. If the patient does not promptly lie down, retching will take place. Retching is nature's method of flooding the brain with blood, by squeezing the contents of the abdominal cavity in such a manner as to force upward some of the excess of blood contained in its relaxed vessels. The regurgitation of food or fluids from the stomach is merely incidental, and not essential. The stomach has nothing to do with seasickness except to be incidentally and accidentally implicated.

By the time a patient has been seasick two or three days, and his forces have, regardless of his consent, been heavily drawn upon by many hours of retching, and having meanwhile, of course, not profited by anything swallowed, he will be suffering from poverty of blood. The sense of hunger will be obscured by the nausea.

Even while lying down a susceptible passenger will not escape seasickness if his blood becomes impoverished in respect of nutritive material; and, having been seasick, he cannot recover while his blood remains so impoverished. To prevent seasickness one must keep his blood saturated with nutritive material. To recover from seasickness one must saturate his blood with nutritive material. For this purpose one must eat, and if unable to eat enough at a time, he must eat oftener. To eat seven times a day is about right; the three regular meals, ten to fifteen minutes before rising, half-way between meals and at bedtime.

Always eat and drink at least ten minutes before rising in the morning. It matters little what it is, provided only it is what you want. Porter or stout is good, so are hard sour apples. At sea we may find ourselves liking and longing for things that we hardly ever think of on shore. Whatever you really want, that is the best thing to take; and porter or stout is always good, whether you want it or not.

Whatever is taken before rising must be so conveniently available as not to require the patient to raise his head. In case of porter or stout, the glass must be dispensed with and the liquid taken directly from the bottle.

When one is already seasick, those liquid foods are best which require least digestion, are most rapidly absorbed, and yield the quickest returns —beer, ale, porter, stout, broths, soups, meat extract. These cannot all be prescribed with success; they should only be suggested—then the patient will choose which he wants and the stomach will agree on the choice. The sicker the patient the oftener he must eat and the less at a time, and when he feels a repugnance to all other foods, porter or stout taken without raising the head, directly from the bottle, a mouthful at a time at about five-minute intervals, will prove a great success.

Retching occurs in paroxysms at intervals more or less regular. The best time to take the malt beverage, or any other food, is just after a paroxysm of retching. Should it be taken before and thrown up, then take another dose immediately after the paroxysm. That will stay down, because the next paroxysm will not occur under ten to fifteen minutes, and by that time the patient has had the benefit of the dose, or several doses, and should not retch at all. So after casting up an entire meal it is proper to straightway eat another, which is not likely to come up.

Avoid all needless expenditure of mental or muscular energy. Talking, reading, and listening are done at the expense of power, which the patient may not have to spare, and should be reduced to a minimum by the susceptible at sea.

When the patient is eating too little to keep the bowel well filled, constipation will be only apparent. He must not expect to discharge much cargo when he is taking little in. On long voyages, when the patient has begun to eat fairly and the bowel is well filled, and real constipation is present, it will be better to resort to instrumental means for relief daily by using an enema of glycerin; twenty drops, more or less, will be sufficient. Do not mix it with water or anything else. The use of purgative or laxative medicines is attended with too much additional violence.

Seasickness is sometimes accompanied by severe headache or by much mental uneasiness. If these do not yield to the treatment already prescribed, then bromide of sodium may be given in a dose of half a teaspoonful of the dry powder in a little water; repeat the dose in an hour if necessary. The bromide of sodium may be used with the patient's food as salt, but only while the necessity for it continues.

Bubonic Plague*

The micro-organism which produces plague is a bacillus discovered by Yersin and Kitasato separately in 1894. Its rounded extremities and the shortness of its greatest diameter give it the appearance of a cocco-bacillus. Its form is not constant, its elementary forms being spherical; the largest varieties are those obtained by cultivation in agar (Rebuschini). It is reproduced entirely by subdivision, without the formation of spores.

The Yersin bacillus is ærobic, and grows at somewhat low temperatures, from 35° to 37° (95° to 98.6° F.); it develops so rapidly that at the end of twenty-four or forty-eight hours abundant colonies can be obtained. It is easily colored by methyl-blue or fuchsine, but not by Gram's method. Almost always the bacilli appear to be surrounded by a capsule. Their extremities are more easily colored than the centre, in which there generally remains a clear space owing to the absence of coloring.

In cultivations the bacilli appear in groups, forming chains on which are numerous enlargements. When the cultivation is in gelatine, the chains are usually enlarged, the enlargement being formed by little rods attached laterally. Cultivated in broth, they unite, forming clusters which adhere to the sides of the tube, showing an appearance very analogous to cultivations of streptococcus. At the end of some time the clusters are precipitated, the liquid remaining clear. Solidified serum and gelatine, with or without glycerine, are excellent cultivating media. The best medium appears to be the 2 per cent. alkaline solution of peptone with 1 to 2 per cent. of gelatine (Yersin). When the pulp from a bubo is sown in gelatine, white, transparent colonies with radiated borders develop.

The conditions of resistance of the bacillus to external influences are not well known, and it is very rash to affirm, as some have done, that its vitality is not strong.

In cultivations its virulence decreases rapidly, but it is easy to strengthen it anew. If the broth is subjected for an hour to the action of a temperature of 58° (136.4° F.), the sowing of a particle of bacillus material remains sterile. The serum of a patient convalescent from the plague checks the development of the cultivations, and produces the phenomenon of agglutination. The agglutinating power of the serum is not manifested before the seventh day of the illness, and continues to increase until the second or third week of the convalescence.

The action for a few minutes of a temperature of 100° (212° F.) destroys the bacillus. Chemical disinfectants, especially the acids, have very great influence over it; it resists very slightly the action of a 1 per cent. solution of carbolic acid. It is very doubtful whether, as some assert, quicklime in water, in the proportion of 1 to 100, destroys the bacillus rapidly enough, and it is more doubtful, however, whether air and the sun kill it rapidly. In special conditions the bacillus can retain its virulence for a long time; this appears to be shown by cases of infection from infected clothing.

In the order of importance as vehicles for transmission of the plague rats take the first place, and also the fleas which co-operate with the former in the diffusion of the disease in our species. It may be said that the plague is a disease of rats, which infects man. Generally, before the epidemic breaks out in a city, bodies of rats which died of plague are found in the streets and houses. This was observed in Karad and Mundra in 1897, and in Kurachee and Bombay in 1898. According to the observations of Simond, the epidemic among rats follows a course analogous to that of the epidemic in man. After a period, during which the cases are not very frequent, the plague becomes suddenly very severe, and claims very numerous victims. On this panic determines the emigration of the majority of the rats, so that the sickness decreases; the sick animals meanwhile, losing their habitual fear of man, run through the streets in broad daylight as if stupefied, until they fall dead in the drains, in the cellars, or in the middle of the gutter.

Hankin has proved also that generally the first cases in a population occur precisely in those quarters in which the existence of the dead bodies of rats has first been discovered, and on many occasions it has been possible to demonstrate that the propagation of the epidemic from one town to another does not follow the route taken by the fugitives from the infected human population, but that taken by the rats in their flight. In a short time cases appear in the towns situated on this route.

Mr. Snow, Administrator of Bombay, established in the most decided manner that the propagation of the plague to different quarters of the city, from the first focus to the population imme-

*Reading from Bubonic Plague. By Dr. José Verdes Montenegro. Authorized translation by W. Munro, M.D. William Wood & Co. $1.50.

diately surrounding that focus, did not follow the panic which was produced in the population when the existence of the first cases became known, but took place long after, when the rats emigrated, and in the direction followed by them.

When fugitive families, flying from an infected city, have invaded a healthy population, the first cases have not always occurred among those families, or those who have given them shelter, but more frequently in grain, flour, leather or cloth warehouses—that is to say, where rats are most numerous—and the first victims are the caretakers of these warehouses. Sometimes, however, the first case is one of the fugitive family, leading us to believe that he was infected previous to leaving his house. When the case does not occur immediately, it can generally be shown that some days before its appearance a dead rat was discovered in the dwelling. An individual living in Bombay who had lost his wife by the plague, fled from the town. The rats of the house in which he lodged attacked his luggage, which contained his dead wife's clothing; they died, and produced cases of plague in the family of the fugitive, who last of all succumbed to the disease.

But, after all, the relations between the rat and man are not intimate enough to explain the frequency of the contagion. Numerous cases are cited of persons who have contracted plague by touching the dead bodies of rats. At the beginning of the epidemic in Bombay there were found one morning in a cotton warehouse a great number of dead rats. Out of twenty servants who were employed in throwing them away, half suffered from plague. None of the customers who visited the warehouse that morning suffered. A coachman found one day a dead rat in the yard and threw it into the street. Two days later he died of plague. There was no other case in the building.

As is easily understood, these facts are not sufficient to explain the contagiousness of a disease which claims thousands of victims. There is a much greater abundance of observations relating to the immunity with which the corpses of rats may be handled. Before the epidemic broke out in Mandvi the rats died in thousands, and the street arabs amused themselves by throwing them at each other, without any cases of plague appearing.

Simond has made ingenious experiments to show that plague is transmitted from the rat to man by means of fleas. A healthy rat has very few fleas on him, doubtless because, being careful of his toilette, he gets rid of them as cats and dogs do. A sick rat becomes absolutely covered by these insects, doubtless because the illness makes him careless and neglectful of himself. The insects which attack the sick animals charge themselves with microbes and afterward kindly transfer those to us.

Simond put two rats into a cage, one ill of plague and having fleas on it, the other healthy, having none, and separated them by a wire division. A short time afterward the sick rat died, and at the end of two days the other became ill and died; the fleas had abandoned the dead body of the former and passed over to the other. The intestines of these fleas were gorged with bacilli; one of these insects was certain to infect with the contents of its intestines the puncture it might make on an animal or man.

Looking at the practical result, another experiment in confirmation of the first was made; he put two rats in a cage, also separating them by a wire netting, one being sick of plague, the other healthy, but both without fleas. Shortly afterward the sick one died; the other one remained healthy.

The fleas, some time after the rat dies, abandon the body when it becomes cold, so that the servants who touch rats recently dead become ill; the little boys who play with rats which have been dead for many hours remain well.

The contagion from man to man is not of great importance. This appears to be shown by the fact that physicians and nurses very rarely fall victims to the disease.

In the Parel Hospital 240 patients were daily visited by their relations; none of these, or of those employed at the hospital, of whom there were more than 140, took the disease. There was only one case of a man-servant in the post-mortem room (Thompson). In the Grant Road Hospital the same happened. Only one man-servant, who was in the habit of drinking the remains of the alcoholic potions which were being administered to the patients, took the disease (Dallas). Finally, in Hubli, by the most minute investigation, no relation between the victims could be discovered (Collie).

It is not to be looked on as strange that this should happen, as the bacillus cannot be found on the skin unless pus, sputum or dejections have contaminated it.

The danger of infection by fleas exists to those near the sick, but this insect does not infect man in great numbers, and besides, it can only gorge itself with bacilli in the last days of the disease, since, until then, these do not appear in the blood. The most frequent cases of contagion are those of physicians who have made post-mortem examinations, doubtless from coming in contact with the blood and with organs infected by the mi-

crobes. Two of Kitasato's assistants acquired the plague in Hong Kong in this way.

In the slow development of epidemics of plague the difficulties of adaptation of bacilli coming from one organic medium to another are sure to play some part. The frequency of the pneumonic forms at the beginning may possibly indicate a nasal infection, caused by the hands, infected by impure contact, being raised to the nose. It is very possible that these cases are of great importance in the development of the epidemic, increasing the virulence of the bacillus, adapting it to the human medium and fitting it for that medium, so that later on inoculation becomes possible even by the pricks of insects.

It is generally admitted that the greater number of infections take place through the skin; and the frequency of the inguinal bubo would lead us to believe that the germ more frequently enters through the skin of the lower limbs than that of any other part of the body. This may be partly because the fleas, coming from the floors of the homes, reach the lower part of the body most readily. Some have also tried to explain it by ascribing it to many people going barefooted. But in the epidemic of London, in 1665, it attacked so many of the well-to-do classes, who wore well-made foot coverings, that it was called by some the epidemic of the middle classes.

In Mandvi the relative immunity of vagrants who go barefooted was noticed. Among thousands of individuals in Bombay employed in the work of disinfection, who went about all day barefooted, with their feet in the mud, there were very few cases. It has to be considered that in the soil the bacillus cannot always keep up the struggle with other species, or loses its virulence. Finally, there are many questions in relation to the propagation of the plague which are not sufficiently cleared up.

The decline of the epidemic is generaly slow, as was its beginning. That it takes several years for it to disappear was explained by some, by exhaustion of the receptivity a priori; a coefficient of population naturally immune, or on the contrary predisposed, is established. It appears to be the most prudent course to reject all such theories, which are undoubtedly most ingenious, but without scientific value, and to believe that the reason that any one does not suffer from an infectious disease is, that he has not been exposed to the contagion.

In typical cases, Yersin says the sickness begins by a shivering fit, after which the temperature rises rapidly to 39°, 40°, and even 41° (102.2° to 105.8° F.) The patient is attacked by vertigo, and staggers like a drunken man; there is great lassitude and very severe headache; the pulse is frequent; respiration accelerated; the conjunctivæ are injected; he vomits repeatedly, and almost always suffers extremely. The bubo appears within the first few hours, and develops rapidly; generally it is single, and the places in which it is most frequently found are the inguinal region, the axilla, and the neck. It is always very painful to the touch. It may remain limited to one group of glands, and may or may not be accompanied by diffuse tumefaction in the region in which it appears. On examination of the patient on the following day there is found to be an increase in the frequency of the pulse and difficulty in breathing; the temperature continues high. There is often delirium. The bubo is larger, and reaches generally to the size of a hen's egg. On the third day the frequency of the pulse is extraordinary, sometimes reaching over 120 in the minute. The patient is in the greatest anguish, and generally death is brought on rapidly by paralysis of respiration. The ganglionic swelling remains the size of a hen's egg.

A typical case of plague is exceptional. In reality there is such a variety in the manner in which the symptoms appear that in more than half the cases, diagnosis is only possible post-mortem, by discovering the presence of the bacillus.

The bubo is absent in about half of the cases. In such cases the disease develops like a simple pneumonia or as a pernicious attack, without its being possible to diagnose it during life.

The most constant symptom is fever, which generally exceeds 39° (102.2° F.) Headache and vertigo are frequent, as well as vomiting and difficulty of breathing. In the pneumonic form there is often hæmoptysis. Diarrhœa is very unusual.

In the aged the plague generally advances insidiously, without decided symptoms. The temperature is sometimes high, sometimes normal. Death comes slowly (the fifth or sixth day), and diagnosis is not possible without a post-mortem examination.

In cases in which pneumonia is present the illness frequently develops without cough or expectoration, perhaps on account of the profound adynamia. The disease can only be recognized by an examination of the chest—an examination which, naturally, does not reveal the specific character of the lesion, and only points to an ordinary broncho-pneumonia.

There is frequently meteorism, abdominal pain, hæmorrhagic spots, and other well-known signs of destruction of the blood, which it is usual to see in grave, acute or chronic intoxications (as by phosphorus or in cirrhosis, etc.). Varioloid appearances also sometimes show themselves on

the skin, due probably to microbic embolisms, which, if the illness is sufficiently prolonged, may give rise to pustules by secondary infection.

Albrecht, in twenty-four autopsies, found six of primary pneumonic plague, ten of inguinal bubo, four in the axilla and four in the neck. In some cases which develop without visible bubo this nevertheless exists, as has been proved by autopsies made by Calmette in Oporto, confirming former observations (Simpson). The gravest form is pneumonic plague; its termination is always fatal.

All who have studied the plague, and have had occasion to try with their patients the various systems of treatment, agree in stating that the only agent capable of modifying the course of the disease is the serum, and that without it the physician finds himself disarmed. Even if it does not in all cases give such results as are to be desired, the serum is the only really useful means with which we can oppose the disease in private practice when once it has broken out, or which we can use as a means of prevention.

As to the Yersin serum, its use is limited to preventive inoculation, because the immunity which it confers does not last beyond three weeks. As the plague as an epidemic has a slow course lasting over a long period, with frequent recrudescences, it would not be practicable to resort to universal inoculation; and still further, it would not be possible. It is enough to say that to protect the population of Madrid it would be necessary to use about 250,000 flasks of serum, and even then the immunity would only last for the period mentioned. For this reason Yersin advises that only the inhabitants of the house in which the disease has appeared should be inoculated. As inexact accounts of the power of the serum are circulated which have their origin in natural ignorance of these questions, it is best to state the matter clearly.

After studying the epidemic in Hong Kong in 1894, Yersin returned to Paris to devote himself at the Pasteur Institute to experiments relating to immunity. Calmette and Borell, under the direction of Roux, had indeed begun this work and succeeded in immunizing rabbits. Yersin inoculated the horse with a cultivation of the plague bacillus, first subcutaneously and afterward directly into the veins, so as to avoid the tumors which in the first case were produced in the animal, and the suppuration to which they gave rise. These injections being repeated in increasing doses and at long intervals, to give time for the animal to recover, the serum obtained three weeks after the last injection was used with success to immunize mice. The tenth part of a cubic centimetre (1½ milligrammes) of this serum saved from death a mouse, into which twelve hours later a quantity of bacillus cultivation which caused the death of another of the same species and equal weight was inoculated. A mouse which was inoculated by the plague, and twelve hours afterward with a cubic centimetre of the serum, was also saved. The preventive and curative power of the serum is therefore indisputable.

The special conditions under which Yersin's serum has up to the present been handled, whether because only small quantities could be used, or that the quality of the product was not always equal—in fact, from the difficulties inherent to these experiments—have made it impossible to formulate any useful statistics showing its action as a preservative against plague. In cases in which the trial has been made under favorable conditions the results have been satisfactory.

Preventive vaccination with anti-plague serum of the family of a patient always prevents the disease from spreading among them, while many are attacked who are not vaccinated. Among 500 vaccinated only five cases occurred, of whom three began twelve days after the inoculation, and two so rapidly that the disease was evidently at the time of the inoculation just about to appear. A similar result was arrived at in the trials at Cutch-Mandri in 400 vaccinations (the serum employed in those 900 cases was not strong). Yersin gives statistics of twenty-three cases treated in Amoy; of those only two were fatal, and in those the serum was used on the fifth day of the disease. Later statistics are not so favorable, giving generally an estimate of the success of the serum in rather over half of the cases, but those (in Amoy) are of interest as referring day by day to this, the only treatment of the plague.

The serum was used the first day of the sickness in six cases; the cure was effected in from twelve to twenty-four hours. The quantity of serum employed was 20 to 30 cubic centimetres. In six other cases it was used on the second day. The cure was slower; quantity used 30 to 50 cubic centimetres.

Calmette, making inoculations and analyzing the blood from the first days of the disease, has attained a triumph for the serum which is likely to be considered of great importance in the scientific world. In the first place, he concludes from his experiments that the bacillus is found in the blood much sooner than is generally believed. These results contradict the observations made up to the present time. The reader therefore will do well to suspend his judgment on this point, and not underestimate the possibility of contagion during the first days of the illness.

Some Fruits of Solitude*

"The form of 'Some Fruits of Solitude' is wholly due to the influence of La Rochefoucauld's famous compendium of sentences, the vogue of which was at its height in England when Penn wrote. Even the title of Penn's work closely imitates that of his French Model, since what are 'Réflexions ou Sentences et Maximes Morales' in La Rochefoucauld become 'Reflections and Maxims Relating to Conduct' in his English follower. The movement in France toward the production of short, bright sentences, each containing one idea, and each individually effective in its keenness and conciseness, had reached a climax soon after the English Restoration. There had grown up in France a feeling that the phrase must be reduced to simplicity of shape, must be relieved of its parenthetical flaps and appendages, and must produce a sharp and precise effect. Madame de Sablé and Jacques Esprit had laid down the form of the maxim, but it needed genius, it needed the extraordinary art and wit of the great Duke of La Rochefoucauld, to bring the new conception to the birth in a perfectly finished and current shape. His 'Maximes,' after having been pirated at Amsterdam in 1664, found their proper issue in Paris in 1665, and they became at once the model of all sententious and oracular aphorisms. It was in England that La Rochefoucauld's influence was more instantly felt than anywhere else out of France. The Maximes contributed greatly to the formation of an improved English taste, and to a final breaking up of the lumbering construction of the national prose, with its coiled, interminal sentences. In 1670, too, came in France the Pensées of Pascal; in 1687 the Caractères, of La Bruyère; here in London people of quality and temperament might converse with the epigrammatic Saint Evremond. All these influences were more or less fairly at work on William Penn when he wrote The Fruits of Solitude. But if we are right in supposing that this took place in the early years of the reign of William III., it is curious to note that at the very same time a scholar of La Rochefoucauld still closer than Penn was writing Maxims; this was Halifax, whose Thoughts and Reflections, though not printed until 1750, were certainly composed between 1690 and 1695. But Penn is as far removed from Halifax, as Halifax from their common model. La Rochefoucauld is the very living spirit of negative and sarastic wit. In his lapidary art malignity is the polishing powder which completes the work. In that of Halifax common sense reigns supreme, the trimming skill of the perfect man of the world, without illusion, without malice. But in that of Penn all is absolute rose-color, and we may be allowed to fear that La Rochefoucauld would have hastened to repudiate a disciple who had learned so little of the hollowness and bitterness of life."—Edmund Gosse.

It were happy if we studied nature more in natural things, and acted according to nature; whose rules are few, plain and most reasonable.

*Reading from Some Fruits of Solitude, by William Penn, with an introduction by Edmund Gosse. New York: Truslove, Hanson & Comba. $1.00.

It is admirable to consider how many millions of people come into and go out of the world, ignorant of themselves and of the world they have lived in.

If the worth of a gift sets the obligation and directs the return of the party that receives it, he that is ignorant of it will be at a loss to value it and the giver for it.

Such is now become our delicacy, that we will not eat ordinary meat, nor drink small, pall'd liquor; we must have the best and the best cook'd for our bodies, while our souls feed on empty or corrupted things.

In short, man is spending all upon a bare house and hath little or no furniture within to recommend it; which is preferring the cabinet before the jewel, a lease of seven years before an inheritance. So absurd a thing is man, after all his proud pretences to wit and understanding.

Well may we say our infelicity is of our selves; since there is nothing we do that we should not do but we know it and yet do it.

We are apt to be very pert at censuring others, where we will not endure advice our selves. And nothing shews our weakness more than to be so sharpsighted at spying other men's faults and so purblind about our own.

When the actions of a neighbor are upon the stage, we can have all our wits about us, are so quick and critical we can split a hair and find out every failure and infirmity. But are without feeling, or have but very little sense of our own.

All excess is ill: But drunkenness is of the worst sort. It spoils health, dismounts the mind, and unmans men: It reveals secrets, is quarrelsome, lascivious, impudent, dangerous and mad. In fine, he that is drunk is not a man: Because he is so long void of reason, that distinguishes a man from a beast.

Never marry but for love; but see that thou lov'st what is lovely.

Between a man and his wife nothing ought to rule but love. Authority is for children and servants; yet not without sweetness.

Men are generally more careful of the breed of their horses and dogs than of their children.

Chuse thy cloaths by thine own eyes, not another's. The more plain and simple they are, the better. Neither unshapely, not fantastical; and for use and decency, and not for pride.

A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously and continues a friend unchangeably.

If thou hast done an injury to another, rather own it than defend it. One way thou gainest forgiveness, the other, thou doubl'st the wrong and reckoning.

Some are so foolish as to interrupt and anticipate those that speak, instead of hearing and thinking before they answer; which is uncivil as well as silly.

Nothing does reason more right than the coolness of those that offer it: For truth often suffers more by the heat of its defenders than from the arguments of its opposers.

Only trust thyself and another shall not betray thee.

Openness has the mischief, though not the malice, of treachery.

Never assent merely to please others. For that is, besides flattery, oftentimes untruth; and discovers a mind liable to be servile and base: Nor contradict to vex others, for that shows an ill temper, and provokes but profits nobody.

Inquiry is human; blind obedience, brutal. Truth never loses by the one, but often suffers by the other.

The usefulest truths are plainest: And while we keep to them our differences cannot rise high.

Do nothing improperly. Some are witty, kind, cold, angry, easie, stiff, jealous, careless, cautious, confident, close, open, but all in the wrong place.

He that has more knowledge than judgment, is made for another man's use more than his own.

There are some men like dictionaries; to be looked into upon occasions, but have no connection, and are little entertaining.

Less judgment than wit, is more sail than ballast.

Where judgment has wit to express it, there's the best orator.

A man in business must put many affronts, if he loves his own quiet.

We must not pretend to see all that we see, if we would be easie.

It were endless to dispute upon everything that is disputable.

A vindictive temper is not only uneasie to others, but to them that have it.

Never give out while there is hope; but hope not beyond reason, for that shows more desire than judgment.

Be rather bountiful than expensive.

Virtue is not secure against envy. Men will lessen what they won't imitate.

Passion is a sort of fever in the mind, which ever leaves us weaker than it found us.

It more than anything deprives us of the use of our judgment; for it raises a dust very hard to see through.

It may not unfitly be termed the mob of the man, that commits a riot upon his reason.

Content not thyself that thou are virtuous in the general: For one link being wanting, the chain is defective.

Perhaps thou art rather innocent than virtuous, and owest more to thy constitution than thy religion.

Innocent is not to be guilty: But virtuous is to overcome our evil inclinations.

If thou hast not conquer'd thyself in that which is thy own particular weakness, thou hast no title to virtue, tho' thou art free of other men's.

For a covetous man to inveigh against prodigality, an atheist against idolatry, a tyrant against rebellion, or a lyer against forgery, and a drunkard against intemperance, is for the pot to call the kettle black.

In the World of Religious Thought

A Chinese Tract.....Henry Liddell..... Independent

The attitude of the Chinese toward Christians is exemplified in the pages of a small book of the most scurrilous and indecent character, "published," as appears from the title-page, "by the Gentry and People." It is entitled A Death Blow to Corrupt Doctrines.

It has had an enormous circulation throughout the Chinese Empire, one zealous person alone having subscribed for 800,000 copies, to be distributed gratuitously. It is a significant fact that the headquarters of the fanatics responsible for the dissemination of this outrageous publication in each of the eighteen provinces has been found to be the "yamen" of the chief magistrate.

The attention of certain Christian missionaries resident at Tung-chow, in the province of Shantung, having been directed to this scandalous treatise, it was decided to translate it, and so make its contents known to the outside world. The translators regard it "as of too much importance to be withheld from the foreign public, believing as we do that it is a remarkably truthful representation of the animus of the ruling and literary classes of China toward foreigners. We believe, also, that it has been largely instrumental in giving rise to the vile and slanderous stories concerning foreign residents and native Christians which have recently spread throughout China; and that it sheds important light on the means by which the massacre at Tien-tsin was brought about. No mere description, however full, could possibly convey any adequate idea of its vileness and deadly animosity."

Practically, and in the intent of the author, the book is an attack on Christianity, and on Christian nations at large. All Europeans are classed together, and their religion is regarded as one. "It is not," say the translators, "an ordinarily obscene book; nor are its obscenities their own end. They have a subtle aim. It is, to connect with the very idea of a foreigner associations the lowest and most repulsive."

It might seem to some that it is a book so full of exaggerations, misrepresentations and wholesale falsehoods that its excesses would be its own refutation. "But," say the translators, "the author doubtless understood his readers better than we do. He knew their extreme ignorance of everything relating to foreigners, and with what ready credulity they drink in such stories as those here presented. There can be no doubt in the minds of those who know the Chinese that nearly all who read the book will believe it."

So much for the translators; now for the Chinaman himself. The first to speak is an anonymous scholar who describes himself as "A Man of Jao-chow, above all others distressed in heart." "The religion of T'ien-chu (lit., 'Sect of the Lord of Heaven') originated with Jesus. Its adherents falsely assert that Jesus was endowed with divine gifts. . . . Priests are for the most part educated to their profession from their childhood. They are emasculated. . . . Those who enter this religion practice wickedness with the priests without restraint. Every seventh day all assemble in church. . . . When the ceremonies are over all give themselves up to debauchery. This they call 'The Great Communion,' or 'Love Gathering!' . . .

"They make use of occult and devilish arts and bewitch the ignorant by magical arts and incantations, so they joyfully enter the sect. . . . When a person enters this religion the teacher gives him four ounces of silver and a pill. When he has taken this pill his whole mind is confused and darkened, so that he destroys his ancestral tablets and only worships an image of a naked child which points one finger toward heaven and another toward the earth. They say this is the Prince Jesus. Families having daughters, on entering their religion, restrain one of them from marriage. These are the guardians of the locks and keys of the chest containing magical spells and incantations. They are called 'the old women who open the chest.' . . . In case of funerals, the religious teachers eject all the relatives and friends from the house, and the corpse is put into the coffin with closed doors. Both eyes are secretly taken out, and the orifice sealed up with a plaster. The reason for extracting the eyes is this: From one hundred pounds of Chinese lead can be extracted eight pounds of silver, and the remaining ninety-two pounds of lead can be sold at the original cost. But the only way to obtain this silver is by compounding the lead with the eyes of Chinamen. The eyes of foreigners are of no use for this purpose. . . . It is impossible to enumerate all their practices. If we seek for the general motive which leads to them, it is a fixed determination utterly to befool our people, and under false pretence of religion to exterminate them. Thus they wish to take possession of The Middle Kingdom."

The-Man-Most-Distressed-in-Heart fortifies his

arguments by a great array of quotations from other native writers. On of these reads: "In the kingdom of O-kwo-er they constantly practice killing men to sacrifice to Jesus in praying for happiness. . . . When a principal man dies, they offer one thousand men as a sacrifice. To procure victims, they catch foreigners and traders coming into their borders, and if these are not sufficient they seize travelers, so that no one dares to go to market alone, for fear of being carried off. It is considered honorable to have many wives. The principal man is allowed three thousand." Another author writes: "The Manichean sect neither eat meat nor drink wine. They meet at night to gratify their filthy lusts." Another veracious scribe, author of The Mirror of the West, says: "In England, they have the art of cutting out paper men and horses, and by burning charms and repeating incantations transforming them into real men and horses. They may, however, be dissolved by beating a gong, or by discharging large guns at them. They may also be dissolved by spouting water over them."

And so on, "ad nauseam," a hundred other native writers being called in evidence to substantiate the charges laid against "the dissolute and abandoned non-human species." The citations from these writers exceed in indecency anything that can be imagined, and are too utterly abominable to be even hinted at.

What Has Become of Hell?....George W. Shinn...North American R.

The belief in hell as a place or condition of punishment, with varying explanations as to the nature and continuance of that punishment, has been the belief of Christian people from the beginning of Christianity to our own day. Now, almost suddenly, certainly with remarkable unanimity, men have well-nigh ceased to talk about it. Whereas they once said much about it, now they say but little; some, indeed, nothing at all. It has ceased to be urged as a motive for good living in this life, and men are not told to prepare themselves here to avoid it there in the future. In other words, there has been, if not an actual denial of hell, a very thorough change of emphasis.

What has become of hell? Here is surely a very notable change in theology at the close of the nineteenth century. How did it come about? It is claimed by some friends of the late Henry Ward Beecher that he did more than any other man in this country to change the style of thinking of many preachers and of many laymen who admired him. If he did not begin the change, he certainly helped on the revulsion from the old doctrines which had been preached, and he dealt some very effective blows at the narrow theology which had been accepted by many as orthodoxy.

The movement, however, for the dissolution of hell began much earlier in this country. The Universalist body came into existence here as early as 1770, as the antagonists of the intense views which were held by the old Calvinists. Universalism has gradually pervaded the country, and has done much to tincture the thought of the religious world. Crude and ignorant as were many of the efforts of the first Universalists, they directed their blows at one point, and they made their impression.

Perhaps, however, nothing has had so widespread an influence in this direction over intelligent minds in America as Canon Farrar's book on Eternal Hope. It found a sympathetic audience prepared for it in different parts of the land, and in different grades of society, and the views expressed in it were very readily adopted. It was in vain that replies were made, and that Dr. Pusey issued his book entitled, What Is of Faith? Evidently, many in the religious world wanted to get rid of hell.

But though the appeals to fear have well-nigh ceased, there is no fact which we are so compelled to see as the fact of retribution. The law of retribution works in our present life. We become aware of it in our earliest infancy, and we never become developed in character until we have learned to fear that which is evil and to shun the consequences of sin. There is a sense of righteousness in all men, and all men know that unrighteousness brings punishment. It is fair to assume that what holds good in the present life, that what is a part of man's very structure here, will continue hereafter. We may give up entirely the notion of a material hell, but we cannot give up the doctrine of retribution. Suffering must follow sin, and therefore to appeal to fear is not only legitimate, but it is in accordance with the structure of man's nature. Let us grant that the descriptions of hell are figurative. Let us admit that men have blundered in accepting as literal what was intended to be figurative. Let us grant that there is no material lake of torment. Yet, after all, is there not something back of the imagery? Is there not something real—so real that men may well strive to escape it? Can it be well with him who passes hence in his sins?

If we are asked for reasons for believing in future retribution, we need not dwell upon the thought of Divine sovereignty showing its detestation of sin by punishment. That view has been brought out with frightful distinctness in Puritan theology. Rather let us call attention to the fact which forces itself upon the notice of even the

least thinking of men. It is this: Men are condemned by themselves. They must recognize at some period that they prepared themselves for their own place and for their own condition.

Religious Advertising.....New York Evening Post

No one who watches at all closely the efforts, now so frequent and earnest, to apply "business methods" to the work of the church can fail to notice the rather striking limitations which some of these methods develop. Take, for example, the matter of advertising. Everybody knows how much all forms of modern business owe to skilful and systematic advertisement. Great stores of ingenuity and large sums of money are expended, nowadays, after a good product has been turned out, in commending it to the public. On the principle that, if you have a good thing, you ought to make it known, the business man of the present day thinks it necessary to keep himself and his wares constantly before the people, in order to do any business at all. This has become the characteristic method of the modern business world.

When we come to apply this advertising principle to the church, however, it speedily shows some serious limitations. Not, of course, that the method has not been extensively tried. On the contrary, it has never been given quite so free swing as in the last few years. We are all familiar with the devices resorted to by the Salvation Army to attract popular attention; and, although the application in this case is, perhaps, an extreme one, it is, after all, only the application of a common secular practice to the salvation of souls. A great many churches, both metropolitan and rural, seem now to feel it necessary to come out and announce themselves and their advantages, in a more or less conspicuous way. They advertise their services at length in the newspapers, or on colored bulletins prominently displayed about the church building. Ministers vie with each other in the striking phraseology of their topics for discourse, and see to it that we know of them duly in advance. The musical programme becomes a sort of sacred concert—also duly heralded—in which cornet solos, violin obligatos and harp accompaniments take leading parts. There are popular lectures and picnics, and excursions and shows, all adduced as proofs of the church's social activity, and all widely advertised. In those churches which have sought particularly to reach "the masses," the advertising business has sometimes been carried to a point well fitted to arouse the envy of the proprietor of a bargain-store. It is as though religion had become a commodity, to be spread abroad in the community by means of any device which would show the public what it was like and where it could be had.

Yet it still remains to be shown that resort to this kind of worldly practice has contributed in the least to the success of the church. Indeed, there is good reason for thinking that it has often distinctly injured the church, in both standing and influence. It may be "good business," in the popular phrase, but it is pretty certain, sooner or later, to strike thoughtful people as inappropriate. We cannot ignore a certain incongruity about it. The practical results, too, are disappointing. One but appeals to common observation in saying that, with scarcely an exception, the churches which have advertised themselves the most have accomplished, whether in the social or in the spiritual field, the least. Hardly one of them occupies, in any community, a position of the first importance. There may be crowded pews, large collections, and the bustle and hum of great external activity; but the results, in the shape of tangible good accomplished, somehow fail to correspond. Of those who go to scoff a surprisingly small number remain to pray. Possibly we are too much bound by tradition in such matters. Possibly there is in the average man something of aristocratic or professional pride which makes the advertisement of religious things seem unfit. But, whatever the cause, experience has thus far failed to show that righteousness can be made to spread in the earth by the adoption of this particular kind of device.

Religion.....Walter G. Everett.....Inter. Journal of Ethics

If in the evolution of religion its value has been placed more and more in its ethical content, may it not be true, as many have conceived, that religion will at last be merged in morality and that the specifically religious will cease to exist? In answering this question in the negative one may point with no little confidence to the fact that religion has a source in man's nature and in his experience of the world quite distinct from that of morality. Not only is there a sense of incompleteness even in our ethical ideals, which are never fully realized in this life, but there are æsthetic and intellectual impulses which compel man to be metaphysical and religious. He is forever haunted by a feeling of the insufficiency of the empirical order, and cannot permanently escape the recognition of "the infinitude which surrounds our lives." In her gentler moods Nature whispers to man of "something far more deeply interfused," but when with irresistible might she crushes all his hopes and brings him face to face with death, the final mystery of life, she rudely shakes him out of a temper of easy-going acceptance of the seen and the temporal and

compels him with all the vehemence of his spirit to ask concerning the unseen and the eternal. Despite all scientific prescience of nature, and despite all the mastery which it gives us, "We still acknowledge our complete and absolute dependence on the power that brought us hither and will conduct us hence."

While the transcendent is a region which lies forever beyond the ken of science, it still remains for philosophy the legitimate sphere of speculation and for religion the legitimate sphere of faith and hope. In the future, however, thinkers will, I believe, more clearly recognize and more frankly admit that speculation is not certainty and that faith and hope are not knowledge. Dogmatism both in philosophy and religion can only prevail by the decadence of intellectual life. With the passing of dogmatism religion will inevitably undergo still further modification. Certain elements which have belonged to its childhood will perish. But man will still give a religious interpretation to the world. He will by the necessities of his own nature be compelled to give to his ethical ideals a larger setting than that which is offered by human life, and will interpret them as a part of the cosmic order. When, however, he seeks to give an intellectual warrant for a religious interpretation of the world, that warrant must consist of inferences drawn not only from other fields of science, but also especially from the ethical life of the race as it appears in its slow but steady unfolding.

Jesus and the Rich.....Francis G. Peabody.....New World

As one approaches the teaching of Jesus concerning the rich, one is, first of all, confronted by an extraordinary difference of emphasis in the different evangelists. The fourth Gospel hardly touches the question of material possessions at all. It moves in quite another world—a world of lofty philosophy, spiritual biography and divine communion. With the exception of two unimportant passages the very words "rich," "poor," "wealth," "poverty," "to be rich," "to be poor," do not occur either in the fourth Gospel or in the Johannine Epistles. The second Gospel also—though for opposite reasons—offers practically no material concerning poverty or wealth which does not also present itself either in Matthew or Luke or in both. The fourth Gospel loses sight of these human interests in its flight of spiritual meditation. The second Gospel hastens by these general problems of social life in its absorbed and concise record of the words and acts of Jesus. Thus the teaching of Jesus concerning social conditions must be sought almost wholly in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke; and here we come upon abundant material. Yet here also we meet a still more striking difference. In the first place, while the record of the two Gospels is often obviously identical in origin, it happens in almost every instance that, where Matthew and Luke report the same incident or saying concerning the rich or the poor, the passage in Luke takes a severer or more universal form of condemnation of one class or of condemnation of the other. Where Matthew says: "Give to him that asketh thee," Luke says: "Give to every one"; where Matthew says: "Sell that thou hast," Luke says: "Sell all that thou hast." Where the Beatitudes in Matthew read: "Blessed are the poor in spirit," Luke says: "Blessed are ye poor" and reinforces this modification with the added phrase: "But woe unto you that are rich." In short, between Matthew and Luke there is as marked a difference of teaching on these subjects as may be found in modern literature between the teaching of an earnest philanthropist and the teaching of a Socialist agitator. It is wholly within the truth to speak of Luke as the "Socialist-Evangelist."

The scattered utterances of Jesus about the problem of wealth fall into two distinct classes. On the one hand is the series of sayings which deal with the faithful use of one's possessions; and on the other hand are the passages which plainly demand the abandonment of such possessions. In the parables, for instance, of the talents and of the pounds, as in the stories of the unjust steward and of the foolish rich man, there seems to be indicated not the intrinsic evil of wealth, but the duty of fidelity, watchfulness and foresight in administering wealth.

On the other hand, there remains a class of passages which no softened interpretation can render as teaching anything less than the abnegation of possessions. "Whosoever he be of you that renounceth not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." "Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, . . . and come, follow me;" and "they left all, and followed him." "Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and Lazarus in like manner evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art in anguish."

Here, then, in the teaching of Jesus, are two views of wealth which are apparently in conflict—the thought of wealth as a trust to be used, and the thought of wealth as a peril to be escaped; the physician's prescription for social health, and the surgeon's remedy from social death. Does this variation indicate any inconsistency or ambiguity in the teaching of Jesus? On the contrary, the very essence of his message to the rich is to be found in its twofold quality. It is this which makes Jesus severe though loving. He

perceives with perfect distinctness that the most immediate and insidious peril to the Christian life comes from the love of money. Vulgarity, ostentation, envy, ambition, self-conceit, material standards of happiness—the qualities which make people unspiritual, unteachable, unresponsive to the light—are the attendants of the god Mammon.

Jesus does not present a scheme of economic rearrangement; he issues a summons to the kingdom. He confronts a man not with the problem of his commercial rights, but with the problem of his own soul. To many a man, ensnared in the complex and intense conditions of modern life, to many a man and woman tempted almost beyond their strength by their self-indulgence, narrow interest and practical materialism, the message of Jesus comes with convincing force. Such persons know well that it is hard for those who have riches to enter into the kingdom. They know that to maintain religious ideals, genuine simplicity, and breadth of sympathy among the exotic and artificial circumstances of a prosperous life is one of the most difficult of modern undertakings. They see the possession of riches become a curse, and the children for whom the fathers have labored only the worse for the abundance which he has secured, as though they had asked him for bread and he had given them a stone. They have to confess that it is easier for the poor than for the rich to be poor in spirit. Such persons, however, when they look once more at the world of modern life, observe that the stern demand of Jesus is sometimes met; that—here and there—riches are deliberately and consistently held as a trust from God, and the way of service made broad and straight through the ministry of wealth; and they recognize the wisdom of Jesus when, having said so unreservedly, "How hardly shall the rich enter the kingdom," he is still able to say of the man who had faithfully used his many talents: "Blessed is that servant . . . of a truth, I say unto you that he will set him over all that he hath."

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*Of Religion.....Richard Rogers Bowker.....The Arts of Life**

Religion, as an art of life, is the art which cultivates spirituality, which develops character on the spiritual side, which uplifts duty by love. Conscience is the chisel by which the divine touch carves from the marble of human being the lovely statue of the perfected soul. It is the building upward and outward, by good thoughts and good works, from the lower self into the higher, the image of God, the ideal. Thus we realize, in the higher Christianity, the ideal which was the aim of the Greeks, but which they achieved in physical rather than spiritual perfection. It is for us to know, to have, to rejoice in both. Spirit rules body, God self, good evil, right wrong, in a working and resultful optimism which is faith. Morals is the bed-rock of religion.

The geologist may not get near to the molten centre of this earth, or the religious thinker penetrate mysteries of the First Cause, but each nevertheless has sufficient field in the working ground of all mankind. In that eternal round, the Unknown, God, Humanity, the Unknown, it is not given us to know the infinite answer to the infinite questions, Whence? Whither? Why?—but the Here, that is our affair. And on this ground of morals, in the analysis of working religion as an art of life, there is widening agreement among all religions and all sects. At last Christians begin to learn that if God is our Father, and Jesus the Elder Brother to us all, then we must all be brothers, one to another—through Christian sect and non-Christian majority; and to learn this is to make much the essentials and to make little the differences of religion, to live a true personal life in harmony and godly love.

And it is only on this basis that religion and morality have meaning. They together are one, and make together the supreme art of life. The idea of duty, the conception of love—in these, life flowers. Herein the fierce warfare of every man for himself is tempered into love in fellowship, in friendship, race-love. Herein the strongest passion of the body is redeemed and transfigured into love in marriage, sex love. Herein sins themselves are transfigured into stepping-stones that lead heavenward, in God-love. Man is religious in essence: on the ethical idea all religion builds, on the idea of spirituality all religion soars, as the cathedral is crowned by its spire. Duty and love—these are feet and wings of the man spiritual. The religion which says, We cannot know God, worships the race and woman; the religion which says, We do not know, accepts the command that man love his neighbor as himself.

In these days it is often the wise man, the unselfish and earnest thinker, who cannot truly say, "I believe." His credo has become spero. He will hope. He cannot by searching find God; he hesitates to surrender reason to an elusive, perhaps delusive, faculty beyond reason; he will only reason about and recognize the limits of his reason, and, with hope, set himself to apply the past to a present which is making the future—whether the future be his or not his, infinite or finite. For such a man there can be no hesitancy of fear; there is no place here for the coward. The man of science must see what his sight shows him.

*From The Arts of Life. By Richard Rogers Bowker. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

He must believe not in Belief but in Truth. He must inquire of facts, not threaten them with fear of consequences. Here true service comes only from that unshrinking sight which discerns, and that unfaltering will which asserts, despite prejudice or tradition, those elements of permanent result that are to make the future. Shrinking conservatism may not stay him; it is not for him to bury his face in the darkened temples of the gods and cry out against the worshipper under the sunlight or the starlight of the revealing heavens.

Science, we hear over and over, is skeptical and disastrous. If it be skeptical, it is disastrous, for no people that believes not, ever does greatly. It is faith that moves mountains. But this earnest questioning that seeks the True and the Good in religion, in morals, or in knowledge—this is not skepticism, in the ill sense in which the word is commonly heard. Skepticism is the essence of negation. It is the chronic condition of corrosive doubt, doubt not simply of God, but of good. In the "religious" philosophy that gives evil, or its incarnation, the practical supremacy in life, it finds its strongest type. But when Science, in a spirit not of doubt, but of seeking, brings to us with her questionings the strongest sanction natural ethics can receive, she brings to us also new stimulus of faith. That sanction is the simple fact of the eternity of influence. Every motion alters in its degree the relations of the universe forever. In this sense nothing dies, nothing is lost. Responsibility is infinite. Science confirms the sanction of religion; the one approves what the other has foresaid.

Incense as an Aid to Devotion..Prof. Edwin E. Slosson..Independent

Of all the senses that of smell has the most powerful influence in reviving past emotional states. A face or a building seen once is often forgotten. A tune or a voice heard once remains much longer in the memory, but a peculiar odor is rarely forgotten, although it cannot be described or repeated at will. Though but once perceived it will be recognized years later. Probably every one has at some time felt a flood of youthful memories and feelings come over him, suddenly and inexplicably, until he is able to trace it to the unconscious perception of the odor of fruits, flowers or trees familiar to his childhood. Why it is that a smell is so much more certain and powerful in carrying association than sight or hearing has not been explained. Possibly this sense, not being so hard worked as the others, is able to keep its fewer associations more perfectly, just as St. Gaetano had more time to act as protector to Pompilia's child because he had fewer namesakes. Music comes next to odors in emotional association and reminiscence.

But odors do more than affect us through association; they directly stimulate the emotional nature. This also is a matter of common observation, and perfumes have been used in all ages for this purpose, especially in arousing the amatory emotions. These are closely allied to the devotional, and will become more so as the millennium approaches. Love songs and religious songs include the best part of music; and of these the tunes and sometimes the words are used interchangeably for the two purposes. So, too, perfumes have been almost entirely confined to the service of Eros or Ecclesia.

I do not mean to say that inhaling volatilized gum benzoin directly inspires reverence for any particular saint or belief in a particular creed. It does, however, excite a vague emotion which is plastic to the dogmatic mold. This, too, is the function of music in ritualism. It has been proved by experiment that music does not convey ideas or definite emotions, but that these are supplied by words or suggestion, acting on the emotional nature made sensitive by rhythm and harmony.

Ordinary sights and sounds have for us no emotional content. They are neither agreeable nor disagreeable. But almost all odors excite at once some emotion; they are decidedly pleasing or displeasing. The emotional nature once aroused, it may be turned in almost any direction. An excited mob may be led to acts of self-sacrifice and generosity, as well as cruelty and malice; and the orator knows that the easiest way to make an audience cry is to get them to laughing first, then skillfully pass from humor to pathos. So the sense of smell, the most powerful in its effect on the emotions, should not be left out of a ritual, the main purpose of which is to arouse the emotional nature and use it as an incentive to right living. Incense is as legitimate an aid to devotion as genuflections, pipe organs or stained-glass windows.

If we drop incense because of its vague sensuous influence we must abolish music, at least instrumental, for the same reason. Under the power of an eight-foot organ pipe many a man has mistaken the shaking of his diaphragm for the trembling of his soul, but that is not a bad mistake. The illusion may bring about the reality. If a man does not respond to an appeal to his reason it is permissible to approach him through the senses. The nerves are easily reached and lead to the brain. If "religion is morality touched by emotion," we have a right to use the most efficient means of getting this magic touch that brings the dead to life.

In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

The Aim*.....*Charles G. D. Roberts*.....*The Criterion

O Thou who lovest not alone
The swift success, the instant goal,
But hast a lenient eye to mark
The failures of the inconstant soul,

Consider not my little worth—
The mean achievement, scamped in act—
The high resolve and low result,
The dream that durst not face the fact.

But count the reach of my desire,
Let this be something in Thy sight—
I have not, in the slothful dark,
Forgot the Vision and the Height.

Neither my body nor my soul
To earth's low ease will yield consent.
I praise Thee for the will to strive;
I bless Thy goad of discontent.

The Unbidden Guest*..*Ethelwyn Wetherald*..*New England Magazine

I made a feast in my banquet hall;
The guests were choice and few;
There was Success with his splendid eyes,
And Health with his ruddy hue;

And there was Joy with her radiant smile,
And Love with her lily breast;
And I said, we five will eat and drink—
There shall be no other guest.

I set five plates upon the board,
With fairest fruits o'erspread;
When suddenly a sixth appeared,
Heaped high with bitter bread.

I set five glasses on the board,
And poured in them the wine;
When suddenly a sixth appeared,
Filled full of tears and brine.

I placed five wreaths upon the board,
Rose-tinted like June morns;
When suddenly a sixth appeared,
Enwrought with naked thorns.

Then gay we sat in the banquet hall,
With merry laugh and jest;
While at my side unsmiling stood
The uninvited guest.

Oh, lightly, lightly flowed the talk,
And laughter rang again;
Yet louder sounded in my heart
The speechlessness of Pain.

Tension*.....*Florence Wilkinson*.....*Lippincott's

The night was round and dark and still
And hollow as a sphere,
Belted with iron memories,
Bolted with bars of fear.

The loud hush beat upon my face,
The blackness reeled and sang,
When from an outer undreamed place
A sudden bird-note sprang.

All in the middle of the night,
Hollow and grim—but hark!
That blissful note unbound my throat,
Unwound the tightening dark.

A chaffinch, dreaming in her sleep
Of purple thistle balm,
Released the spell of silence fell;
The night grew wide and calm.

The Warrior's Death*.....*Pearson's Magazine

"What is his bridge to heaven?" they cried,
And the warriors held their breath,
As the grizzled king of a hundred fights
Went down to the river of death.

"What is his bridge to heaven?" they cried,
"Is it bastioned with buckles and spears,
And girded strong with the iron blades
Of the battles of bygone years?

"And what are the voices he hears in his dreams?
Are they the clamors of fight,
Or the echoes of splendid victories that come,
As he stands by the river at night?"

"Nay, nay," and they stand by in wonder and awe;
For all that he builds on there
Are a withered blossom, a baby's shoe,
And a lock of a woman's hair.

And the only voices he hears in his dreams,
As the world dies out on his ears,
Are an old love-ballad, a baby's laugh,
And the sob of a dead wife's tears.

Song*.....*C. B. G.*.....*Chicago Record

In life's morning, years ago,
Eager Fortune I did see
Swift-pursuing, high and low,
Phantoms of proud victory.

Vainly, vainly as she flew,
Catching at her streaming hair,
Love for one short moment drew
Slight attention tugging there.

Off she shook him with a frown,
Fast and faster then she sped;
Love but followed, up and down,
Wheresoe'er her journey led.

In life's evening, years ago,
Weary Fortune did I see
Home returning through the snow,
Sick, oh, sick of victory.

Trudging sweetly at her side
Love was guiding where she went,
Oe'r the moorland, bleak and wide,
To the cottage of content.

The Perverse*.....*Post Wheeler* .....*New York Press

Silently I sit,
Soberly I walk.
All the tenderness of it
Banished from her talk!

Could I jest or sing,
  Or forget awhile—
Could I tell her anything
  That would bring her smile!

It was murder red,
  It was murder white,
Those few bitter words I said
  On that bitter night!

'Twas a devil lay
  Curled within my soul!
I would give my life away,
  To take back the whole!

It is mine to weep,
  It is mine to bow,
But the devil in me deep,
  Will not let me now.

The Oriole*.....*Caryl B. Storrs* .....*Youth's Companion

In blossom time the oriole flings
Out to the air his midnight wings;
His breast, that swells so joyously,
A fragment is of sunset sky.
In recess at the tree-top swung,
Fragrant, and with such colors hung
As ne'er were wove at Arras, there
He waits his sweetheart of the air,
Knowing the love-tryst will be kept.
Ere many skies have gleamed or wept
He'll hear her voice, with answering chime,
In blossom time.

What mural painting there is seen!
Ivory, pale rose and tender green,
And brown of bud, and glint of dew,
Such fragrance in each dainty hue;
With turfy floor and columned bole,
The orchard for the oriole!
Yet each tint of the apple-tree
Is far less glorious than he,
Lending to him a glow more fair;
Young Vanity makes that his care
In blossom time.

How lustily he trills his cheer
To strike her coming listening ear!
His passionate expectancy
Transmutes his soul to melody.
The bees that to his call have come
Sound all in vain their deeper hum,
And lost upon the flowing air
Their drowsy twilight nocturne there.
Soon she will come from southland far
To where the scented petals are,
Beneath the bridal roof of blue!
And *me* with *thee*, and *you* with *true*,
And *kiss* with *bliss*, will ever rhyme,
In blossom time, in blossom time!

***Changes*.....*Arabella Shore*.....*First and Last Poems**

I have loved you: brain and heart
  I gave up to be
Servants to your will, your art—
  What was that to thee?

Still I loved you: heart and brain
  Now droop utterly,
Sick of struggles made in vain—
  What is that to thee?

You have scorned me: now you say
  That 'tis sad to see
One so changed, so worn and gray—
  What is that to me?

Like to Like*.....*Ripley D. Saunders*.....*St. Louis Republic

What ask you from the world's great heart?
  Hate and malice and evil and pain?
Lo! they hasten to play their part,
  Soiling your life with a venomed stain!
Sleeping they till they heard your call,
  Blame it is yours that they stir and wake—
Like to like is the rule for all,
  Hate comes to you for your hate's sake!

What ask you from the world's deep soul?
  Love and kindness and joy and good?
Lo! they bend to a child's control,
  Waiting long for your call they stood!
Quick to answer when shadows fall,
  Healing the heart that else must break—
Like to like is the rule for all,
  Love comes to you for your love's sake!

Sense of Infinity*.....*Johannes Reimers*.....*Overland Monthly

Wrapt in his thoughts he walked along the shore
  Whose sands drink in the kisses of the sea;
Above him opened wide the eternal door
  To star-swept ways that reach infinity.

"My little human heart," humbly he spoke,
  "Thy wand'rings once were cruelly borne down
With mystery and dreams, with crushing yoke
  Of greed, with faiths that cast unpardoning frown
On sin, and turned thy hopes to mad despair;
Alas! hell yawned about thee everywhere.

But then one happy day thou heardst the songs
  That Nature sings, and thou didst understand
The harmonies of all her myriad tongues—
  They carried thee away to that blest land
  Where apprehension clear foils mystery;

Where rises like a flame on every hand
  The Astral thought that thou must ever be
  One with all nature, nature one with thee;
O joy of cosmic love, Sense of Infinity!"

Adrift*.....*Winifred Lucas* .....*New York Tribune

High heaven denies me to myself. No blame
    Nor praise I win.
Renounce me, Sorrow, and deny me, Shame!
    Forsake me, Sin!

I was a will, I was a heart, a soul,
    As men may be;
But all have slipped the shadow of control
    That made them me.

Life*.....*Kate Thyson Marr*.....*N. Y. Evening Journal

A baby's cry—
A child's brief joy and pain—
  A maiden's sigh;
And then a love's refrain—
  A woman's tear;
When shattered idols fall—
  And then the bier;
When death doth end it all.

*London: Grant Richards.

Sociologic Questions of the Times

The French Labor Exchange.....Walter P. Scaife.....Forum

A "Bourse du Travail," or Labor Exchange, was opened in Paris on February 3, 1887; one in Nimes was inaugurated about the same time; and the number has increased so rapidly that on December 31, 1898, there were fifty-five in existence, including three in Algeria. The constitution of these labor exchanges is in general the same. Each "syndicat"* names three delegates to the exchange committee; and from the general body thus formed an executive committee is elected. This committee appoints a secretary, who must devote his entire time to the work of the exchange, receiving therefor a salary commensurate with the earnings of his former employment and the services rendered.

The primary object of the labor exchanges is to have a centre where men of all trades can go when seeking work, and where employers seeking men can find them. The hall or building is usually provided rent free by the municipality, and expenses are covered by a subvention. Sometimes an appropriation is also granted by the Departmental authorities. The amount of these subventions is considerable. The expenses of installation aggregated over 3,000,000 francs; and the subventions for the year 1898 were about 375,000 francs, of which 20,400 francs came from Departments.

Paris is naturally the leader in this movement. Its Municipal Council being largely socialistic, the labor movement receives most generous support; and its Labor Exchange has been the recipient of 2,872,372 francs for first costs, besides a yearly appropriation, which for 1898 was 354,180 francs. The principal building is an immense stone structure near the Place de la République. The manager is M. Dumay, whose career is full of interest. In youth he entered the employment of Creusot, to learn the trade of machinist. His quick intelligence measured the hard lot of the laborer and perceived the means of improving his condition. Then he became an agitator. Such a course brought down on him the wrath of Creusot, and Dumay found himself not only discharged but followed by persecution wherever he tried to find work in the vicinity. After years of bitter, but fruitful, experience, he entered politics, and was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies. There, however, he did not find his ideal sphere; and on the reorganization of the Labor Exchange, in 1895, he was named its manager. Here his talents, combined with an intimate acquaintance with workingmen and their needs, find ample and congenial employment.

*According to the official statistics there are in France 2,361 "syndicats." The term is more definite than our word union. It is employed to designate the legalized union of persons engaged in the same trade, the by-laws of which, together with the names of its officers, must be filed with the executive authorities.

Shall Hanging End?.....Josiah Oldfield.....Humane Review

There are certain communities and certain stages of social development, wherein men's lives are so hard and their intellects so dense that even torture and imprisonment convey but little meaning to them. They know dimly what death means, and they have a certain vague and instinctive dread of it; and, since brute force is the only master they recognize, they laugh at law when it is gentle, and despise it when it tempers justice with mercy. A law to be deterrent must be to them both swift and certain, and terrible; and since it is of the utmost importance for the commonwealth that law should be respected and should be supreme above the greatest in the land, the penal law has to err on the side of severity and swiftness and certainty.

This is the reason which justified the blowing of the bodies of the Indian mutineers from the mouths of cannons. It was a penalty pre-eminently deterrent under the particular circumstances, but it does not therefore follow that in all mutinies the penalty shall be to be blown from the mouth of a cannon!

So, too, with capital punishment, the evidence of almost universal custom and experience (tinged and tainted though it be by the inherent vice of instinctive self-protection, by destroying everything that may possibly be harmful) seems to me to be that in early times in England, and in communities where civilization was at a similar level, and to-day in semi-civilized communities, the penalty of death is more deterrent than any other penalty, but that under the "régime" of a settled law every community soon passes into a state where the death penalty, by its very severity, brutalizes, and so tends to increase crime rather than to deter from crime.

As early as the time of Henry VIII., the Lord High Chancellor (Sir Thomas More) had grasped the position that what was necessary in more barbarous times, was not only not necessary, but actually harmful in the bulk of cases where lesser penalties had more weight, and that severe pen-

alties did not deter, but by their very severity failed in their object. In the lowest rungs, a respectful reverence, tinged with fear, is the best deterrent, and it must be a real and not a shadowy fear; but as the race climbs slowly up its spiral stairway lesser penalties impose fear equally well, until in the ultimate "fear" merges into "respect," "respect" into "reverence," and "reverence" into affection, and then love shall by its attraction to good be the best deterrent from evil.

The time comes—and must come—in every community when the inflexible infliction of the death penalty for any given crime no longer becomes deterrent, but ever tends to increase crime by causing notoriety, and surrounding the malefactor with the halo of sympathy.

Early Roman laws were necessarily severe, but the twelve tables did not bind all time. As the community progressed in its evolutionary march such laws grew too severe to be correctly deterrent, and (Anno Romæ 454) the Lex Porcia was passed, which silently destroyed capital punishment by exempting all citizens from the penalty of death. This is the guiding light of history which we may do well to follow.

Let us recognize that in our great empire there may be newly added dependencies, where society is not ripe for the abolition of capital punishment, but that citizenship of the empire shall free a man from the penalty, because the British Empire as a whole has progressed far enough to have reached that elementary level when the deterrent effect of capital punishment is no longer needful or specially efficacious to prevent murder.

Under certain conditions it is absolutely certain that the death penalty does not deter. The onus therefore lies upon those who wish it maintained in any particular case to prove that in those special circumstances it does deter.

"Jack the Ripper" was not hanged, and yet no other "ripper" murders have been committed. During the time of the excitement, and while at any moment the man might have been caught, and when he would assuredly have been hanged, there were some imitators, but the moment the excitement died away no others have followed in his steps. Could anything more have been gained by hanging him? If not, why perpetuate hanging? Had he been caught, it would have been argued that it was absolutely necessary to hang him as an example and a deterrent to prevent others from imitating him, but he was not hanged, and yet not one has imitated him. It appears, therefore, that the fame of hanging seems rather to induce than to repress imitation.

Sir William Harcourt, in the debate in 1877, put the question of deterrence in this form:

"If the punishment did not prevent men from stealing horses, why was it more likely to prevent them committing murder? Murder was generally committed under the influence of violent passion; and if it was found that the punishment of death did not deter in the case of crimes which were committed in cold blood, was it possible, was it reasonable to suppose that it would act as a greater deterrent in the case of murder?"

Says another writer:

"If there is any truth in the theory that hanging is of superior efficacy as a deterrent from murder, there ought to be a relative diminution when we have been going on hanging without interruption. But what are the facts? If we take the ten years from 1850-1859 we find that during that period there were 167 convictions for murder; but between 1870-1879 there was 255 convictions—an increase of 88. Population had increased during the interval, but nothing like to the same extent.

"It is, on the other hand, a remarkable fact that there has been a material diminution of the more serious crimes other than murder. Between 1855 and 1859 there were 2,466 burglaries, 3,264 cases of house-breaking, and 1,013 cases of arson.

"Between 1875 and 1879 there were 1,650 burglaries—a decrease of 816; 2,263 cases of housebreaking—a decrease of 1,001; and 537 cases of arson—a decrease of 476."

These crimes were once punished capitally. They showed no tendency to diminish then, but when hanging was abolished they at once began to decrease, and the decrease, it will be noticed, is absolute, the growth of population not being taken into account. If, then, we find that other crimes of violence were not repressed by hanging, but have actually diminished since hanging has been abolished, may we not say that the experimental, as well as the theoretical and the historical evidence, is in favor of the abolition of capital punishment?

The following summary shows that murder has not increased in such civilized States as have abolished, or have ceased to inflict capital punishment:

Sweden.—The "Ordinance" of 1777 did not, as Gustav III. wished, entirely abolish capital punishment, but it relegated it to a few exceptional cases, and lightened punishments all round. The result in the diminution of crime has been remarkable, while the number of murderers has not increased, though population has greatly increased; therefore in Sweden the practical abolition of capital punishment has not caused any increase in the crime of murder.

Holland.—Capital punishment abolished in 1870, followed by decrease in the crime of murder; 1861-1869, nineteen murders; 1871-1879, seventeen murders, although population greatly increased.

Finland.—No execution since 1824. The Judge

of the Court of Appeal reports that the security of person and property has not been diminished.

Belgium.—Capital punishment formally retained but never carried out; no execution since 1863; murders not increased.

United States.—Murders have diminshed by 50 per cent. in Michigan since 1847, when capital punishment was abolished.

Switzerland.—Capital punishment abolished 1874, but by the Federal Decree of 1879 the Cantons recovered the right of re-establishing it; seven of them exercised this right, fifteen did not; six of the seven are the smallest in point of population, and though they recovered the right to hang, yet no sentence of death has been passed in them.

The Unemployed.....Georgiana Kendall.....Social Service Series

To drive a tramp from one locality to another, the only alternative being arrest or hard work which he is too demoralized or faint-hearted to accomplish, is to add humiliation to his misfortunes and distress. A unified action throughout the country, which, gathering the unfortunate within the strong, kindly grasp of national control and supervision, having its systemized State employment bureaus, would make tramping and imposture well nigh impossible. Step by step this great network of relief would unfold and expand with its uplifting and beneficent influence, inspiring fresh hope and vigor among discouraged men, from east to west, from north to south.

Each State should have its Superintendent of Relief, as it now has its Superintendent of Public Education, with Assistant Superintendents as localities require, each to be responsible to the main centre, which national centre should have its own special organ, edited in such a manner as to invite correspondence from the ablest writers on these subjects. It should have a yearly congress, when all State superintendents should be represented, their individual experience and counsel adding to the general information and advancement. This government department should be so managed as to win and hold the confidence and support of the nation's representative men.

The National Relief Department should have within its gift, funds: To make canals, park and harbor improvements, city and village improvements, and even adornments if work falls short; to drain wet lands, to irrigate others, to perfect our vast unending system of roadways, to cultivate the large area of fertile land still unbroken, to plant eucalyptus and other health trees, etc.

Houses of Industry should be established with graded work and wages for all. With suitable instructors for foreign industries, such as laces, rugs, mechanical toys and dolls—which two latter we now import in very large quantities—we could vie with the best manufacturers of the world, and the high order of work easily maintained would raise the standard of all our industries. We should not begrudge them such needed assistance, which, while furnishing work, would do double service by providing for those utterly destitute.

Private Employment Offices....G. L. Bogart...Quar. J. of Economics

Private employment agencies exist in almost every city of the Union, but no systematic canvass has ever been attempted to ascertain their number or the extent of their business. However, from some scattered data in the reports of several of the State bureaus of labor statistics, it has been possible to compile a few figures which are of interest, and may be considered typical of all. These show the number of private agencies in a few cities, and the number of applicants and the estimated receipts; but none of these statistics can be considered accurate, many of the returns being confessedly only estimates. In Boston there were 119 private employment agencies in 1893, and reports from 87 of them showed 600,934 applicants for employment, of whom 128,912, or 21.45 per cent., secured positions. At the minimum charge of 50 cents apiece, this would yield the offices over $300,000 a year. Commissioner Hall gives figures for St. Louis and Kansas City, which, he thinks, represent about 40 per cent. of the business done in these two cities. In St. Louis there were 6,032 applications for employment in seven women's agencies, and 5,626 positions secured. The admitted receipts, which Mr. Hall thinks about half of what was in fact received, were $3,198. Six other agencies found work for 20,800 out of 106,600 applicants. Their receipts are estimated at $100,000. The Kansas City agencies were only a little behind this, as the following figures show:

No. Agencies.	No. Applications.	Positions Filled.	Receipts from Fees.
8 (for men).....	64,740	43,672	$64,464
4 (for women)....	22,711	3,835	6,103

Commissioner Hall estimates that the $70,567 admitted receipts were less than one-half the amount actually taken in.

There were 119 licensed agencies in Chicago in 1896, at which it is estimated that not less than 1,000,000 persons applied for employment during the year. At the minimum charge of $1 apiece this would give an annual income of $1,000,000. In California 69 well-equipped private employment agencies are reported to exist, whose cost of maintenance alone is estimated at $206,700 a year. Twenty-one private agencies are reported from Colorado, most of them being in Denver.

Inadequate as these figures are, they yet serve in some degree to show the extent of the business

done by the employment agencies of the country, and give an idea of the vast sums that are paid annually by the unemployed for the purpose of securing employment. That these agencies meet a real want seems not open to doubt. But the further question as to how well they fill it and with what advantage to the unemployed is not so certainly to be answered in their favor. In fact, one of the strongest arguments in favor of the establishment of free public employment offices rests on the abuses which exist in the private agencies. This point is made much of by the commissioners of labor in the various States, and their reports contain many instances of the deception and fraud practised by these agencies on the unemployed. While they are naturally interested in making out as strong a case as possible against the "pay" agencies, and though a large number of these are of the highest possible character, there is still without doubt a large class which merely preys on the unemployed and takes advantage of their need.

The least of the abuses which are perpetrated is the universal practice of accepting a fee, whether there is prospect of finding a position or not, and of refusing to refund it when a position is not secured. No pay agency will ever admit that the labor market is overstocked. Worse than this is the practice of advertising for laborers to undertake work in distant cities, and of sending them to fill purely fictitious openings after accepting their fees. In the case of some of the more dishonest agencies there is an agreement between a foreman and an agency, according to which men sent by the agency are employed, but only for a few days, and then discharged to make way for others. The fees are divided between the agent and the foreman. An additional refinement, which is reported from New York, consists in an illicit connection of employment agencies with alleged employers, who refer an applicant to a guarantee agency, which is also in the league, and which exacts another fee for looking up the references. It is a not uncommon plan to have the employment agency located in the rear of a dram-shop, which the men, who are purposely kept waiting, will unfailingly patronize.

Workingmen's Aid Societies in France*.....John E. Colvert

There are two kinds of mutual-aid societies in France—free and approved. The first has a legal existence, is empowered to receive gifts and legacies, and is under but one legal restriction, to wit, it cannot hold real estate. It does not receive direct assistance from the State.

The approved society is under Government control. The Government appoints its president, but his name is generally proposed by the society. After a first meeting is held, a copy of the by-laws and constitution is deposited with the prefect for approval and remains there as a part of the archives. Any class of citizens—workingmen, clerks, small or large shopkeepers, girls or boys—can organize a society and have it approved. It must be proved that its members are able to pay the monthly dues, to give aid in sickness, and to deposit in the Government bank. This bank is called La Caisse des Dépots et Consignations. The money deposited is invested in Government bonds—national, departmental or communal—which never draw more than 3 per cent. interest. Sometimes the premium is so high that the interest is less than this figure; but the Government always appropriates enough to bring the interest up to 4½ per cent., which is left to accumulate for the old-age pension fund.

This pension fund has received numerous contributions, the most important being 10,000,000 francs ($1,930,000) from the estate of the Orleans family, confiscated in 1852. Cities, communes and departments now and then appropriate a few hundred francs for a local society; employers give aid, at times; legacies are bequeathed to the societies; and at the end of every thirty years the unclaimed deposits in the savings banks are turned into the general fund.

The members of these societies may be men, women and children from 3 years of age up to 50. A marked increase is noticed of late among the depositors ranging from 3 to 19 years of age. During the year 1898, that class represented 46.75 per cent. of the total depositors. There were over 1,200 depositors among the school children of Roubaix and Tourcoing, and they all decided to enter upon the enjoyment of their pension when they reached the age of 55. Nearly half of them were not over 10 years old. They calculated that, whatever might befall them, they could take care of themselves up to 55 years of age and keep up their deposits as a provision for the rest of their lives. Over half the depositors elect to begin living upon their pensions when 55 years old.

During 1898 what are called "collective accounts" represented the largest amount of deposits. These are accounts opened by large business concerns, railroad companies, banks, etc. The Crédit Lyonnais, a bank which has branches all over France, made 8,185 deposits for its employees. The Northern Railroad Company deposited a large sum, the product of contributions from all its employees, to which the company added an almost equal amount. The employees

*United States Consul, Lyons, France.

of the arsenals, manufactories of arms, foundries and powder magazines earn about 5 francs (96 cents) per day, and 4 per cent. of their wages is withheld every month and deposited as a pension fund. In the army, 5 per cent. of the salaries of officers is withheld and deposited as a pension fund.

In a small circular, which is distributed broadcast among the workingmen of France, is a printed statement of the amount of annual pension which a man can enjoy at the age of 55, 60 or 65 years by a monthly deposit of sums ranging from 1 franc (19.3 cents) up; also, how much money must be deposited yearly to yield an income at 50 or 55 of 360 or 1,000 francs ($69 to $193). If a father deposits 100 francs ($19.30) for a child 3 years old, it will form a pension at 50, "reserved capital," of 41 francs ($7.91); "alienated capital," 51 francs ($9.84). At 60 years it will be 92 and 115 francs ($17.75 and $21.92); at 65, 153 and 190 francs ($26.82 and $36.67). "Reserved capital" reverts to the heirs if the principal dies before the date for enjoying the pension. "Alienated capital" goes to the general fund at the death of the principal.

According to the bulletin recently published by the Government, the deposits made in 1898 numbered 2,284,224, amounting to 44,543,697 francs ($8,596,930). Ninety-one thousand six hundred and four new accounts were opened; 15,323,576 francs ($2,957,450) were paid to the heirs of depositors in the reserve fund. The grand total of receipts from May 11, 1851, to December 31, 1898, is 1,612,841,576 francs ($311,278,424).

Deposits can be made in every village where there is a post-office or tax collector. No sum less than 1 franc (19.3 cents) is received; but, as postage stamps are accepted, many people begin by a 1-cent stamp, making the deposit when the savings amount to 20 cents. Not over 500 francs ($96.50) can be deposited by one person in one year. The pension up to 360 francs ($69.48) cannot be seized for debt. If the pension is the result of a gift, it cannot be seized for debt, however much it may exceed the 360-franc ($69.48) limit.

The System of Public Baths.....Goodwin Brown.....New York Times

The United States is sixty years behind most other enlightened countries in this great reform. In 1842 the first public bath and washroom was erected in England, and from that time to the present great progress has been made in the building of these most important adjuncts of modern civilization. Millions have been expended in England and Continental Europe in the erection of public bathhouses, while their number reaches into the hundreds. Even the public schools in Germany are largely equipped with bathing facilities. Without actual verification of the fact, I think it is safe to assert that public bathhouses in the countries referred to are as common, if not more, as the public libraries in this country, and generally as imposing in appearance and from my own standpoint, of far more utility.

It is melancholy to think that Rome at the height of its glory had over 3,000 public baths, while New York, with over 3,000,000 of people, has only three.

In 1892 I secured the enactment of permissive legislation for the erection and maintenance of free public baths in cities, villages and towns, giving them the right to issue bonds for the purpose. Mandatory legislation was refused on the ground that it would be too great an encroachment on the rights of localities. For three years nothing was done—not one municipality showing any desire to avail itself of the privilege. In 1895 I again proposed mandatory legislation, and the bill was introduced by the Hon. G. W. Hamilton of New York. The committee invited the local Boards of Health to appear—only one board did appear, and then to oppose. The bill was passed without serious difficulty, and, being applicable to cities of the first and second class, it escaped the possible opposition of several Mayors. The bill became Chapter 351 of the Laws of 1895, and reads as follows:

Section 1. All cities of the first and second class shall establish and maintain such number of free public baths as the local Board of Health may deem to be necessary. Each bath shall be kept open not less than fourteen hours for each day, and both hot and cold water shall be provided. The erection and maintenance of ocean or river baths shall not be deemed a compliance with this section. Any city, village or town having less than 50,000 inhabitants may establish and maintain free public baths, and any city, village or town may loan its credit or may appropriate of its funds for the purpose of free public baths.

So far as I am aware this is the first general State legislation ever enacted in this country; certainly it is the first compelling the erection of public baths and providing they shall be free. For two years nothing was done under the act—the first bath erected under its provisions was opened January 1, 1897, in the City of Buffalo. It has a capacity of 1,000 baths per day and cost $8,000, exclusive of the land. In drafting the act I overlooked making provision for soap and towels, and thus the city authorities might have made a charge for them; the matter was seriously discussed for some time, but finally it was decided

to furnish them without cost. Each bather is given a new piece of soap and a clean towel. The bath became at once very popular and showed it was appreciated. In Rochester opposition was made to the statute and a mandamus was procured, the Supreme Court sustaining the statute. The bath was erected there on substantially the same lines as the Buffalo bath, but its cost, exclusive of land, was about $5,000. In Albany the money has been appropriated, plans prepared, and the contract is soon to be let. The cost of this bath will be $22,000, exclusive of the site, an amount which should provide two baths instead of one.

In Syracuse and Troy the subject has been extensively discussed but nothing done toward complying with the statute.

In Greater New York the first bath is nearing completion. It is located on Rivington street, near the water front, situated in a decidedly crowded portion of the city. The structure is somewhat pretentious, and will cost a little over $100,000, inclusive of site. It has a capacity of about 3,000 baths per day, allowing each bather twenty minutes. There are sixty-seven spray baths—one-third each for men, women and boys. The bath compartments are so arranged as to secure absolute privacy, the size of the stalls permitting of ample space for dressing and the care of the clothing. Hot and cold water are provided and applied by stationary sprays, the temperature of the water being regulated so that there can be no danger from scalding if warm water exclusively is desired. The sanitary arrangements are such that there can be no danger from contamination, while absolute cleanliness can at all times be insured.

Working-Girls' Clubs.....New York Evening Post

The working girls' or working women's club has been defined by the New York Association of Working Women's Societies as "an organization formed among busy women and girls to secure by co-operation means of self-improvement, opportunities for social intercourse, and the development of higher, nobler aims. It is governed by the members, for the members, and strives to be self-supporting." This definition has been accepted by the associated clubs of New York, Brooklyn, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, which are now united in a League of Associations of Working Women's Clubs. The club stands between religious societies, like the church guild and the Girls' Friendly Society, on the one hand, and the trades unions on the other. It has no religious exclusiveness, as Protestants, Catholics, and Jews are found in its membership. It is limited to no race, for native Americans, children of foreign parents, even those of foreign birth, and clubs of young colored women are accepted members of the associations. The leaders of the club are mainly women not dependent on their daily wages for support, though many of the offices in every club are held by working women. At one time it was hoped that the leadership of the clubs would very generally be in the hands of the working women, but the responsibility of the growing organization became too great for the average young woman to assume. A woman having from eight to ten hours a day of active work, especially work which is physically exhausting, is rarely able to add financial responsibility to her burdens. Some clubs, however, are fortunate in having the active leadership of working-women, as well as a few members of the leisure class. Clubs have been organized by working women themselves, but usually some women of greater leisure than wage-earners have taken the initiative in their organization. In factory cities, like Fall River, Providence, Newark and Waterbury, members are mostly operatives in the mills. In the larger cities, like New York, Philadelphia and Boston, all kinds of employment, from teaching to store and domestic service, are represented in club membership. The clubs in Western cities are often started as luncheon clubs for those employed in large factories. The owners of these factories have frequently given rooms for this purpose. The expense of food, its preparation and serving, has easily been met by the fees of the young women. The spirit of co-operation thus aroused has led to the formation of classes, holiday houses in the country and other forms of mutual enjoyment and improvement. The tendency has always been to supplement business life by social and educational endeavor. Many clubs have junior branches for girls between twelve and sixteen. Others have domestic circles for young married women, where household matters and the care of children are discussed. Of course, these branches depend on the size of the club and the needs of the surrounding community. As long as the principles of co-operation, self-government and self-reliance (or an effort toward self-support) are accepted the club is free to develop in any way that the members may desire. In four States clubs are organized in associations, and these associations maintain vacation or holiday houses, where members of the clubs and their friends can enjoy a week's or a fortnight's vacation at the price of $3 a week for board. This defrays the actual running expenses of the house. The rent and repairs of the place are usually contributed by friends.

Science and Common Sense*

By Bernard Shaw.

I have now had some three centuries experience of life. By this I do not mean that I have discovered the elixir. I am merely an ordinary vegetarian still in my fifth decade. But I was born on the outskirts of an Irish city, where we lived exactly as people lived in the seventeenth century, except that there were gas-lamps and policemen in tall hats. In the course of my boyhood literature and music introduced me to the eighteenth century; and I was helped a step further through the appearance in our house of candles that did not need snuffing, an iron-framed pianoforte, and typhoid sanitation. Finally, I crossed St. George's Channel into the decadence of the mid-nineteenth century England of Anthony Trollope, and slowly made my way to the forefront of the age—the period of Ibsen, Nietzsche, the Fabian Society, the motor car and my own writings.

Put the question, what have my three centuries taught me about my own species? I reply, mainly to regard men's principles as excuses for doing what they want to do. Why do they shrink with such an exquisite shyness from asserting their will as valid in itself? I do not know: the shyness seems as fundamental as the will itself: no man is bold enough to take a questionable step without representing it as the fulfilment of a divine behest, or the logical conclusion from ethical principles of supreme authority. You meet a respectable citizen, for example, who drinks brandy or beats his children heartily. You ask him why. If he were to reply simply that he enjoys both practices, you would be shocked and set him down as no gentleman. Therefore he tells you, with a martyred air, that he is compelled to drink brandy for the sake of his digestion, and that he chastises his offspring, feeling every blow himself more than the child does, because he cannot bear untruthfulness. The one thing he will not do is to reveal himself in his own nature, and confess that his principles, his politics, his religion and his morals are all mere superstructure, founded on his native impulses, and unsettled only in so far as the Balance of Power changes as between these impulses by their waxing and waning.

Further, I have come to believe that the scientific speculation which calls itself the Law of the Conservation of Energy is actually a law as regards human credulity. There is clearly a given quantity of critical energy (a very small quantity) at the disposal of mankind. If any of this be applied to a subject which has hitherto escaped it, an equivalent quantity must be withdrawn from some other subject which has hitherto absorbed it, and concerning which the race instantly lapses into abject credulity.

Thus, whilst in my earlier centuries the Bible was introduced to me by my teachers as a talisman which would stop bullets if I carried it on the field of battle (bullet-dented Bibles were actually exhibited in the tract shops), and protect me from ghosts if I kept it under my pillow, I have lived to see it criticised, revised and placed, as ancient literature, on the footing of any other literature, with the full concurrence of archbishops. I even occasionally find people reading it and learning something from it: a thing impossible in the old times, when the repetition of its verses was a mere telling of beads, hypnotically comforting to the old, and an effective punishment for the young.

At first nobody noticed how promptly the Law of Conservation began to act, because nobody dreamt that the supply of critical energy was limited. But it was; and every ounce of it that was applied to the Bible and to religion had to be withdrawn from Science. When the process began, Science was Science, and Religion was Witchcraft. Now that it is ended, Religion is Science, and Science is Witchcraft. I can speak of this with authority; for the change took place in my mind as it did in the mind of the world. It was long before the terrible suspicion smote me that the new wine had been provided by emptying the old bottles. Not, indeed, until "the higher criticism" had done its work so fully that its conclusions became a mere habit of my mind, involving no real activity, was there energy enough released to enable me to resume the old seventeenth century work of criticising science.

Then, at last, I realized how abjectly we, the critics of religion, had become the dupes of science. Neither priest, pope, nor prophet could impose on us; and yet the most superstitious visionary, by merely calling his dreams biology, or bacteriology, or physics, could make us shut our eyes and open our mouths to miracles that Lobengula or Cetewayo would have ridiculed. You could not persuade us then that a blind Syrian was ever made to see by touching his eyes with clay; but any young gentleman in spectacles, with his eyes too

*Humane Review.

close together, and his head prematurely bald, could, after sacrificing a number of rabbits and guinea-pigs in a manner which would have made an ancient Roman augur blush, get himself accepted without question, not merely as a healer of individual patients in the apostolic fashion, but as the extirpator of their diseases for all time from the list of human ills. The number of diseases I have seen mended and ended in this manner in my day is quite remarkable. Small-pox, epilepsy, hydrophobia, consumption, bubonic plague, old age, goitre, diphtheria and enteric fever; science has removed them all; and as for wounds, they heal at a touch of carbolic acid. Who, after this, can read with any patience the puny miracles of Scripture? Why is the Registrar-General allowed to spread absurd reports that people die of these diseases much as they did before? How dare the newspapers keep on reporting deaths from enteric fever in South Africa, when we all know that our troops have been inoculated against it with an infallible prophylactic?

The truth is, your ordinary man cannot reason, or perform any other skilled mental operation. He reads books and hears speeches in which philosophers and orators give him striking examples of the way in which merciful men, through error of judgment and defect of practical knowledge, have taken measures crueler in their consequences than the cruelties they aimed at ending; and, conversely, of apparently stern measures that have finally lightened the burden of human suffering. But your ordinary man does not really follow the argument; he simply forms an association of ideas between mercy and mischief, cruelty and profit. When this association becomes fixed as a mental habit, he calls it a generalization, and imagines that he is thinking every time he falls back on it to save himself the trouble of thinking. Presently the scientist comes along and says to him: "My friend, by a diabolically cruel process I have procured a revoltingly filthy substance. Allow me to inject this under your skin, and you can never get hydrophobia, or enteric fever, or diphtheria, etc. I have even a very choice preparation, of unmentionable nastiness, which will enable you, if not to live forever (though I think that quite possible) at least to renew in your old age the excesses of your youth." The ordinary man jumps at the bait. He regards the scientist as another Hamlet, "cruel only to be kind" (cruelty having come to be to him the most likely way of achieving a kind result); and he is saturated, as the advertisements and Holloway Colleges of our patent medicine mongers show, through and through with a belief in miraculous cures. As to filth, science has taught him that dirt is "only matter in the wrong place." It has not taught him that disease is only matter in the wrong condition, and that to inject matter in the wrong condition into matter in the right condition (healthy flesh, to wit) is to put matter in the wrong place with a vengeance. Neither has it taught him that on any possible theory of evolution those powerful instincts by which men recoil from certain transpositions of matter as filthy, and which carry the race from piggery to cleanliness (cleanliness, by the way, is "only" matter in its right place) must have a sanitary function, to be disregarded at our peril.

The doctor who writes a letter to the Times implying that, thanks to vivisection, the victims of some dreaded disease have but to call at his address to experience the beneficence of science and be convinced of the ignorance and mendacity of its traducers, reaps a considerable harvest of two and three guinea fees before the victims of that disease turn in despair from his door. But why should a man deceive us as to the composition of the atmosphere and the shape of the earth? Ten years ago I no more doubted that I was breathing nothing but nitrogen and oxygen with a trace of carbon than I doubt that the sun will rise to-morrow morning. The "trace of carbon" was conclusive; it cut off all retreat by implying that there was not even a trace of anything else. But I reckoned without the reluctance of the "man of science" to say "I don't know." The fact that the old formula was an imposture would never have been discovered had not somebody discovered argon in the atmosphere, and insisted on the others finding room for it, and confessing (or pretending) that they had known all along that the old formula was incomplete. How any physicist has been able, since that disgraceful day, to look the public in the face is more than I can understand. Now that the gaff is blown, the show given away, the scientists have become reckless. They own that the earth, formerly described by them, in their precisionist jargon, as "an oblate spheroid" (I believed it as I never believed the first chapter of Genesis), is an object probably resembling a two-penny loaf in its general outline, and has no pretension to rival an orange in symmetry. Then why did they say it did? Can no man, when once he is given the entire confidence of the world, refrain from abusing it? There have been moments when the whole faith of Christendom was staked on the truth about the shape of the earth. Merely because it was plausibly held to be a spacious floor roofed with a starry dome, the men of science, at the risk of being burnt, declared that it was like an orange.

They were staking their lives, not on the truth, but on the fancy of a greengrocer as against the visions of St. Augustine and Dante. The greengrocer was shamefully victorious; and we, poor fools! thought we were the more enlightened, and read Draper's Conflict between Religion and Science with the firmest sense of superiority. The greengrocer having had his turn, it is now the baker's; and I dare say I shall be excommunicated by Science for refusing to believe the twopenny-loaf theory. All the same, I do not believe it. I have found out the man of science; and in future my attitude toward him will be one of more or less polite incredulity. Impostor for impostor, I prefer the mystic to the scientist—the man who at least has the decency to call his nonsense a mystery, to him who pretends that it is ascertained, weighed, measured, analyzed fact.

I wish I could claim immunity from the great scientific delusion for the Humanitarians. But I cannot. No vegetarian can. Vegetarian scientific humbug is not wicked, like that of the Metabolists who have starved so many dogs to death in order to be able to assure us positively that "during starvation the output is greater than the intake," and that if the process is continued long enough the animal will get weaker and finally die. But it is almost as silly. Why, I ask, are we vegetarians ashamed of our instincts? Why, if we prefer a clean and humane way of feeding ourselves to a nasty and cruel way, may we not say so, instead of raising foolish amateurish arguments about nitrogen and hydro-carbons and the rest of the figments of the science of "metabolism." Has mankind ever been plagued with such an idle babble as the wranglings of the people who, because they want to eat meat, are bent on proving that they ought to eat it, and would die, or be beaten by the Boers, without it, and the vegetarians who, because they do not want to eat meat, are bent on proving that meat is the cause of all disease, decay, immorality, and finally of death? What is more certain in the world than that there is nothing to choose between these rival contentions in point of glaring falsehood and pigheaded insensibility to everyday experience? I have not the slightest doubt, myself, that a diet of nice tender babies, carefully selected, cleanly killed, and tenderly cooked, could make us far healthier and handsomer than the haphazard dinners of to-day, whether carnivorous or vegetarian. The great incidental social benefits of the trade in baby-flesh were pointed out long ago by Swift, whose demonstration of them has never been refuted. There is no objection whatever to a baby from the nitrogenous point of view. Eaten with sugar, or with beer, it would leave nothing to be desired in the way of carbon. My sole objection to such a diet is that it happens to be repugnant to me. I prefer bread and butter. This preference has no reference whatever to the relative richness of baby and bread and butter in hydrocarbons or uric acid or any such stuff. My father lived as long on calves and lambs as I am likely to do on lentils and haricots. The Tartar and the Gaucho, devouring eight or nine pounds of horseflesh a day and nothing else, the Tipperary peasant living on potatoes and buttermilk, the Chilian miner with his beans and the Chinese boatman with his rice, seem to get on equally well, though they are all scientific impossibilities. Mr. Herbert Spencer declares that the manifest inferiority of the herbivorous animals in the Zoo to the carnivorous ones puts vegetarianism out of court. Dr. Anna Kingsford, pointing to the same establishment, proclaimed the superiority of the elephant to the tiger as putting an end to the controversy. What nonsense it all is!

In short, then, my proposition is that the world remains as dependent as ever, in the technical sphere, on knowledge founded on practice. Knowledge is what we know. Science is the whole fascinating body of speculation concerning what we do not know. The fact that science claims with absolute conviction a special and sacred infallibility of its own which distinguishes it from the superstitions of the augur and sooth-sayer, the medicine man and witch doctor, the faith healer and medium, the yogi and lama, the priest and parson, is the conclusive proof that it is generally identical with them, since they all make that very claim with that very conviction.

Further, I contend that in the intellectual or critical sphere the world remains as dependent as ever on a resolute objection to believe in miracles, and an unremitting vigilance in distinguishing the common and intellectually spurious conviction which is produced by the mere intensity of desire to believe—an intensity often amounting to a positive need for finding the thing true—from conviction founded on demonstration. This is a counsel of intellectual perfection, not to be wholly achieved by the coolest head and keenest brain; but it has at least the advantage of being relatively practicable.

And in the moral sphere, I contend that the world remains as dependent as ever on pure dogmatic, instinctive recoil from suffering on the one hand, and pure dogmatic, instinctive love of inflicting it on the other. Common to both these temperaments, and to the compound temperament in which they struggle for mastery, is the timid perception that society can only exist through a compact to live and let live.

Random Reading: Miniature Essays on Life

*The Keeper-In and the Blurter-Out.....Edward Rowland Sill**

Two good friends of mine have now for years stood up to my mind as types of two opposite dispositions with regard to secretiveness. The one never seems to say anything without pausing first to consider within himself whether, after all, it might not be better not to say it. The other seems never to let any

"Craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event"

hinder her from the utterance of whatever she has to say. The one I call a keeper-in, the other a blurter-out. It has been an interesting study with me to observe these two characters, and the results of their two methods both on others and on themselves.

The keeper-in would appear, at first sight, to have all the wisdom on his side. He certainly has the support of all the "little hoard of maxims." Do not the proverbs all preach a sharp surveillance of that "unruly member," the tongue? Did not the Greek philosopher wag his hoary head, and aver that he had often been sorry for what he had said, but never for what he had refrained from saying? Does not George Sand testify that, in her experience, words are always dangerous except when they are necessary? And sings not warningly the German poet—

"Am Baum des Schweigens hängt
Seine Frucht, der Friede"?

Nevertheless, I am compelled to record, as the result of my own observations, the opinion that the least harm and the most good have come from the method of the blurter-out. And why not? Are we to admit that there is, on the whole, more evil than good in people's minds to be expressed? Can we believe that "winged words" are oftener envenomed arrows than bearers of good tidings?

No doubt there is a kind of confidence which the keeper-in inspires among his friends. We know that if we impart a secret to him it is safe. We are sure that in any deliberative council, where a word is to be fitly spoken only at a certain moment, he will not go off semi-retinaculum. If the success of an undertaking, or the peace of a family, hangs on silence, he will be "golden through and through." But then, on the other hand, we are equally and sadly sure that if there suddenly comes a crisis in our affairs, or in public affairs, where a quick, courageous utterance is the indispensable thing, the keeper-in can be relied on to fail to utter it. It is true that, in talking with him at my fireside, I can relate to him with perfect confidence the good story of my catching our neighbor at my hen-roost; but then, how can I be sure that our neighbor has not been to him with just such a merry tale (lacking only the basis of fact) about me? How do I know that he esteems me as a truthful and virtuous man, when I am aware that he would look me in the face with the same inscrutable repose of manner if he suspected me of being a liar and a thief?

But the blurter-out, on the contrary, I know just what she thinks of me, and just what she does not think of me; and I know that she knows that I know, and is glad of it. The only anxiety she appears to have is lest people should suppose she thinks more of them than she does. I have observed a little stir of apprehension in a company when she enters the room, or the conversation. No one knows exactly what she may say next. And it is a pretty thing to see the way in which a certain kindly relative of hers will anxiously bend forward as she talks, ready to whisper a gentle and nudging, "Now, Jane!"

I admit that the keeper-in avoids some awkward situations, and that the blurter-out gets into a certain amount of hot water. It might be urged by some that the best course would be a happy mean between the two. But, for my part, I would rather risk it on the penalties of the impetuous truth-teller than to adopt any sort of a happy mean that consists in being meanly happy.

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*The Left-Over Expression of Countenance....Edward Rowland Sill**

There are certain humorous sidewalk observations that are open to one as a kind of compensation for having to elbow and jostle along the public ways. One of these is the trick people have of looking at you with the left-over remainder of the expression of face just bestowed on the companion with whom they are walking and talking. A pair of persons engaged in lively argument are approaching you. One of them is laying down the law with great vigor of facial and muscular gesture. At the moment of brushing by he glances at you, with the ferocious scowl of his fervid eloquence still puckering his features. You would think he was your bitterest foe. Of course it would be opposed to the great law of economy of force to have relaxed and then puckered up again just for the momentary meeting of another face. Perhaps his apparatus of facial expression is not

*From The Prose Notes of Edward Rowland Sill. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

agile enough to have accomplished the manœuvre if he had tried.

Shortly after, you encounter Saccharissima and Dulcissima, chatting and laughing together as they come. They are entire strangers to you, but as you pass you receive a most captivating smile—from both of them this time, as it happens, for both are talking at once. It produces an effect like those momentary streaks of warm air through which one suddenly walks on an autumn day.

Sometimes you get a mixed expression, with much the effect of a stream of warm and cold water poured on the head at the same time. The eyes, which are the more mobile portion of the expressional apparatus, will nimbly alter their look, at the instant of meeting you, to that freezing glance appropriate to the encounter of an unintroduced fellow-creature. The mouth, meanwhile, with its attendant cheek-curves, continues the companionable smile, thus bridging over the interruption, and allowing the conversation to go on with its atmosphere unchanged.

Occasionally it happens, however, that the mixture was already in the original expression. We all know that blood-curdling look which passes between eminently civil people, wherein the eyes remain distant and stony, while the unfortunate mouth (which—for its sins, perhaps—always has to do the hypocrisy for the whole countenance) is forced to maintain an expansive mechanical smile. Thus I meet, of a morning, two middle-aged ladies engaged in polite exchange of views upon the weather. Rival boarding-house keepers, possibly. The effect now is quite complex. They are already wearing, for each other, the mixed expression referred to, and in glancing at you each infuses an additional drop of vitriol into the ocular and adjustable part of her look. This momentary contact with expressions that were intended for other people is singularly noticeable on the road in meeting open carriages. Sometimes on a crisp afternoon, when everybody is out and all are animated, it is like encountering intermittent running fire of faces; some real rifle-shots (such as Emerson describes), and with explosive bullets at that; others, the mere sugar-plum artillery of the carnival—and none of them intended for you particularly. It is merely that you happen to intervene in the line of fire. An effect of this sort is when two crowded open horse-cars meet and pass. Here you have, not single shots, but the simultaneous discharge of a whole battery of divers facial howitzers.

Perhaps the oddest case of this persistence of previous expressions is where you have stopped a moment to speak with a lady on a village sidewalk. You are only slightly acquainted, and neither your mutual relation nor the business in hand calls for anything but a very indifferent and matter-of-fact cast of countenance. But suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, this daughter of Eve is aware of a favorite young gentleman bowing and smiling from a rapidly passing carriage. Without moving her head—there is not time for that—but only her eyes, she flashes on her vanishing friend a bewitchingly intimate smile. Then she instantly looks back to you and finishes the business sentence, with the remains of this charming but now queerly incongruous glance fading out of her face in a most interesting manner. It is like watching the last tint of sunset vanishing from a mountain peak, or a pretty little wave ebbing back on the beach, or the closing of a flower at night, or the putting up of the shutters on the village apothecary shop at bedtime.

I remember an appalling instance of such a phenomenon that occurred to me when a child. Even at this late day, whenever I vividly recall the scene, it gives me a chill. It was in a Virgil class, and I was a poor little palpitating new scholar. While I was anxiously construing the opening lines of the Dido-in-the-storm episode, the beetle-browed master turned slyly to a privileged older pupil with some "sotto voce" schoolmaster's joke. As I glanced up, having partly heard the words without catching the point, he was just turning back to me, with a most genial and winning smile sweetening his usually acid features. Innocently, and no doubt, with some timidly responsive look on my face, I said, "What?" But on the instant of speaking I divined that, alas! the grin was not meant for me. It was a case of left-over remainder. As it ceased to "coldly furnish forth" his rapidly congealing countenance he bade me in a stern voice to "go on." It was much as if he had cried, "What right have you to be smiling at me, you miserable little sinner?"

But I have known oversensitive persons of later growth to have their disagreeable moments with these "remainder biscuits" of expression. For example, I have an unhappy friend who has all his life been intermittently ridden with the idea that he is in some way ridiculous. I can never find him really happy and at his ease except in his library or his garden. The books and the chickens, he says, do not laugh at him. Whether it be the effect on his nerves of tea-drinking, or of living too much alone, or of having been brought up by homespun people, to whom his artistic tastes really did appear ridiculous, and who took no pains to conceal the fact—whatever the cause, there is nothing of which he has such terror as the "laughter of fools" directed against

himself. Lately I set myself seriously to combat this fancy. I said, "Let us go out together on the street, or into company, and see if you can show me any reliable instances of people's laughing at you."

The first persons we happened to encounter after leaving the house were two sauntering schoolgirls, satchels on arm, maxillaries active, and one was telling the other with infinite secrecy —as if the very lampposts were sure to be listening—some wonderful experience, such as only schoolgirls have. As my friend and I approached them, it appeared that the climax of the narrative had just been reached. Glancing up at us unconsciously, as we met, they continued to giggle, and passed on. "There! you see!" said my friend. And I had much ado to convince him that it was only a case of left-over expression.

Asiatic Courage.....London Spectator

Arabs or Tartars, Persians or Chinese, they are all lumped together, and all believed to be, as Pyrrhus said, the womankind of humanity. That description is true enough in some ways; but it is not true as regards the possession of individual bravery. There is one race in Asia—the Bengalee —which openly acknowledges that it has not the heart to fight, though when in expectation of any form of non-contentious death it is more serene than the European; but the immense majority of the remaining seven hundred millions are personally brave men. We do not say that they are quite equal to Englishmen or to Germans, or to the picked soldiers of any European country, but they are equal to any Southerners, or to the average militia of any land. The Asiatic Turk is a born soldier, usually quite devoid of nervousness as well as of fear, and the Arab, though much more sensitive, and therefore more liable to panic, is at least as careless of death or physical pain. He has never that we recollect in modern times fought with Europeans in Asia, but his half-brother, the Soudanese, has extorted respect even from disrespectful "Tommy." An army of Dervishes led by English officers would, it is acknowledged, face most armies with success. The Persian is a laughing soldier, very like a Frenchman, who has done in quite recent times heroic deeds, and who avoids battle, when he avoids it, rather from a sort of selfishness than from fear. The Indians, Bengalees and some classes of Madrassees excepted, are quite singularly free from cowardice. The Indo-Chinese are not soldiers, and as a rule have not the soldierly instincts, but the Burmese "dacoits," that is, "klepths," half-patriots, half-brigands, who so grievously worried us during the first four years of the conquest, constantly died like heroes, while the Roman Catholic converts of Annam accepted martyrdom in thousands with the tranquil constancy of the early Christians. They were only asked for the most part to destroy their temples, give up their pastors, and be quiet, and they accepted death in preference. Of the Siamese we know little except that they fought their way to empire; but Chinese have contended with each other like heroes, the Mohammedan Chinese having faced extermination, and the Taepings, who were undrilled, having died in scores of thousands while battling with their drilled fellow-countrymen under Gordon.

Why, then, are they so often, we might almost say so invariably, beaten by Europeans? There are many reasons. One very little noticed is the inferiority of their weapons, of which, being nervous and suspicious men not made oblivious by drink, they are sensitively aware. Hardly any troops will face artillery when without artillery themselves, and Austrian soldiers, who are as brave as any in the world, positively refused after a short experience to encounter the needle-gun while armed only with the musket. It is a little unfair to expect of Asiatics more heroism than theirs, or to require them to die in heaps when victory is impossible. Another reason is that we judge them too exclusively by their conduct when opposed to Europeans, of whom they have an instinctive awe, not derived from physical fear at all, but as patent in civil life as on the field. The only Asiatics quite free of this feeling are the Arabs, and if we ever meet them in the field on equal terms we shall be surprised at the magnitude of the death-list. They know, too, their own inferiority in war considered as a science, and expect to be beaten by an intelligence they scarcely understand. But the grand reason—we write this on the evidence of great experts—is want of confidence in their leaders, in their ability, in their fidelity, in their care for them. They recognize with the keenest insight that selfishness of the prosperous which they know to be latent in themselves, and at the first check expect desertion, or betrayal, or neglect. So in certain moods do Frenchmen, Spaniards, or Italians, who, like all Asiatics, are liable to be the dupes of wild imaginings such as the Northerner is too stolid to entertain. That is the reason why in an Asiatic army the death of the King or the Commander-in-Chief is so invariably fatal. It is not physical fear which moves them, but the influence of an imagination always far stronger in an Asiatic than a European, and almost always pessimistic.

If something, be it hate of the foreigner, or dread of the Empress, or terror of the powers above, induces the Chinaman to fight, he has no

physical fear to stop him. Kill a third of the Wei-hai-wei regiment with bullets, and it will still roll forward, and the impulse which drill has given to its recruits may come from one of many other sources.

Tidiness......"The Spectator"..... ....Outlook

The Spectator suffered a severe shock yesterday, which has in a degree uprooted some of his most cherished illusions and set him a-pondering whether there is, after all, any law which it is never right to break. If you had asked the Spectator yesterday if it could ever be moral to deliberately sweep crumbs under a hearth-rug, he would have promptly and emphatically answered "No!" To-day he could make no such reply. His conversion was in this wise. Within the last twenty-four hours the Spectator was calling at the house of a friend whose morality he has always considered above question, and whose reputation for superlative housekeeping rests like a halo above her brow; and yet it was in her drawing-room that the Spectator received his lesson anent crumbs and hearth-rugs. Afternoon tea was being served to the Spectator, and a young daughter of the house, in passing a plate of brittle little cakes, dropped all those cakes to the floor, where they broke, scattering a shower of crumbs. The daughter at once moved to the bell, and had laid her hand upon it, evidently intending to ring for the maid. "No, no, my dear," said her mother; "don't ring for Susan. Just take the hearth-brush there and sweep the crumbs under the hearth-rug." "Mamma!" exclaimed this well-brought-up daughter. But her mother sat placidly confident and unabashed, merely remarking: "Susan ought really to be in bed this afternoon. She's keeping up simply because it's my reception day. The crumbs can wait perfectly well until to-morrow. 'Be tidy. Be not too tidy.'"

The Spectator sat amazed in his chair, and, it must be confessed, he was at that moment disloyally wondering if there were many other such skeletons concealed under other hearth-rugs in this house. A little later he plucked up sufficient courage to make to his hostess a laughing confession of the shock he had suffered at her hands. "I am sure you are right," he said, "but won't you explain to me why you are right?" To the Spectator's amazement, this notable house-mother with some warmth recorded her disapproval of those who could never bring themselves to thus sweep crumbs under rugs. "I have seen housekeepers," she averred, "who not only lived and died to be clean, but who killed for it. There have been times," went on this blended Mary and Martha, "when I have seen my floors very dirty indeed, and known it was my plain duty to continue to see them dirty—and keep calm. I have had to make it a matter of prayer to be able to sweep crumbs under rugs and to believe that cleanliness isn't the first thing in the world at all times, in season and out. But you can't be expected to understand such things."

The Spectator, though but a man, flattered himself that he did understand his friend's position and approved it, yet at the same time he had an awestruck kind of feeling, as if the ashes of his grandmother were being strewed to the winds of heaven. He could remember that venerable lady earnestly requesting him as a lad to walk about her drawing-room "on the dark spots in the carpet"; and to this day he can recall the peculiar gait with which he crossed those floors in his dutiful visits to the grandmaternal mansion, for the "dark spots" were at irregular distances from each other. As for the Spectator's sister, she used always to wear a train gown when she visited the grandmother, and as she stepped across the polished floors of the halls she would contrive to stoop stealthily and wipe out with the end of her train whatever traces of dust her youthful feet had left upon the shining surface. The grandmother's feet, for some mysterious reason, never left any traces of dust anywhere. But the Spectator cannot remember that either he or his sister ever saw anything humorous in their efforts—at that time.

The Spectator begins to feel that this is a dangerous topic for him to dwell on. In the first place, by virtue of his sex, he is supposed to be ignorant of what the laws of household cleanliness should be. But when it comes to a question of personal cleanliness, the Spectator knows he has a right to speak with the best, and hereby feels obliged to state that he has seen even that pleasing virtue carried too far. It is a long step from the man of more clothing than he can count to the poor man with but two changes of raiment, yet the latter, when he wears one set and himself carefully launders the other set, is more true to a high ideal of cleanliness than is his more fortunate brother whose laundress is a remote personage.

The Personation of Princes..... London Spectator

One of the special correspondents in Pekin told the world a few days ago what to us at least was new, that the Emperors of China are relieved of some of their burden of representation by doubles trained to perform the part. Servants of the Palace, carefully picked, and possibly, it may be, related in an illegitimate way to the dynasty, are carefully told what to do, and on ceremonial occasions represent the Emperor. It has often been

rumored that a device of the same kind is used to protect the Sultan, and a tale of a similar sort is going the round of the press about the German Emperor. His Majesty, it is said, wishes greatly to see the Paris Exhibition, and will see it; but as the risk is considerable he will be accompanied by detectives carefully got up to imitate him, who, when it is considered necessary, will deceive the crowd. We have not, of course, any means whatever of verifying either story, and all three may be pure inventions, but none of them is impossible or even improbable. Emperors of China must be bored to death by ceremonials and eager to shift them off on underlings, the Sultan has a horror of appearing in public, while William II. would, if we understand his character, like to do his Paris unseen and unsuspected. There is a trace of Haroun-al-Raschid about him. An accurate imitation of an individual so far as mere appearance is concerned is not very difficult, indeed in all European countries there are actors who make incomes by doing it, and in China, where the Emperor when seen in public is an impassive idol, it must be particularly easy. The heaviest objection we know of is that it must be rather a dangerous trick, as a man who could thoroughly imitate his Sovereign might be tempted, if a man of ability, to use his powers for treasonable purposes. Indeed, we rather wonder the fraud has never been attempted, as the prize to be attained would be so very great. No man, perhaps, could attempt it alone, but nobles or generals or priests who meant rebellion might use an instrument of the kind with, for a moment at all events, most startling results. Indeed, the idea has repeatedly occurred to plotters, though they have never that we can recall had the audacity to imitate an actually reigning Sovereign. Our own Yorkists set up a whole line of impostors, one of whom, known to us as Perkin Warbeck, pretended to be a son of Edward IV., and must have taken in some very great nobles. They were, no doubt, very willing to be taken in, as they wanted to continue the great tournament of aristocrats which we call the Wars of the Roses, but it is difficult to believe that they were all parties to the fraud. The case of the false Dimitri, the most successful impostor who ever lived, is well known in history. Dimitri, a son of Ivan the Terrible, had been murdered by a Pretender who seized the throne, when in 1605 it occurred to some Polish priests that if this son could be personated he might be used as a most convenient tool. They trained a young monk for the part, which he performed so well that he was accepted by the Russian people as the veritable heir of Rurik, and mounting the throne as Czar he reigned for many months, married a Polish Princess, and but for his obvious devotion to the Polish and Catholic as opposed to the Russian and Orthodox cause, might have died a reigning Czar. As it was, though no doubt suspected, he was murdered rather for his policy than for his imposture. It is possible that a very daring attempt of the same kind was made in the reign of Louis XIV. At least, as we showed in 1873, by far the most reasonable explanation of the Man in the Iron Mask is that he was a person exactly like Louis whom a group of Huguenot nobles intended to substitute for the King. Louis was bound by the traitor who informed him not to bring on his soul the stain of bloodguiltiness; but as he knew that everyone who saw the prisoner would instantly recognize the likeness, and as he dreaded a repetition of the attempt, the most jealous precautions were taken against his being seen even by the common soldiers, who all knew the King's face upon the coins.

Considering the immensity of the stake that might be played for, especially in Asia, and the certainty that almost any man can be imitated by a particular variety of actor, and the frequency of successful imposture of the kind in private life, we cannot but wonder that of recent years the attempt has never been made—except in Mr. Hope's kingdom of Ruritania—and cast about for a sufficient reason. The fact that a Sovereign is so prominent a person is not quite adequate as an explanation. Kings are not really well known except to a few, and one can conceive of those few being very willing to be silent. During the last months of the reign of the last King of Bavaria, even his Ministers would not have been sorry if they could have produced a person in whom Bavarians would believe, and who would leave themselves some reasonable security for their lives and fortunes. We can conceive of a bigoted party in China, tormented with a reforming Emperor, who would lend themselves very readily to such a plot, and keep it up for years; nor if the Sultan suddenly began threatening his immediate "entourage" would the scheme be wholly outside credence. It might be safer than suiciding him. The grand obstacle, we fancy, would be to find an instrument competent to the part. Fifty actors would believe that they could personate a King's appearance where not one would be sure that he could act as a King for months, or perhaps years. He would distrust his own adequacy, his own range of knowledge, especially of regal etiquettes, his own power of playing the King when not upon the public stage. He would expect to fail, and dread the revolt which would instantly follow detection. At least he would think it would follow, though it might not if he were popular.

Treasure Trove: Old Favorites Recalled

Sonnet LXXXVIII*.....*Edmund Spenser

Like as the culver on the bared bough
  Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
  For his return that seems to linger late;
So I, alone, now left disconsolate,
  Mourn to myself the absence of my love,
And, wandering here and there, all desolate,
  Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.
No joy of aught that under heaven doth hove
  Can comfort me but her own joyous sight,
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move
  In her unspotted pleasures to delight.
Dark is my day, while her fair light I miss,
And dead my life that wants such lively bliss.

The Ritter Bann*.....*Thomas Campbell*

The Ritter Bann from Hungary
  Came back, renowned in arms,
But scorning jousts of chivalry,
  And love and ladies' charms.

While other knights held revels, he
  Was wrapped in thoughts of gloom,
And in Vienna's hostelrie
  Slow paced his lonely room.

There entered one whose face he knew—
  Whose voice, he was aware,
He oft at mass had listened to,
  In the holy house of prayer.

'Twas the Abbot of St. James' monks,
  A fresh and fair old man;
His reverend air arrested even
  The gloomy Ritter Bann.

But seeing with him an ancient dame
  Come clad in Scotch attire,
The Ritter's color went and came,
  And loud he spoke in ire.

"Ha! nurse of her that was my bane.
  Name not her name to me;
I wish it blotted from my brain:
  Art poor?—take alms and flee."

"Sir Knight," the Abbot interposed,
  "This case your ear demands";
And the crone cried, with a cross enclosed
  In both her trembling hands:

"Remember, each his sentence waits;
  And he that shall rebut
Sweet Mercy's suit, on him the gates
  Of Mercy shall be shut.

"You wedded, undispensed by Church,
  Your cousin Jane in Spring;
In Autumn, when you went to search
  For Churchmen's pardoning,

"Her house denounced your marriage-band,
  Betrothed her to De Grey,
And the ring you put upon her hand
  Was wrenched by force away.

"Then wept your Jane upon my neck,
  Crying, 'Help me, nurse, to flee
To my Howel Bann's Glamorgan hills';
  But word arrived—ah me!—

"You were not there; and 'twas their threat,
  By foul means or by fair,
To-morrow morning was to set
  The seal on her despair.

"I had a son, a sea-boy, in
  A ship at Hartland Bay;
By his aid from her cruel kin
  I bore my bird away.

"To Scotland from the Devon's
  Green myrtle shores we fled;
And the Hand that sent the ravens
  To Elijah, gave us bread.

"She wrote you by my son, but he
  From England sent us word
You had gone into some far countrie,
  In grief and gloom he heard.

"For they that wronged you, to elude
  Your wrath, defamed my child;
And you—ay, blush, Sir, as you should—
  Believed, and were beguiled.

"To die but at your feet, she vowed
  To roam the world; and we
Would both have sped and begged our bread,
  But so it might not be;

"For when the snow-storm beat our roof,
  She bore a boy, Sir Bann,
Who grew as fair your likeness proof
  As child e'er grew like man.

" 'Twas smiling on that babe one morn,
  While heath bloomed on the moor,
Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn
  As he hunted past our door.

"She shunned him, but he raved of Jane,
  And roused his mother's pride;
Who came to us in high disdain—
  'And where's the face,' she cried,

" 'Has witched my boy to wish for one
  So wretched for his wife?—
Dost love thy husband? Know, my son
  Has sworn to seek his life.'

"Her anger sore dismayed us,
  For our mite was wearing scant,
And, unless that dame would aid us,
  There was none to aid our want.

"So I told her, weeping bitterly,
  What all our woes had been;
And, though she was a stern ladie,
  The tears stood in her een.

"And she housed us both, when, cheerfully
  My child to her had sworn,
That even if made a widow, she
  Would never wed Kinghorn."—

*Printed by request.

Here paused the nurse, and then began
The Abbot, standing by:—
"Three months ago a wounded man
To our abbey came to die.

"He heard me long, with ghastly eyes
And hand obdurate clenched,
Speak of the worm that never dies,
And the fire that is not quenched.

"At last by what this scroll attests
He left atonement brief,
For years of anguish to the breasts
His guilt had wrung with grief.

" 'There lived,' he said, 'a fair young dame
Beneath my mother's roof;
I loved her, but against my flame
Her purity was proof.

" 'I feigned repentence, friendship pure;
That mood she did not check,
But let her husband's miniature
Be copied from her neck,

" 'As means to search him; my deceit
Took care to him was borne
Nought but his picture's counterfeit,
And Jane's reported scorn.

" 'The treachery took: she waited wild;
My slave came back and lied
Whate'er I wished; she clasped her child,
And swooned, and all but died.

" 'I felt her tears, for years and years,
Quench not my flame, but stir;
The very hate I bore her mate
Increased my love for her.

" 'Fame told us of his glory, while
Joy flushed the face of Jane;
And while she blessed his name, her smile
Struck fire into my brain.

" 'No fears could damp; I reached the camp,
Sought out its champion;
And if my broad-sword failed at last,
'Twas long and well laid on.

" 'This wound's my meed, my name's Kinghorn,
My foe's the Ritter Bann.'—
The wafer to his lips was borne,
And we shrived the dying man.

"He died not till you went to fight
The Turks at Warradein;
But I see my tale has changed you pale."—
The Abbot went for wine;

And brought a little page who poured
It out, and knelt and smiled;—
The stunned knight saw himself restored
To childhood in his child;

And stooped and caught him to his breast,
Laughed loud and wept anon,
And with a shower of kisses pressed
The darling little one.

"And where went Jane?"—"To a nunnery, Sir—
Look not again so pale—
Kinghorn's old dame grew harsh to her,"
And she has ta'en the veil!"—

"Sit down, Sir," said the priest, "I bar
Rash words."—They sat all three,

And the boy played with the knight's broad star
As he kept him on his knee.

"Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,"
The Abbot further said;
"Time draws a veil o'er beauty's face
More deep than cloister's shade.

"Grief may have made her what you can
Scarce love perhaps for life."
"Hush, Abbot," cried the Ritter Bann,
"Or tell me where's my wife."

The priest undid two doors that hid
The inn's adjacent room,
And there a lovely woman stood,
Tears bathed her beauty's bloom.

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumbered hours of pain;
Such was the throb and mutual sob
Of the Knight embracing Jane.

Counsel*.....*M. E. M. Davis

If thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell should be—
Press thou his hand in thine; how can'st thou tell
How far from thee

Fate or Caprice may lead his feet
Ere that to-morrow come? Men have been known
Lightly to turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears,
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true
The palm of him who goeth forth. Unseen
Fate goeth, too!

Yea, find thou always time to say
Some earnest word betwixt the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk.

The Quiet Life*.....*Alexander Pope

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mixed, sweet recreation
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

Animal Life: Stories, Studies and Sketches

Remarkable Habits of Ants.....A. Hyatt Verrill....Popular Science

Although our northern ants are so interesting, it is in the warmer portions of the world that their most remarkable habits are shown. In Texas the "agricultural ant" raises regular crops of certain species of grass, the seeds of which they harvest and store in well-constructed granaries. Their little farms are very carefully tended, all weeds and encroaching plants carefully destroyed and the soil kept loose and manured.

The "army ants" of tropical America are remarkable mainly for the immense numbers in which they travel from place to place, devouring every particle of animal food in their path. Sometimes in the course of their marches they enter houses, and, although the occupants are obliged to vacate for the time being, they welcome the visit of the ants, as upon their departure they are sure to leave the dwelling free from roaches, rats, mice and all other vermin. Apparently these army ants do not possess the sense of smell, for walking-leaves and walking-sticks frequently save their lives by remaining motionless when overtaken by the army, the ants even passing over them, evidently unaware of the food hidden by the semblance of leaf or twig.

A relative of the army ant and found in the same localities is known as the "Leaf-carrier." These little fellows march along in single file, each one carrying a triangular piece of green leaf above his head. The pieces of leaf are used in building their home and cultivating a sort of fungus used as food, and only one kind of leaf is used apparently. Frequently the ants are obliged to travel several miles in order to secure the leaves, and the endless procession of moving bits of green, winding up hill and down dale along a well-worn path, presents a curious appearance.

The most wonderful habit recorded of any ant, however, is beyond doubt that of an Asiatic species which lives in nests constructed of leaves fastened together with silk. Whereas the adult ants have no means of spinning this silk themselves, their young possess a small quantity which they use in forming cocoons, within which they change to pupæ. Their parents avail themselves of this in a manner so remarkable as to be scarcely credible. While several individuals hold the edges of two leaves together, another member of the colony grasps a larva in his jaws and rubs its mouth along the seam, when the young immediately excretes its silk in a sticky fluid state. As soon as the supply of one larva is exhausted, another is brought, and the operation repeated until the seams are all safely and strongly glued together by the aid of this living mucilage.

The Loligo Cuttle.....Matthias Dunn.....Contemporary Review

The largest loligo I have seen measured three feet eight inches without attempting to stretch its tentacles. Like the fishes, they seem to sleep with one eye closed at a time, as I have seen them resting on the sea-bottom for this purpose; and when the bait fell near the sleeping side it was unobserved, but when dropped on the other it was gripped at once.

Their enemies are all the carnivorous fishes, which they often evade either by evolution, fight or mimicry; for all of which devices they have some special adaptations. In the first instance, they have two tough flexible fins or wings, high on the back, which enable them to swim forward or backward without turning, which is an accommodation of great utility in either attack or retreat. Then, their eyes are so situated as almost to command a circle; this also in a fight is invaluable, for they can see all their enemies and know their power, and can advance or retire as the occasion may require. Then, besides their ink bag, they have a very muscular siphon enabling them to shoot their enemies in the air some ten feet and in the sea some three or four feet away.

Not long ago a friend of mine saw a skirmish between a loligo and its enemy in which the cuttle came off the victor. He was fishing in the clear water of Mevagissey Bay, and, wishing to catch a John Dorée, he tied the end of his line to the tail of a live young sea bream and threw it into the sea. Now a Dorée is very fond of living food, and likes to swallow it head foremost. This suits the fisherman, as when devoured in this form the spines of the bream acts as hooks to the fisherman's line, and are sure to bring all on board.

The bream had not got far down in the sea before a cuttle saw it, and quickly fastened on to the back of its neck; and before any steps were taken to scare it away, a large Dorée was seen coming to the front. There was no doubt or hesitation about its purpose, for it was seen that it desired to swallow the lot, as it was quietly going forward all the time, but taking a side view as the opportunity best offered. When about five feet from its quarry there was a violent rush on it, with jaws wide open, but there was just as quick action on the other side, for the contents of the

ink bag were as quickly shot into the open mouth. In an instant, with the impetus of the rush, the Dorée was in a cloud of thick darkness and the cuttle slunk away out of sight.

The Dorée made its appearance out of the muddle in a dreadful state; its eyes rolled as if in terror, and its beautiful olive skin had turned deadly pale, while its coughing and fuming was something to be remembered, black matter being again and again expectorated from gills and mouth. It was really thought that the creature was about to die, and the gaff was got ready to take it on board, for it had floated up within four feet of the boat, but noting her outline it gently sank into the depths below.

When gaffing the cuttle for bait, the face of the fishermen—unless he has something white about him—is always the loligo's target for shooting out of water.

I once remember having a noted London doctor out at sea for a little amateur fishing. He would like to see a loligo cuttle caught, he said. I warned him of what was likely to happen when gaffing was on, but he did not care. "Surely," he said, "I can dodge such guess-work as this must be for so short a time." I felt dubious as to the result, seeing his white shirt was a prominent object through his having such an open vest. Finally a cuttle took the bait, and as I drew it toward us the doctor lost all thought of himself and his adornments in his admiration of the movements and the beautiful eyes of the creature, when in an instant, as I gaffed it, the whole ink charge struck him in the throat.

Mason Bees*.....*Scientific American Supplement

The chalicodomæ well merit the name of "mason bees," bestowed upon them by Reaumur before the establishment of the binonical system. In fact, they construct dwellings with genuine mortar that are so strong that it requires the use of an iron instrument to make an incision in them. These nests are established upon stones or, oftener, upon walls having a southern exposure, and somewhat resemble pellets of mud scattered about as if they had been thrown by the wheels of carriages or the feet of horses. The masons are so particular as to the solidity of their habitations that they refrain from attaching them to rough-plastered walls, and take care to construct them upon bare stones rather than upon the cement that binds the latter together. Moreover, for the establishment of their nests, they always select a place where the latter can be most firmly attached, and prefer to build in angles formed by plinths, cornices and entablatures and in the projections of windows.

As noted by Fabricius, the chalicodomæ employ as a building material marl mixed with a little sand and kneaded with their own saliva. Damp places, which would facilitate the exploitation and diminish the amount of saliva used for mixing the mortar, are shunned by the chalicodomæ, which refuse to use fresh earth for building, just as human builders reject decomposed plaster and lime that has been slaked for a long time. Such materials, full of pure humidity, would not set properly. What the insects want is a dry powder which quickly absorbs the disgorged saliva, and, with the albuminous principles of the liquid, forms a sort of Roman cement that quickly hardens—something comparable to the cement that is obtained with quicklime and the white of an egg.

The body of the male chalicodomæ is covered with velvety hairs of quite a bright ferraginous red. In the females the hairs are of a beautiful velvety black, and the wings of a dark violet.

The nest building is done by the females alone. They betake themselves to a dry place, prepare some cement, and form therewith a pellet about the size of a rabbit shot, which they carry away between their mandibles to the place selected as the site of their nest. Upon reaching this, they deposit the pellet upon the wall and spread it out into a circular form. They then collect grains of sand or gravel and insert them in the soft mass. In order to effect a saving in labor and mortar, the insects employ coarse sand, the grains of which are to it genuine blocks of hewn stones. Of these it selects such as are very hard and are almost always provided with angles, which, when properly arranged with respect to each other, concur in giving the whole the necessary solidity. Layers of mortar, sparingly interposed, cement the grains together. The exterior of the cell thus assumes the aspect of a piece of rustic architecture in which the stones project with their natural inequalities; but the interior, which requires a smoother surface, so that the tender skin of the insect shall not be injured, is finished with a coat of pure mortar. This internal coating is deposited roughly, and so the worm, after the paste of honey is finished, makes a cocoon for itself and upholsters the rough wall of its dwelling with silk.

After the chalicodomæ has established its pellet of mud, it begins to excavate a small hole in its upper surface, and scrapes the mud away from the centre toward the margin by means of its jaws, so that the cavity at length has the form of a thimble. After this cup is finished, the insect abandons its occupation of mason, and proceeds to collect the food for its future progeny.

It is then seen flitting about among the flowers

and plunging eagerly into those of the broom, whence it soon makes its exit with its crop filled with honey and its body covered with pollen. As soon as it reaches its cell, it thrusts its head into it, disgorges its honey and then carefully brushes itself so as to cause the pollen to fall into the cavity. After this operation is finished, it is seen to enter the cavity again in order to mix the honey with the pollen and make a very homogeneous paste of it. Then it flies away again in search of more food.

When the cell is half full, the insect deposits an egg therein and immediately proceeds to close the dwelling with a cover of pure mortar, which it constructs progressively from the circumference to the centre. Two days suffice for this work.

Immediately after this the mason constructs, directly against the first, a second cell and then a third, and so on up to eight or ten cells. Although these cells are closed on every side, they would, considering the slight thickness of the cover, doubtless soon break into fragments through the heat of summer or be completely demolished by the rains of autumn or frosts of winter were not some measures taken to prevent it. So the insect takes care not to leave them in this state. After all the cells are finished, it constructs over the entire group a thick cover, which, being formed of a material impervious to water, and also being a poor conductor of heat, protects the whole against dampness, heat and cold.

This material is the usual mortar, that is to say, earth tempered with saliva, but in this case unmixed with grains of sand. It is applied pellet by pellet, until a layer nearly half an inch in thickness is formed upon the mass of cells, which finally disappear completely in the centre of the covering. This done, the nest has the form of a dome equal in size to half of an orange.

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*Animal Scavengers.....The National Druggist**

Let us take the jackal, for instance, that Bohemian of the desert, whose vast domain embraces Persia, Arabia, Babylonia, Syria, Egypt, a part of Asia Minor and the whole North African coast, whose nightly lamentations may be heard anywhere from the Gulf of Persia to the Strait of Gibraltar. He swarms in Abyssinia and in the Sahara, and travels, like one possessed, from Barbary to the Cape of Good Hope. Were it not for the cold, his howling race would overrun the globe. Naturalists tell us that driven by hunger he will sometimes even attack man, but this is assuredly most rare. Living, as he does, on animal offal, he is less an assassin than thief, less a slayer than a glutton on putrid meat. More prompt at flight than in attack, he shrieks rather to encourage himself than to intimidate the world, with the strange and uncouth sounds with which he burdens the night winds. Like the hyena, his filthy companion, the jackal is a most valuable agent of public salubrity, a most important functionary of what we might call the African "commission of public highways."

While a mighty swallower of carrion and indefatigable picker of putrid carcasses, the jackal is, however, by no means averse to a bit of fresh meat occasionally. He is, in fact, the legendary "purveyor for the lion," and in this way: He, or they, for they rarely "work this trick" alone, first arouse the quarry by their peculiar and distressing howlings or screechings (or both, for the cry of the jackal is neither the one nor the other, and yet a mixture of both—a "voix lamentable," as described by a French author). The monarch, thoroughly advised as to what the racket is about, quits his lair and presents himself to the view of his beaters. His bearing and mien is anything but satisfactory to them. He admonishes them to begone, and not again to disturb his rest, and they heed the admonition. Silence reigns where but a moment before the noise resembled pandemonium let loose, and the jackals slink into outer darkness. Then Leo turns his attention to the game, and soon brings it low—and eats all of it, or all that he wants. "Ego nominor Leo" is his motto, and the jackals have the bones, bare, possibly, but still smelling of fresh meat.

He is a strange brute, the jackal, as anybody who has ever passed a "first night" in Africa can tell. All is silent, the sky full of palpitant stars, and the weary traveler is composing himself to his first sweet sleep in the desert, when suddenly there comes from beyond the scope of the firelight a mournful, despairing cry. It scarcely ceases before it is echoed from a thousand throats, in hideous intensity—a commingling of noises unlike anything else in Nature, piercing the ear-drums, mournful beyond description, and at the same time blood-curdling. It vibrates amid the rocks, undulates over the sand, and fills the void immense—a "De profundis" of the desert. The vultures, visible all the day, have gone to rest, and the jackals have taken their places. The scavengers have come from their caverns in the rocks, their burrows in the earth, from here, there and everywhere, to commence their night service in the interests of hygiene, and to relieve the "day turn" of the vultures.

To appreciate the work done by these scavengers let us take a glance at a typical African

*Translated from Les Fauves Chiffonniers, by Filbert Dumonteil.

village at nightfall, and the same by early morning light. The European traveler, approaching such a village for the first time, and viewing it from afar, is charmed and delighted at the scene —the little huts, lying in shadow beneath the huge forest trees, look cool and inviting, and seem to promise the tired traveler a comfortable night's rest. Approach, however, quickly disenchants. The straggling areas between the huts, called, for want of a more appropriate name, streets, are reeking with all manner of filth and abomination —horrible beyond description. If the traveler enters a hut it is merely to find that he has escaped from stenches in the outer air to get into worse inside. He passes the night as best he can, his ears constantly assailed by the groanings, the growlings, howlings and snappings of wild beasts, to come outside in the early dawn and witness a transformation scene. A miracle has been worked during the night—every particle of offensive matter had disappeared, with all the horrid effluvia of the night before.

In the oases of the desert, as soon as night falls (which is with the going down of the sun, there being little or no twilight), the human ear is assailed by a deep and peculiarly grating sound, that comes from the hot barren sands surrounding one, outside the range of vision. It swells and grows, as it comes nearer, and soon the light of the camp fire shows, dimly, horrid shapes by the hundreds, and sometimes thousands, seated outside the area of brightness, gnashing their teeth and licking their chops in anticipation of the time when sleep shall have overcome the travelers and they can make a rush in and gather up any garbage thrown away.

They are hyenas, fearful to look on, but rarely dangerous to man. If there be a settlement on the oasis they overrun its streets and alleys, their hides reeking with filth; they howl and whine and yelp and bark, they fight each other for a bit of filth, and, as long as a particle of garbage remains, they rampage up and down in search of it. The first sign of dawn, which is followed almost immediately with the rising of the sun, they vanish, disappear, and seek the desert caves, there to digest their ignoble feast.

They have accomplished their mission well, however, in the meantime. The village garbage heap, piled no matter how high with the débris of a day—dead dogs or cats or fowls—sometimes a dead donkey, all the scrapings and unnamable garbage of the town—has vanished as completely as the beasts that cleaned it up. Not a little bit of a squirrel bone, not the wing of a locust, or a dead grasshopper remains! The people inhabiting the country have no fear of them, and travelers soon learn to look on their horrible and menacing grins, their bristled hair and burning eyes, as the harmless threats of cowards afraid of their own shadows. One man with a stout stick can (and frequently does) put to flight hundreds of them.

In spite of his great usefulness to man the hyena is abhorred. A coward, he never attacks a living animal unless it is weakened by sickness or enfeebled by wounds, and, even then, never directly, but always by stratagem or ruse. Sometimes he snatches an infant and carries it away, but it is said that he never kills his prey, carrying it to his burrow or den, and waiting for it to die and putrefy before venturing to mutilate its body. Yet he is a powerful brute, and if his courage equaled his strength he would be the most terrible wild beast of the desert. Like the jackal, he is timid to the utmost degree. The pair suit each other admirably—the one howls and the other makes frightful grimaces to scare his enemies. The hyena never attempts to put an enemy to flight in any other way than by making himself look fierce and terrible. He "wrinkles up his horrid brow with Olympian anger," displays his teeth and snaps them together in well-dissembled fury; he sticks out his muzzle, raises his coarse and filthy mane (as much in fear as in rage), advances his shoulders an inch or two, as though he were about to make a charge on his adversary, yet a sharp "scat!" or even the motion of raising the arm, causes him to vanish in the desert with the speed of the wind. His bravery is all feigned—a by-play, repeated again and again with every chance meeting with man. No doubt, could he talk, he would shout: "Look on me and prepare to meet your God! See how terrible I am, O miserable scullion of a human being, and desist from opposing me!"

The American Saddle Horse.....John Gilmer Speed.....Ainslee's

Almost any active horse that is not too heavy in weight or too long on the back, can be converted by a patient and skilful rider into a good saddle horse. A good saddle horse nowadays must walk, trot, canter and gallop. These are all natural gaits to all horses, so that any ordinarily active horse can be more or less perfected in them. But more was needed in the time of our great grandfathers when long journeys had to be made over roads which were not much better than trails. Then the amble was considered desirable, and later a much pleasanter gait, which is called the running-walk. The amble is a slow pace, a gait where the progression is secured by the feet on the same side moving forward at the same time. This amble had been held in

esteem in Europe since the middle ages. At that time abbots and other monks took journeys on ambling jennets, and ladies also preferred such a mount. We read also of ambling palfreys which the knights used before mounting their chargers for battle or for tilt. The saddle horses in America in the colonial time were of the palfrey kind, and they were considered very excellent. Silas Dean, who with Dr. Franklin represented the colonies in France during the Revolutionary War, expressed a wish that he had such a horse to give, presumably, to Marie Antoinette. "I wish," he said, "I had one of your best saddle horses, of the American or Rhode Island breed —a present of that kind would be money well laid out with a certain personage."

The amble pushed faster came to be the pace, and it is probably true that there were pacing races under saddle before we had trotting races. These, by the way, were also always under saddle until well along in the nineteenth century—even into the second half of it. But the pace is not a nice gait, either in harness or under the saddle, and it is not held in high esteem except by those who use phenomenally fast horses for exhibition and gambling purposes. That there is pacing blood in many of our best trotting families there can be no doubt. It is also true that pacers have been converted into trotters, just as baritones have been changed into tenors; but these facts do not in the least prove that the trotter owes the capacity to trot to pacing blood; that conclusion from the facts is not fairer than to say that the trotter owes the trot to the thoroughbred blood, and in spite of occasional pacing strains. At any rate, the modern American saddle horse—the best saddle horse anywhere to be found—is not indebted to the pacer to any extent. Nowadays none but a bumpkin would ride a pacing horse, and even the amble is quite out of fashion even in those sections of the country where men ride on horseback for business purposes, and have no desire to get greatly heated by exercise. For fun, for the fun of riding, I think the thoroughbred is the ideal saddle horse. But the thoroughbred is not suited to all riders. Most frequently it is not up to the weight of heavy men, and then again it is too highly strung for any save a patient and expert rider. For the general rider, there has been developed in this country, chiefly in Kentucky, an American saddle horse in every way admirable. This horse is at least half bred, and often three-quarters bred. It is the product of thoroughbred blood, and some old Kentucky strains—Denmarks and Drennons. These horses are capable of high education, and become very accomplished, besides being active, symmetrical and gentle. It used to be that at every country fair in Kentucky they had rings for combination horses, that is, horses good both in harness and under the saddle. It may be that such is still the case. I have seen the same horse take three premiums in three classes—the best driving horse, the best saddle horse, and the best combination horse. These Kentucky saddle horses twenty years ago were accomplished in many gaits—the walk, the running walk, the trot, the rack or single foot, the canter and the gallop—and they were fine and useful animals in every sense. Recently, and especially for the Eastern market, these gaits have been curtailed to the walk, canter and gallop, and it has not been considered necessary to break a horse intended for the saddle to harness, the mistaken idea prevailing that to drive a horse will injure his saddle gaits. This idea is the veriest nonsense. Each new accomplishment helps a horse in his others. It is on a par with the idea that an English-speaking person knowing French should not attempt to learn German, or Spanish or Italian or Russian. The more a horse knows the greater is the facility with which each gait is accomplished. Those who keep the best saddle horses are not interested in the economic side of having a horse that is a Jack-of-all-trades, for they can have as many horses as they choose. I am not even sure that these various accomplishments add to a horse's selling value; but when a man keeps only one or two horses it is very agreeable to be able to do anything and all things at convenience.

These admirable saddle horses are the result of the same kind of breeding as that which has produced the trotter. Not nearly so much attention has been paid to it, for there has never been a chance for such great rewards. Phenomenally fast and promising trotting horses have sold for prices exceeding $50,000, and one, I believe, brought $100,000. A stiff price for a saddle horse is $750, though I have known one to be sold for $3,000. For the same reason there has not been so much speculation as to the genesis of the saddle horses. As a rule, we judge a saddle horse by the capacity of the individual, and do not bother about the pedigree, therefore pedigrees have not been preserved and no trouble taken to tamper with them. I do not know the origin and history of Denmarks and Drennons, though the records may be accessible in Kentucky; but I do know that the produce of a mare of either of these strains and a stallion, either thoroughbred or nearly so, is pretty certain to be an animal which can be fashioned into as fine a saddle horse as any one would care to ride.

Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

EDITED BY ROBERT BLIGHT.

For any one who loves the plants, but has not either the time or the courage to attack the study of the whole wild flora, there is no better or more convenient a subject than that of the ferns. For the young collector who is contemplating the formation of an "herbarium" or "hortus siccus," as it is sometimes called, there is no more fitting plant on which to try his skill than one of the medium-sized ferns. The dweller in the country is surrounded by them, and the inhabitant of the city has not far to go to find them. They are to be found on the shady side of the road, on the edge of the woodland, in the glades of the forest, on the steep escarpment of the cliff, in the shady glens through which the streamlet brawls. W. G. Bowdoin has given an interesting account of these embodiments of grace and freshness in the following article:

Curious Facts About Ferns.....Home Magazine

Ferns are known to botanists as Cryptogams. In the place of ordinary seeds and seed-vessels they have spores and spore-cases. These spore-cases are set in clusters, called sori, resembling patches of brown or greenish-brown dust of varying arrangement, which find a place on the backs or margins of the fern leaves or fronds, and being characteristic, render the full-grown fern easily distinguishable even by those who know but little of botany. Much mystery formerly surrounded the reproduction of ferns, and 'fern-seed,' as the fern-spores were called, was once thought to possess various miraculous powers, including that of conferring invisibility. Frequent reference to this mysterious faculty is found among the early poets and other writers. Many fanciful legends were woven in regard to the curious properties that ferns were thought to possess that obtained popular credence, but which now rank with the unicorn, salamander, gryphon and other myth and fable animals which in a similar manner once inspired absolute belief. So far as mere appearances go, the fern-spore might easily be but ordinary dust, but in reality it is a magic dust, and from it, almost invisible though it be, spring the multitude of ferns that lend to summer waysides, wood-nooks and corners their decorative charms and graces. Not all the numerous spores produced by ferns reach the point of fertility, but when this is the case each atom of dust becomes a green speck, then a scale, in which root, stem and leaves are only a confused and undeveloped mass, then a bud, and as a finality, a young frond, with wondrous lifting power, pushing its crozier-like form, that is not unlike a fiddle-head, up through the earth, to quickly become thereafter one of the three thousand or more species that the world contains. Ferns are so numerous and so delicately beautiful that it seems strange that more curiosity has not been awakened in the past as to their names, characteristics, habits, distribution and the like.

We all of us owe a heavy debt to the ancient fern-world, for, lacking the gigantic carboniferous ferns, which were a distinguishing feature of the geologic age in which they flourished, we should be practically without coal and its products. We cannot fancy what would be if these ferns had not been. The little piece of shale, carelessly picked up at the coal mine, and upon which we may now trace the details of a delicate fern-leaf impression —all that now remains of the plant life of the period and which in its present form is the result of influences that were long ago prehistoric—in such a light becomes mutely eloquent and a veritable sermon in stone. Countless ages have passed, but the impression that the rock presents continues clear and sharp and is symbolic of mighty forces that give to the otherwise insignificant fragment a sublime interest that beggars adequate description. Ferns belong to one of the oldest families. They have come down the ages as fossils and as living species that have developed and survived, until they are as they are.

The number of our native ferns is not so large but that an acquaintance with more than half the species is comparatively easy. The collector who takes up with ferns will find a varying audience that will be quite continuous from the latter part of April until the middle of the following January. Perhaps the first species that he will be likely to encounter will be the great Osmundas or remnants of last year's Christmas ferns with the rolled-up fronds of this year, covered with scales that are brown or whitish in color. Young ferns presently appear thereafter with each rising sun. The Royal Fern competes with the Cinnamon Fern for precedence; among the rocks where moisture dwells the Fragile Bladder Fern unrolls its little fronds; in a less moist and exposed locality the rusty Woodsia finds a home, and in the bogs and thickets grows the curious little Adder's Tongue. With the changing months the ferns in sequence come and go. The Brake is in evidence on the shaded hills and by the lonely wood-path, spreading there its single umbrella-like frond. The Lady Fern, the Virginia Chain Fern and the Maidenhair, as well as the Mountain Spleenwort, all appear in June or soon after.

The Ostrich Fern, the Oak Fern, and some others, linger until July. August hath her fern victories no less renowned than those of the month preceding, and is especially the time that may be chosen in which to search for, with some expectation of finding, some of the rarest examples. With the advent of September the fern world generally is on the wane, and in October many of the ferns take on a cooler note that harmonizes well with the surrounding plants and trees. The evergreen ferns are chiefly noticeable in November, but they bear melancholy testimony to the passing of autumn.

One of the strangest phenomena in all the vegetable kingdom is exemplified in the phosphorescent gleam, first observed by the great Linnaeus, that certain plants, flowers and ferns give out in the dark. This luminosity, in detail and beauty resembling that which is characteristic of certain tropical fire-flies, varies in volume and brilliance and is especially noticeable after a very sunny day, but not in rainy weather. It increases in intensity during July and August, and usually first appears about half an hour after sunset, vanishing entirely at dawn. Ferns indigenous to northern India and Borneo show thus a notable phosphorescence that strikes terror into the hearts of the simple-minded natives, in whose fancy the Evil-One himself thus appears when they see the light with greenish, electric-spark tints that these ferns give out. One of our native ferns (Aspidium filix mas), the male fern, incidentally constitutes the very best vermifuge known in pharmacy. In England ferns are held in especially high estimation, and, because of their profusion, have given rise to the names of such hamlets and towns as Farnborough, Farningham, Farnhow and many others similar.

It was not until 1843 that the development of the fern was, through the aid of microscopy, first adequately and satisfactorily described and demonstrated. In the matter of size, ferns have suffered since the carboniferous days, when the Lepidodendron and Sigillaria were common growths and were in point of fact tree ferns, that stored up for us heat, light and power. Beside these giant, coal-measure ferns, even the luxuriant tropics cannot in our day compete, but, fortunately, the loss of size is not everything and all.

Mr. Bowdoin is scarcely correct in assigning Lepidodendron and Sigillaria to the ferns. The first-named was a club-moss or Lycopodium, allied to the ferns; while Sigillaria, although a Lycopodium in some points of its structure, approached the phænogams in its fructification. As for size, it may well be questioned whether there were tree ferns in carboniferous days any larger than some now found in the tropics. Wallace found specimens in the Malayan Archipelago thirty feet high, and instances have been recorded in which these beautiful plants reached the height of even eighty feet.

Ferns are not only delightful objects of study, but they are also most interesting plants for cultivation. Any one, even in the densest part of the city, who has a shady yard, can build up a rockwork where several beautiful species will flourish; while no plant excels them for indoor cultivation, if only due care is taken. As an ornament to the dwelling-room, they are the very embodiment of grace and beauty. And, while speaking of cultivation, let us take especial notice of the following extract which tells of an attempt to bring into greater prominence the cultivation of the rose, which has hitherto been left too much to the professional florist.

To Champion the Rose*.....*Philadelphia Press

The "American Rose Society" for the development and cultivation of the beautiful "Queen of Flowers" was organized in New York last winter to increase the general interest in the cultivation and to improve the standard of excellence of the rose; to foster, stimulate and increase the production in every possible way of improved varieties of roses suitable to our American climate and requirements; to organize a system of exhibitions at such times and places as this society may from time to time decide on, to offer prizes of money, gold, silver and bronze medals and certificates of merit for meritorious new varieties of roses under such conditions, rules and regulations as the society may adopt.

The secretary, Mr. Paul M. Pierson, in outlining the purpose and plans of the society, said: "For many years there has been a feeling that a society, having the interest of the rose at heart, was needed, whose only object should be disinterested encouragement of effort to stimulate popular interest in the 'queen of flowers.' When finally the project took practical form, a meeting was held in New York and an organization was effected, by-laws adopted, officers elected and a general line of policy was laid down for the guidance of the society. The scope and national nature is shown in the list of the officers, who come from all parts of the country. Although acquainted with the popularity of the rose, we were utterly surprised at the response to our request for members. Evidently the interest had been extended and it had only remained for some to take the initiative. Great numbers of applications poured in from all over the United States and Canada, and some even from England. It cannot be too strongly stated that the society is not formed in the interests of any class, clique or section, but it is intended solely to distinterestedly increase popular interest in the 'Queen of Flowers.'

"We hope not only to become a national, but even broader than that, a continental society, in-

cluding in its membership not only those residing in the United States, but our Canadian friends as well, and if in Mexico, Central or South America, or on our neighboring islands, there are those who love the rose and are interested in its culture, we are on a broad enough foundation to welcome them to our society. In a word, it will be the steadfast aim of those intrusted with the welfare of the organization to build on liberal lines. To this end the officers are now in correspondence with those interested in the English Rose Society, and we have the assurance of the Very Rev. Dean Hole, its distinguished president, of the heartfelt sympathy of the Rosarians among 'our kin across the sea,' and, better still, we have the promise that they will give us the benefit of their experience, and as their society has had a phenomenal success, it is but fair to assume that we shall receive much aid from their co-operation. It is not intended to simply confine ourselves to the æsthetic enjoyment of flowers. We have a practical bend and a regard for the commercial side. We propose to disseminate to our members the latest information pertaining to the rose, recommending new varieties of undoubted merit, best methods of culture, how to fight insects and fungoid pests, the proper use of manures, and other information from the pens of leading experts."

If we turn from the æsthetic, pleasurable and commercially profitably cultivation of the rose, and examine the Roseworts, the natural order to which the Queen of Flowers gives the name, we find that to it we owe some of our choicest and most useful fruits. To that order belong the plum, pear, apple, quince, raspberry, blackberry and strawberry, a long array for a single order. With regard to the apple, the following passage will be read with interest. It is taken from Mrs. C. W. Earle's gossipy and charming book:

*Apples as Food.....More Pot-Pourri**

Apples are most excellent, wholesome food. An apple is quite as nourishing as a potato, and a roast apple, with brown sugar, is a far more palatable dinner for a sick child. The following I must have copied out of some old book or newspaper: 'Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water. Furthermore, the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. This phosphorus, says The Family Doctor, is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, lethicin, of the brain and spinal cord. It is perhaps for the same reason, rudely understood, that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body. Also the acids of the apple are of great use for men of sedentary habits whose livers are sluggish in action, these acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions, and other allied troubles. Some such experience must have led to our custom of taking apple-sauce with roast pork, rich goose, and like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also the fact that such fresh fruit as the apple, the pear, the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach rather than provoke it. Their vegetable salts and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity. A ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of its digestion being completed in eighty-five minutes.

*More Pot-Pourri From a Surrey Garden. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. N. Y.: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

The extent to which the cultivation of plants is carried in order to supply the wants of man is almost incredible when reduced to statistics, and may be well illustrated by the following statements about two, which by no means enter into the necessities of life:

Almonds and Cocoanuts.....The Transcript

There are, roughly speaking, twenty-one million pounds of almonds consumed in the United States each year, some eaten with raisins, some used in the manufacture of candy, some ground for cream and flavoring extracts, and some, of an inferior quality, used for perfumery and soap. The State of California produces about fourteen million pounds of almonds in a year, or two-thirds of the amount required for domestic consumption, and the other almonds are imported from European countries from which, until a few years ago, all the almonds were sent. The figures of almond importation for the fiscal year of 1898 show importations of about seven million pounds. Of this amount four and one-half millions came from Spain, one and one-half millions from Italy, and the balance from Greece and Portugal.

Cocoanuts of the value of about $600,000 a year are imported into the United States from foreign countries or from countries which are under foreign jurisdiction at the time of the last annual treasury report. Before the beginning of the Cuban war of independence the importation of

cocoanuts from Cuba into the United States was to the value of about $200,000 a year. With the beginning of the war it declined, and under the present tariff the duty on cocoanuts further reduced the importation from Cuba, though a large increase in the shipments of cocoanuts is expected this year under American jurisdiction in Cuba and Porto Rico. The competition of American with foreign cocoanuts, the latter from the West Indies and South American States, has been more active than in the case of almonds, for the reason that the chief source of supply of American cocoanuts is Florida, which is in closer proximity to the New York market. The annual product of Florida cocoanuts amounts to about seven million pounds, of the value of about $300,000 a year, and the conditions as to almonds and cocoanuts are in this particular reversed. California produces just twice as many almonds as are imported into the United States, whereas Florida produces just one-half as many cocoanuts.

Florists have effected a remarkable alteration in the form, color and size of the carnation. This change is admirably dealt with in this article:

Evolution of the New Carnation*.....*Harper's Bazar

"The carnation pink belongs to the genus Dianthus, meaning 'Flower of Jove.' From its delicate grace, its regularity, its delicious clovelike fragrance, and its variety of color and readiness to bloom it is a wonderful favorite. It is a more democratic flower than the rose; it is the people's flower, and may be bought at every street stand. With ordinary care the cut carnations will hold their color and fragrance for weeks, being therefore very desirable for decorative use in hot rooms, where other flowers would wilt. The ease with which they can be cultivated makes them the most welcome of our flower friends.

"Carnation is a misnomer, for two hundred and fifty millions annually are white. The progenitor, Dianthus caryophyllus, still found in old-fashioned gardens, has white, red or yellow petals, each raised upon a long 'claw,' or handle. The genus includes our common Deptford pink and sweet-william. Chickweeds, sandworts and arenarias are humble relatives of the stately carnations, while bouncing-bet is a vulgar copy. By cultivation and process of hybridization, our florists evolve magnificent blossoms out of simple beginnings. By natural or artificial means the pollen, or microspores, of the anthers of one flower are brought into contact with the sigmas of the flowers of another plant, the seed, while maturing, being carefully watched and nurtured. Thus the grand hybrid blooms of to-day have been evolved, and with their petals, including transformed stamens and pistils, are greatly enlarged and multiplied to the number of fifty or more. In the multiplication of petals the strain upon the calyx cup becomes very great. It must not, however, break and let the petals fall in a slovenly manner. This is prevented by a corresponding development of the underlying bracts, which grow longer, stronger and more numerous than in the original type.

"Carnations can be started from seeds or small plants. If by seeds, buy a packet from any reliable place and plant in light, sandy soil in March. This can be done in a cool but sunny room, in boxes, quite without the aid of a cold frame. Transplant to the garden in May, setting the plants ten inches apart. Pinch off the first buds and let the plants gather strength before beginning to make bloom. Water not too freely, but sprinkle often; keep from heavy winds, and the bed will bloom from early August until the time of heavy frosts. A slight frost will not trouble carnations in any stage of their existence. The same plants will bloom a second summer if they are covered through the winter, after which they must be thrown away. If wanted for winter blooming, keep back the flowers by cutting off the buds as fast as they show themselves; pot early in the fall, keep in the shade a while, then give plenty of sun and water. In the bottoms of the pots let there be an inch of broken bits of pottery, in order to secure perfect drainage. The secret of successful cultivation of carnations is light watering and perfect drainage. They will not thrive where water is allowed to stand, because all plants take in and transpire water from their leaves. Our pinks possess narrow, rigid leaves, presenting a small surface for evaporation and a limited capacity on the part of the roots for sucking in water. The carnation likes a dry, well-drained soil, and a moist, cool atmosphere. The ground should be enriched now and then with liquid manure; the plants should be often sprayed to keep them from insects. Carnations are probably the only flowers that can be shipped and carried to market, hundreds of miles, without moisture. If the plants have become too dry, they will quickly recover with a little wetting.

"Young plants can be obtained, already started, for spring transplanting, fine varieties, at prices ranging from one to six dollars a dozen. The treatment should be the same as for one's own seedlings. The industry connected with the cut carnation flowers in America amounts to over three million dollars annually. Florists who make them a specialty ship thousands daily during the winter season to our city markets."

Sport, Recreation and Adventure

Golf and Morality.....Rev. S. D. McConnell..... .....Outlook

Our forebears prayed and cleared the ground, leveled the hills and bridged the rivers, fought Indians and discussed theology, talked politics and went to law. But they never played. When the country had been to a degree subdued, and the people had begun to grow rich, they still felt a curious shamefacedness about taking pleasure. The genial evening dances of a continental village or the long summer evening games of an English hamlet were never transplanted to this soil. The inherited gospel of America has been a gospel of work. Fathers kept their boys at work for work's own sake. The autobiographies of self-made Americans record with gratitude that in their youth they had no time to play. Until baseball came in, within the memory of men yet in vigorous life, there was not only no "National game," but playing was not the national habit. Up to twenty years ago there was hardly a place or a society in this country where a grown man could openly set about to play without doing violence to the established prejudice, and without a certain sense of personal shame. He might go to the theatre after his day's work was done. He might escape to the wilderness out of the sight of men and disport himself with rod and gun. But frankly and openly to set about to amuse himself he did not dare.

But within the last score of years we have passed into a new social order. A leisure class has arisen which has time to play. The old prejudice against pleasure as being intrinsically evil has broken down nearly everywhere. The Puritan Sabbath has been definitely renounced. The holiness of work for its own sake and the unholiness of pleasure on its own account have both come to be questioned by the people everywhere. With our characteristic lack of moderation, we threaten to become a people who live for pleasure. We have already come to be the greatest theatre and play-going people in the world. The bicycle has tolled off old men and maidens, young men and children, into the country by the tens of thousands on Sundays, holidays, and in every spare hour. The automobile is getting ready to carry a new multitude in search of new recreation. Summer vacations are growing longer and are more generally taken. The hours of labor are being steadily shortened. Summer playgrounds are being equipped and maintained for even the children of the poor.

On the very topmost crest of this wave of movement golf rides. It is an institution which marks an epoch. It came in the fullness of time. It requires more leisure than any other amusement, not even excepting cricket. It costs more money than any other. It requires more time, care, preparation, provision, than any other. It was not possible in any general way until a whole mass of prejudice, custom and tradition had been melted away. It stands pre-eminent as the exponent of a new era. Its devotees are the priests and priestesses of a new cult. I have no idea how many golf links there are in this country, and still less idea how many people disport themselves upon them. But I venture the assertion that the golf-players present an average of intelligence, position, influence and wealth far beyond that of the frequenters of any other game. They are, as a matter of fact, making public opinion and fixing social customs in a way and to an extent which few of them realize. In one most important particular they have it in their power to make custom, which is more powerful than law. That is concerning the treatment of Sunday. And allow me to say that I am writing, not as a parson, but as a golf-player. But "Sunday" is a good deal more of an institution than every one realizes. It is probably by far the most popular institution in the country. If its maintenance were put to vote, the "plébiscite" would be practically unanimous. Priest and presbyter, workman and lounger, butcher, baker and candlestick-maker—all would give it their suffrage. The hebdomadal free day, the day whereupon tasks may be laid down and on which competition shall let up, is one of the valued possessions of the people. Probably it has contributed more than any other single influence to make us what we are. The philosophic historian might draw out a very pretty moral of the effect of the conventional "Sunday inspection," "Sunday parade," Sunday bath and dress—in a word, of the weekly return of all the people to cleanliness and self-respect.

Straight Shooting.....R. B. Townshend.....Nineteenth Century

I remember riding with my partner up a valley in the Sierra Antonio in the dusk of evening. I was in the lead and John was riding behind with the pack animals. Suddenly, I heard him getting off his horse, and turning in the saddle, I saw him, almost before he reached the ground, raise his rifle and fire. He had spotted a single doe standing almost invisible in the twilight on the hillside across the gulch a hundred

and fifty yards away, and, despite the bad light, with one quick shot he dropped her. Of course, I do not mean to say that there was anything out of the way about this performance, but it was good work, as every practical hunter will recognize. And it is when he is called upon for this kind of work, that the target shot finds he has to make a novel effort to adjust himself to the quick aim demanded. Shooting at game, not at targets, had been the education of the bulk of the men in Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Probably not one in twenty of them had ever fired a military rifle at 800 yards before he enlisted. Yet they gave no bad account of themselves in the trenches at Santiago.

When I came back from the West to live at home here in England, where you cannot very well send a boy out armed with a rifle to shoot squirrels as a part of his education, it made me feel sorry to think so few English boys were in the way to grow up good riflemen. I found, however, that something at least could be done to remedy this by very simple means. After all, the one essential thing in field shooting is the practised celerity of hand and eye that brings backsight, foresight and object swiftly into line and squeezes the trigger instanter. Very useful practice in this art may be had with so simple a weapon as an air-gun, such as may be bought for twenty or thirty shillings. You can make your own targets by drawing circles the size of a penny on any odd blank pieces of paper, and the drawing can be done in no time with a paint-brush and some ink. The backs of the sheets of foolscap on which this article is now being written will soon be so covered, I hope. Paste a sheet of these on the side of an old cardboard box stuffed with shavings or straw which will prevent the slugs rebounding all about the place. The beginner has to be taught first to lay his aim correctly so as to hit the circle, but, as soon as he can do this, it is best to avoid getting into the habit of lingering on the aim, and to try speed shooting instead, which is the closest approximation I can find to field work. It can be tried alone, but it is preferable in company, when one holds the watch, and there are two or more to shoot. Put ten slugs convenient on a table or trestle beside each shooter, who is to stand at the ready with his gun loaded. The man with the watch keep his eye on the second hand till it reaches 60 and then says "go." The shooter aims and fires, and reloads and fires again, as fast as he can, for exactly one minute, while the man with the watch tells him how the enemy goes. "Five seconds gone—fifteen gone—twenty-five, etc.—fifty-five, six, seven, eight, nine—time!" Then you reckon up how many bullets have been fired and how many hits scored, after which you paste on fresh circles and try it again. Always shoot at a clean mark and then you know exactly what you have done. To get off seven or eight aimed shots within the sixty seconds requires good average care and dexterity, nor can you afford to fumble a cartridge, if one may dignify the humble slug by such a name. Of course a magazine arm will do much more rapid work than this, but for a single-loader the average I have given above is not bad. Nine in the minute is rapid work, and I have seen ten shots fired in the time, and every shot hit the ring. You may be sure that any one who can do that would be an uncomfortably formidable opponent behind a Lee-Metford. I have known a boy who was trained thus, and he proved to be an excellent shot with the Lee-Metford from the start. Neither need the superior marksman sneer at this idea as a mere toy-gun game. It is played like a game, it is true, but that is part of the advantage of it. What is more, I have seen a man, who thought himself a good shot on the rifle range, not a little astonished at his own moderate performance when he tried to shoot at speed against the watch. Let any man, who is only accustomed to slow shooting, try it once, and he will be surprised to find the difference that it makes to him to hear a steady voice calling out the number of the seconds gone, and to have on him the feeling that he must now be quick, quick, very quick, and yet neither fumble a cartridge in his hurry, nor linger on his aim, while the effect on his nerves is more than doubled if he hears the man alongside him plugging ball after ball into the rival target. I declare that it is a most exciting game to play at, and well worth trying. Indeed, why do it only with air-guns? It can be played equally well with Morris tubes or with rifles on the range. The main recommendation of the air-gun is that you can use it in your own back garden, and that it is extremely cheap. With slugs at 1s. a thousand the cost is insignificant, while with Lee-Metford cartridges at £7 or even with Morris tube ammunition at 25s. a thousand, the expense is very perceptibly greater.

And here I fancy I can hear one of the old fogeys exclaim, "My good sir, you are wrong from the start. With your ten shots a minute you are only teaching men to waste ammunition."

The answer is that the object of practising against the watch is to acquire the habit of rapidity combined with certainty of aim. No man is compelled to fire any particular number of shots in a minute just because he can do so. If a man is fighting for his own hand, he must keep his

head cool, and judge for himself when it pays for him to "pump lead." If he is a soldier in the ranks, his business, I suppose, is to fire according to the orders he receives. Not for a moment would I deny the possibility of young soldiers wasting their ammunition if not checked, which reminds me of a story that I heard out in Colorado from a certain Ike, who had not only seen service in the army but was also a rare good hunter and plainsman. "I fought all through the Civil war," said Ike to me one day when we were talking over this very question of magazine guns and rapid firing. "I went into it in '61 and saw it clean through to '65. I carried a good old Springfield muzzle-loader right along till just before the finish. The war was fought with muzzle-loaders, though at the end they were arming the U. S. cavalry with Spencers, and some of the last raised infantry regiments had Henrys. The Henry was the old original make of Winchester. It was a sixteen or seventeen shooter and it worked much the same, only the magazine was different. You took the magazine clean out to refill it, and also there was a slit all down the magazine, so you could see just how many cartridges was lying there and tell when it was empty. I carried a Henry at the end, and this was how it was. My old regiment got most terrible used up in one of them last campaigns before Richmond, and there wasn't more than fifty of us left that wasn't either dead of wounds, or sick, or invalided out of the service; so what did they do but send us back to the base and reorganize us with a fresh lot of officers, and about nine hundred newly drafted men. They were a pretty poor lot. I tell you us fellers as had had four years of it and knew what soldiering was, we felt mighty sick at being paraded with all them last sweepings of the draft. Well, they took away our old Springfields from us, and they armed the regiment with them fine new brass-mounted Henry magazine rifles, and sent us right on the front. I liked the new gun well enough; 'twasn't a bad gun, the Henry; you hear me talk! But what I and my old chummies didn't care about was the notion of going into action alongside of them nine hundred raw recruities. We hadn't much use for them, you bet. But there was no help for it, and the General he shoved us along right up to the front, and then them recruities had to go under fire for the first time. 'Forward!' says somebody, and we run forward till we come to a pasture with a fence on the far side, and a wood beyond it. There was a good few rebel sharpshooters in that wood, and right away they begun to belt a few shots into us. We'd ought to have run on, but we all stopped. 'Fire!' says somebody, and then, Lord! but you'd ought to have heard them raw recruities whaling away. Every last man of 'em had his magazine emptied in about twenty-five seconds. Then there come a lull, for they'd all got to stop firing to onest and pull out their magazines and fill up with sixteen more cartridges. And in that lull what d'you reckon we heard? Why a noise like a hailstorm over in that wood where the rebs were. It was only the leaves and the small twigs falling down from the high tops of the trees where them recruities' bullets had gone. I reckon they must have fired about fifteen thousand rounds up there. Fell down just like rain, them leaves did. You see, fellers like that when they're excited are dead sure to fire too high. Nor they didn't scare them rebs, neither. Why, one of them darned rebel sharpshooters helloed across the pasture to us, 'Oh, Yank!' Well, many a day I'd talked with 'em like that before, across the field of battle, and so I sung out back, 'What is it, Johnny? D'you surrender?' 'Surrender, h—l!' calls out the reb. 'But, oh, Yank,' says he, 'say! Where d'you get them coffee-mills?'"

Ike paused, ruminating over the days, not so long ago, when he was an "enlisted man," a single insignificant unit in the firing line. "All the same," concluded he, "the Henry was a darned good gun, but the Winchester's a better." And when Ike said a thing like that, there was a reason for it. No rifle can be too good so long as it is placed in the right hands; but the man behind the rifle must be trained. It may or may not be advisable to "pump lead"; circumstances must decide that; but it is always essential to shoot straight. And all I would claim for the air-gun practice that I advocate is, that a man who is in earnest can thus make himself a sure shot and a quick shot at close quarters, or in other words he can ground himself thoroughly in the A B C of shooting.

Wonderful Jumping..... .....Malcolm W. Ford.....Outing

Jumping records had been at a standstill for three or four years until lately, and, although the wonderful running high-jump record of M. F. Sweeney, of 6 feet 5⅝ inches, made in New York City at the famous international games, September 21, 1895, has not been disturbed, there has been a tremendous alteration in the running broad-jump figures both in Great Britain and America. The alteration of best figures at this event commenced in the spring of 1898, when the best on record, 23 feet 6½ inches, held jointly by Charles S. Reber and W. P. Remington, was beaten by Myer Prinstein, who, at the intercollegiate games, cleared 23 feet 7¾ inches. Prin-

stein followed this up on June 11th at the New York Athletic Club games with 23 feet 8⅞ inches, which stood as the best American record until this year, when that wonderful athletic star, A. C. Kraenzlein, commenced with his great work. Kraenzlein's fame as a hurdler was unquestioned, but previous to this year he had not been noted as a broad jumper. However, when I saw him clear 23 feet 5 inches at the fall games of the New York Athletic Club, 1898, I could not help being impressed that, should he make the running broad jump a specialty, he would be the best America has yet produced. Early this season attention was called to him by his being credited with clearing 24 feet 3½ inches at one of his college meetings. Naturally this performance on his own grounds was received with some skepticism, but those who remembered his 23 feet 5 inches in a handicap competition, where he did not win, and therefore was not noticed, were not so skeptical as to the genuineness of his college jump early this year. Kraenzlein, however, set all doubts at rest by clearing at the intercollegiate games, on his first attempt, 23 feet 10½ inches, which broke the intercollegiate record, and on the second jump he did 24 feet 4¼ inches, making world's figures. On his third trial he did 24 feet 4½ inches, which is now the world's record. At these games he also broke the intercollegiate record over the high hurdles, by doing 15 2-5 seconds, which is within 1-5 of a second of his world's record.

Kraenzlein is surely one of the best specimens of an athlete the world has yet produced. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 168 pounds. The main feature of all his work is strength, and he goes into competition with an action that impresses one of his getting everything possible out of himself.

In W. J. M. Newburn Great Britain has a broad jumper to be proud of, and he holds the best British record of 24 feet ½ inch. Newburn has mighty physical proportions, and in correspondence with me he gives the following as his dimensions: Height, 6 feet 6½ inches; weight, in athletic clothes, 208 pounds; chest measurement, 42 inches; thigh, 25½ inches; calf, 16 inches; age, 24. His body is without doubt a great bunch of activity, for he is a very fast sprinter, being credited with 10 1-5 seconds for 100 yards and 16 1-5 seconds over the high hurdles, which is great going for one who does not make these events a specialty.

Newburn made his best figures at the games of Ireland against Scotland, July 16th, 1898, at Dublin, and two days later at the Mullingar games he was credited with 24 feet 6¾ inches, which, in spite of Kraenzlein's effort, would be the best had it been accepted; but it was rejected on account of there being more or less elevation to the take-off. Newburn has done nothing to speak of in an athletic way during 1899. He is a professor in Claremont College, Dublin. It is so seldom a good big man is found that some details as to his prowess in feats of activity may be interesting. While sprinting he takes the tremendous stride of a little over 10 feet, which is the longest on record for any sprinter. In running distances around half a mile an all-around runner like L. E. Myers would stride one foot longer than he would while running 100 yards. Myers used a stride 7 feet 5 inches in the latter event, but when running his best at half-mile the distance between each toe print was 8 feet 6 inches. For those who may not quite understand why it is so, it may be said that while sprinting the effort to get each stride in quickly naturally shortens the stride, more speed is obtained. although a considerable amount of power and strength has to be put in.

M. F. Sweeney put the running high-jump record four years ago to such a safe distance that few have had the temerity to think of any possible alteration in it. There are, however, two schoolboys who have each cleared 6 feet 2 1-2 inches. J. F. Spraker, of Berkeley School, did this at the interscholastic meet held at Princeton in May, 1899, and Garrett P. Serviss, of Bryant & Stratton School, won distinction with the same figures at the games of the New York Athletic Club.

In miscellaneous jumping there are a number of remarkable performances, none so much, however, as the running high and broad jumps, which are practiced much more. Ray C. Ewry, of the Chicago Athletic Association, holds the best amateur records for the standing high and broad jumps, they being 5 feet 3½ inches and 11 feet ½ inch respectively, the first being made at his home, Lafayette, Ind., May 29th, 1896, and the other being made at Asbury Park, N. J., August 9th, 1899. Ewry, when he made his first big record, was twenty-two years old, stood 6 feet 1 inch and weighed in athletic costume 165 pounds. He was always a good standing jumper, but has never done much in running jumping. He jumps with an easy swing and gives one the impression that he could better either one of his performances should he stick to them long enough. Mr. Ewry graduated from Purdue University, at Lafayette, in 1895. He is the best standing jumper that has yet come before the public.

Continuing further with miscellaneous jumping, the next important one is the running-hop-step-and-jump. With the exception of the running

high jump, this is, from an æsthetic point of view, the prettiest jumping event on the whole programme, but it is little encouraged. Just why this is so is difficult to say, unless it be for the fact that athletic programmes must be limited in length and some events must be omitted. The holder of the world's amateur record is W. McManus, Sydney, N. S. W., who, on February 7, 1893, cleared the great distance of 49 feet 2¼ inches; but that very spry American sprinter and jumper, E. B. Bloss, is only a little way behind with 48 feet 6 inches, which he did at Chicago, September 16, 1893. Bloss is a remarkable jumper when his size is considered, for he is not over 5 feet 5 inches tall, and rather stockily built. In the hop-step-and-jump he has splendid command of himself, getting in a large step in proportion to the hop and jump, this being the weak point in nearly all hop-step-and-jumpers.

The best record at the running two-hops-and-jump is 50 feet ½ inch by D. Shanahan, Limerick, Ireland, August 6, 1888, and America comes next with 49 feet ½ inch, made by J. B. Connolly, New York, September 19, 1896. Shanahan is a tall thin man, being more of the build of the runners Burke and Kilpatrick, but Connolly is considerably heavier in proportion to his height; he stands 5 feet 9¾ inches tall, and weighs, in athletic clothes, 156 pounds.

In the standard weight-throwing events, putting the 16-pound shot, throwing the 56-pound weight and throwing the 16-pound hammer, there has been no change for four or five years, except in the latter. George R. Gray, at Chicago, September 16, 1893, put the shot 47 feet, and these figures have remained the world's amateur record, but D. Horgan has 46 feet 5½ inches to his credit, which he accomplished at Dublin, Ireland, August 5, 1894. As is well known, Gray holds all the amateur shot-putting records of this country and most of them are the best in the world. His 16-pound record is the most meritorious, for this is the standard weight and therefore has received more development. Horgan may yet break it, for he is a much bigger man than Gray.

In hammer throwing James S. Mitchell won the amateur championship for seven consecutive years, ending with 1896, and had matters pretty nearly his own way until J. Flanagan came along, winning the championship of 1897 with 148 feet 5 inches. Flanagan previously held the record of 150 feet 8 inches, made May 31, 1897, and the best figures stayed there until the spring championship meeting held at New Orleans, La., on May 14, 1898. At these games Flanagan sent the missile 153 feet 7 inches, but this remained the best only several weeks, for at Bayonne, N. J., on May 30th, J. C. McCracken beat it one inch and left Flanagan, who also competed, 11 feet in the rear. Several weeks after that, however, Flanagan had revenge by leaving McCracken over 16 feet in the rear, by doing another world's record of 158 feet 4 inches, at the New York Athletic games, on June 11th last year.

This record remained until Flanagan at the Hollywood games, Yonkers, last spring, reached an even 160 feet. He beat this at the St. Augustine games, Boston, on July 24th, with 164 feet 3 inches, and ended last season by doing 167 feet 8 inches at the New York Athletic Club Games, September 23d. Flanagan is not nearly so big a man as the majority of his competitors, but he is considerably quicker. He gets in two full turns in the seven-foot circle, and in physique he is absolutely a bunch of muscles.

The 56-pound weight record has not been altered since J. F. Mitchel did 35 feet 10½ inches at Travers Island, September 22, 1894, and duplicated the performance at Bergen Point, N. J., September 2, 1895. Mitchel's prowess at this game is too well known for comment here, and as the event is not practiced so much as putting the shot and throwing the hammer the probabilities are that Mitchel's figures will remain untouched until some great strong enthusiast tackles the record for the special purpose of beating it. It is absolutely unfair to compare the present 56-pound weight and hammer throwing records with those of over half a dozen years ago, for the handles of both implements have been changed to the athlete's advantage, and also, both weights are now thrown with a seven-foot run. These two events now require almost as much science as hurdle-racing, pole-vaulting, or the running high jump; in fact, the latter event can be practiced by the majority much easier now than the hammer or "56," for before the two weights can be handled at all the beginner will feel perfectly at sea with them, on account of the turning in the circle with such heavy weights being so complicated, but any novice can start in and do something at, for instance, the high jump or some other simple event. The less complicated athletic games are the more devotees there will be.

The coming international contests which have been arranged to be held as the Olympic games in connection with the Paris Exposition, on July 15th, 17th, 19th and 22d, will bring together experts from all parts of the world, and some specialists may make or break records in the more unusual events; but I doubt much whether the figures which have been made in regular athletic contests, as practiced in America and in England, will be lowered to any appreciable extent.

Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

Wild Animals I Have Known.....Carolyn Wells.....Smart Set

THE LION.

I've met this beast in drawing-rooms,
'Mong ladies gay with silks and plumes.
He looks quite bored, and silly, too,
When he's held up to social view.
I think I like him better when,
Alone, I brave him in his den.

THE BEAR.

I never seek the surly Bear,
But if I meet him in his lair
I say: "Good-day, sir; sir, good-day,"
And then make haste to get away.
It is no pleasure, I declare,
To meet the cross, ill-natured Bear.

THE PIG.

This animal I've seen on view
In dining-rooms and street cars, too;
He wants the most, he wants the best,
He makes himself a perfect pest.
And (though I think it to their shame)
Many give him a grosser name.

THE GOOSE.

I know it would be of no use
To say I'd never met a Goose.
There are so many all around,
With idle look and clacking sound;
And sometimes it has come to pass
I've seen one in my looking-glass.

THE DUCK.

This merry one, with laughing eyes,
Not too sedate nor overwise,
Is best of comrades, frank and free,
A clever hand at making tea;
A fearless nature, full of pluck,
I like her well—she is a Duck.

THE CAT.

The Cat's nasty little beast;
She's seen at many a fête and feast.
She's spiteful, sly and double-faced,
Exceeding prim, exceeding chaste.
And while a soft, sleek smile she wears,
Her neighbor's reputation tears.

THE PUPPY.

Of all the animals I've met
The Puppy is the worst as yet.
Clumsy and crude, he hasn't brains
Enough to come in when it rains.
But with insufferable conceit
He thinks that he is just too sweet!

THE KID.

Kids are the funniest things I know;
Nothing they do but eat and grow.
They're frolicsome, and it is said
They eat tin cans and are not dead.
I'm not astonished at that feat,
For all things else I've seen them eat.

That Typewriter.....Baltimore American

i Have a new typ-eWriter,
Andd it is my delight
to patter on it gailY
And write, and write] and write $
It aidss mE in my laborrs9
When I)m in WorkiNG vein*
It makeS A GREat improvEment⅛)
i write So veRY pLain.

It oPerates sosw!FtlY$*
that when yOu find you're sTUck;;)
and CannoT fiNd the lett4er
Just6jab—and trusT to luck6$(?
It's Easy —— VEry eaSy ——
To opeRAte it then;;;?$6&⅛o
Now where on earth's that colon?
x x x x x x
Give me my ink and pen!

Ye Tale of Summer.....M. Wilson.....Judge

"Come, George," ye summer maiden saide;
"Come follow me and see
Ye place we carved our names laste yeare
Upon ye maple-tree."

He followed her and reached ye spote;
Hys face became a blank,
For there, in letters bolde and deepe,
Were "Marion and Frank."

Ye moral plaine to maid and swain
Is clear to understande—
'Tis safer far to trace ye names
Upon ye ocean sande.

The Love of Mystery.....Washington Star

Here in a whisper let me make
A very strange confession.
I praised erstwhile for fashion's sake
A poet's weird expression.
I said great lights illumed his rhyme;
That genius must have fanned it;
And—here's the secret—all the time
I didn't understand it.

And 'mid an operatic shriek,
The vocal din I lauded.
I'd paid my pay of half a week.
We all sat and applauded.
For taste, to which we all pretend,
Seem truly to demand it.
But from beginning to the end
I didn't understand it.

And yet I turn from finer things—
The flowers that bloom so sweetly;
The wandering bird, who only sings
To charm, and charms completely.
These I neglect. My whole applause,
And roundly I expand it,
This human babbling claims, because
I do not understand it.

When People Look for Trouble.....Chicago Times-Herald

George Augustus Brandon-Browne
Was afraid of the milk they sold in town.
He read the health reports and he shuddered.
And he said to his wife: "My dear,
For the sakes of ourselves and our little darlings,
We've got to get out of here!
Let us move away to the country, where
We may drink fresh milk and breathe pure air—
Where the birds are caroling all day long,
Where the fragrant blossoms blow;
Where the plowman is singing a hopeful song
And sparkling streamlets flow."

And George Augustus Brandon-Browne
Was afraid of the water they had in town;
He read of the microbes and he trembled,
And said to his loving mate:
"With all these wriggling things in our systems
We must be in a dreadful state!
Let us move away from the city, where
Death lurks in water and milk and air;
Where danger is present in all we eat,
And contagion is always rife;
Where everyone who crosses the street
Risks the loss of limb or life."

So George Augustus Brandon-Browne
Moved those he loved from the deadly town—
He found a dear little place in the country,
And purchased a Jersey Cow,
Saying: "Life's about to be worth the living
For us and the darlings now;
They can drink pure water and breathe fresh air
And romp and run around everywhere;
Our lives henceforth will be one sweet song,
With never a care to rise,
And nothing to do but stroll along
The path where gladness lies."

But the daughter of Mr. Brandon-Browne,
Ere a month had elapsed, was stricken down—
Their cow, it was found, had tuberculosis
And the milk she gave was bad!
The loss, when they killed her, was eighty dollars—
Oh, Brandon-Browne was mad!
But still the unpolluted air
And the pure and sparkling water were there,
And no dangerous cars went to and fro,
No timbers were there to fall,
And the lovely blossoms were there to blow
And be fragrant, after all!

One day little Willie Brandon-Browne
Climbed a cherry tree and then fell down!
One arm and his collar bone were broken,
And the child was bruised and sore!
And, somehow, they ceased to like the water
That had seemed so sweet before,
So they cleaned the well and they took from there
An unfortunate cat and a mighty pair
Of boots that no doubt had once been new,
And a sadness akin to pain
Crept into the breast of the good man who
Turned his face to the town again.

George Augustus Brandon-Browne
And the ones he loves are back in town—
He declares he has learned a lesson,
To wit: That people who go
To the pains of poking around for trouble
Will find it, high or low.
Diseases lurk in each breath of air
For people who try to find them there,
And germs are in all that drink and eat,
And to fall from a lofty limb
Is as bad as being knocked down in the street—
That's the way it appears to him.

Humpty Dumpty.....Guy W. Carryl.....Harper's

Upon a wall of medium size
Bombastically sat
A boastful boy, and he was quite
Unreasonably fat;
And what aroused a most intense
Disgust in passers-by
Was his abnormal impudence
In hailing them with "Hi!"
While by his kicks he loosened bricks
The girls to terrify.

When thus for half an hour or more
He'd played his idle tricks,
And wounded something like a score
Of people with the bricks,
A man who kept a fuel shop
Across from where he sat
Exclaimed, "Well, this has got to stop!"
Then, snatching up his hat
And sallying out, began to shout,
"Look here! Come down from that!"

The boastful boy to laugh began—
As laughs a vapid clown—
And cried, "It takes a bigger man
Than you to call me down.
This wall is broad, this wall is high,
And safe from any one;
No acrobat could do what I
Have been and gone and done!"
Though thus reviled, the other smiled,
And said, "Just wait, my son!"

Then to the interested throng
That watched across the way
He showed, with smiling face, a long
And slender Henry Clay,
Remarking, "In upon my shelves
All kinds of coal there are.
Step in, my friends, and help yourselves,
And he who first can jar
That boastful urchin off his perch
Will get this good cigar!"

The throng this task did not disdain,
But threw with heart and soul,
Till round the youth there raged a rain
Of lumps of canel-coal.
He dodged for all that he was worth,
Till one bombarder, deft,
Triumphant brought him down to earth,
Of vanity bereft.
"I see," said he, "that this is the
Coal day when I get left."

The moral is that fuel can
Become the tool of fate
When thrown upon a little man
Instead of on a grate.
This story proves that when a brat
Imagines he's admired,
And acts in such a fashion that
He makes his neighbors tired,
That little fool, who's much too cool,
Gets warmed when coal is fired.

The Sketch Book: Character in Outline

Life Saving Extraordinary.....Anglo-Indian Exchange

Dinner in the mess room at Calcutta was just finished, and several English officers were sitting around the table. The conversation had not been animated, and there came a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The major of the regiment, a clean-cut man of fifty-five, turned toward his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar-smoke at the ceiling. The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness, and in a quiet, steady voice, he said, "Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers. I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle." "All right, major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes; "hadn't the least idea of moving, I assure you! What's the game?" By this time all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way. "Do you think," continued the major—and his voice trembled just a little—"that you can keep absolutely still for, say, two minutes—to save your life?" "Are you joking?" "On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand a strain?" The subaltern barely whispered "Yes," and his face paled slightly. "Burke," said the major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer, and set it on the floor here just back of me. Gently, man! Quiet!" Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and set it down where the major had indicated on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra di capello which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and glided toward the milk. Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor. "Thank you, major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly; "you have saved my life!" "You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior; "but you did your share."

Steve and the Trey-Full Boy ....The Verdict

"Yes," said the old cattleman, as he took off his sombrero and gazed meditatively at the rattlesnake band which environed the crown, "cowpunchers are mighty queer people. They need watchin' an' herdin' nearly as much as cattle. I knowed one by the name of Stevenson down on the Turkey Track ranch, in Texas, as merited a heap of lookin' after. This yere Stevenson wasn't exactly ornery, but bein' natcherally restless and peevish with a disp'sition to be emphatic whenever he was fillin' of himself up, keepin' your eye on him was a good, safe play. He was public-spirited, too, an' sometimes took lots of pains to please people.

"I minds once when we was bringin' up a beef herd from the Panhandle country. We was up ag'in the south bank of the Arkansaw tryin' to throw the herd across. Thar was a bridge thar, but we allowed it was plenty weak, so we was makin' the herd wade. Steve was posted at the entrance of the bridge to turn back any loose cattle that might take a notion to try an' cross that way. Thar he was, a-settin' on his broncho an' both mighty near asleep. Some women people—towerists, I reckon—as was camped in town, came over on the bridge to see the fun. They was lined out close up to Steve an' a-leanin' of their young Eastern chins on the top rail a-lookin' down.

"'I don't regard this much,' says one young woman; 'thar ain't no thrill into it. Why ever don't they do somethin' excitin'?'

"Steve sees the young woman is displeased, an' as he couldn't figger nothin' else out quick to entertain her, he gives a whoop, bangs his six-shooter off into the scenery, digs his spurs into the hoss an' hops over the side of the bridge into the shallow water below. The jump was some twenty feet an' busted the pony's legs like toothpicks, besides breaking Steve's collarbone an' dispersin' of his features 'round mighty free an' frightful on account of his sorter lightin' on his face.

"Well, we shot the pony, an' Steve rode in the grub wagon four or five days recooperatin' of himse'f.

"Just the mercy of hell that he didn't break his neck.

"'Whatever did you jump off for?' I asked Steve when he was comin' 'round.

"'Well, to amoose that she-shorthorn as was cussin' us,' says Steve. 'I wasn't allowin' for her to go back to the States malignin' of us cowmen.'

"Steve got himse'f killed a year after, an' struck out on the big trail where the hoof prints all p'ints one way. He was over on upper Red River a-gamblin' 'round with the cowboys when he got creased.

"Steve never oughter gambled none. He was a good cowboy—splendid round-up hand—an' could do his day's work with rope or iron in a brandin' pen with anybody; but comin' right to cases, he

didn't know any more about playin' poker than about preachin'. Actually, he'd bet two pairs like there was no record of their bein' beat. This yere, of course, led to frequent poverty, but it didn't seem to teach Steve nothin'.

"On the occasion of his demise, one of the boys got hold of a trey-full; Steve bein' possessed of a club flush, queen at the head. That settled it. In two minutes he didn't have even his blankets left.

"After he went broke, Steve h'isted in a drink or two of nose-paint an' soured 'round a whole lot, an' jest as the trey-full boy gets into his saddle, aimin' to go out to his camp, he comes along up an' hails him.

"'Do you know,' says Steve, mighty gloomy, 'I've been tryin' to school myse'f to bear it, but I can't an I'm tharfore yere to say as how you stole that pair of kings as you made out your full hand an' completed my ruin. This bein' troo, I'm just goin' to draw on you for that bric-à-brac I lose, an' I looks to see you honor the draft unmurmuringly.'

"'Oh, you do, do you?' says the trey-full boy, mighty scornful. 'Well, you're a heap too sanguine. You just send the draft through the clar'in' house an' watch it get thrown out a whole lot. Do you suppose I give up the froots of a trey-full—as hard a hand to hold as that is? Well, I guess not; not this round-up.'

"'Don't get flippant about this yere robbery,' says Steve. 'It's enough to be plundered without bein' pestered with ill-timed gayety. Now, what I say is this: Either I gets my stuff back, right yere now, or our succeedin' conversation will occur in the smoke;' an' tharupon Steve pulls his pistol an' takes hold of the trey-full boy's hoss by the bridle.

"'If anythin' makes me more weary than another,' says the trey-full boy, 'it's a gun play, an' to avoid seech exhibitions, I freely returns your plunder, but you an' I don't play cards no more.'

"So the boy gets down off his hoss an' Steve, thinkin' the debate is closed, puts up his gun ag'in. But he was a heap too hopeful, for the next second, bang! goes the trey-full boy's six-shooter an' the bullet knocks Steve in the neck. It bothered his breathin' to sech a limit that in two minutes he quit tryin' altogether, an' that afternoon we had a hasty, but mighty successful funeral.

"'I don't reckon,' says Gene Watkins, who was ranch boss, 'thar's no need of havin' any trials or law-suits about this yere killin'. I've knowed Steve for a long time an' liked him, but them views he kept entertainin' as to the value of poker hands leads straight to everlastin' life, an' this yere sorrowful episode don't surprise nor stampede me none whatever. His death should be a warnin' to us.'"

Beaten*.....*Detroit Free Press

Ability to meet the demands of a great emergency is not confined to the sterner sex. This is a true relation of what occurred in Detroit not sixty days ago. The husband has morbid spells and such gloomy imaginings as picture life not worth the living.

On the day in question he had an acute attack of the blues, and it is worth mentioning in the same connection that he had eaten liberally the night before of broiled lobster, using generous libations of wine as an aid to digestion. He was up at the usual hour, but the courage that faces existence had oozed out and he went back to bed after calling his wife.

"I must tell you," he began with lengthening face and melancholy tones, "that I'm beaten. What's the sense of eternally getting the worst of it? There's nothing to do but throw up the sponge, and I want to do it without creating any scandal. I'm not going to jump in the river, take poison or chloroform myself, but I'm just going to clean my revolver. There will be the oil, the rags and the steel rod, showing just how I was at work, and all that can be said is that I overlooked a loaded chamber."

She acted as rapidly as she thought and inside of a minute she was at the bedside again with that same revolver.

"Dick," with impressive solemnity, "I'm going to save you all that trouble. As we are one I have the same right to do the deed as you have. It will be an accident; I will get loads of sympathy and——"

"Heavens! Kit; point that thing the other way. Look out. It's self-acting and has a hair trigger. I thought you had some sense."

"But you said, dear——"

"Said nothing. What in the deuce do you mean by taking a sick man at his word? Thunderation!" as she gave the weapon a careless twirl. Out he flopped on the other side and under the bed, and she pretended that she was going to shoot under the bed, too, till he admitted that he wanted to live to be a hundred and begged for a show.

The Housemaid to the Plumber*.....*Barry Pain*.....*Black and White

Oh, it's you, Mr. Dobson, is it? And this is half-past six in the morning, I suppose. According to all the clocks, it's half-past nine, but you said half-past six—and you wouldn't break your word for anything, would you? Oh no! certainly

not. We all know you, Mr. Dobson—worse luck! I'm sure it's very kind of you to have come at all. Doing us a favor, aren't you? I'm sure we ought to be very thankful. Why, if any other business man went on the way you plumbers go on, he'd starve—and quite right too.

Called off to a urgent job at Mr. Flint's, at The Laurels? I know those urgent jobs. I've heard that story from you before, Mr. Dobson. I don't doubt that snoring between the sheets is a urgent job to some lazy-minded people. No, thank you, I don't want to go to The Laurels to inquire. If you say it is so, of course it is so. You're known to be a man of your word. If you say half-past six, it isn't half-past nine, is it? If you say you're coming here, you don't go sneaking off to The Laurels, do you? Whatever else we may distrust, we pins our faith to you, Mr. Dobson. I wonder if you ever go to a church or a chapel of a Sunday. I wonder you ain't afraid of being struck down dead.

I tell you, it's no argument at all that talk about The Laurels. Perhaps if you knew as much about The Laurels as I do, you wouldn't be quite so keen about going off there. I'm sure I hope you'll get your money. No, I don't say you won't. I say I hope you will. If you do you'll be luckier than some people. But that's not my business; if you like to make a bad debt for yourself instead of coming where the people can pay and do pay, that's your own look out. No, I won't say any more. We aren't on calling terms with them Flints, nor likely to be. I only tell you what I hear, and perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps there isn't a bill of sale on the furniture at The Laurels; very likely not. You go on throwing over old customers and good customers to oblige new ones with no cash, and you'll prosper, and perhaps we shall remember that Mr. Dobson isn't the only plumber in the place.

What? Gallons of water pouring down their front staircase, was there? The water company will be sorry they didn't cut 'em off when they said they would. Not that it should have made any difference if it had been millions of gallons and sixty staircases; for you'd pledged your word, Mr. Dobson, as I heard myself. You turn to the story of Ananias when you get home.

What difference does it make to me? Now that's a silly question, as you must know. It makes a difference to everybody when plumbers promise a early job and break their words. You ask cook. Here it is half-past nine, and she's got no fire in her kitchen. Her temper ain't a angel's anyway, though she has got "Heaven is our Home" in a illumination over the head of her bed; and when she's put out like this we all know it. Don't you interrupt now. Could you send in a creditable breakfast off a gas-stove? Boiled eggs, indeed! That may do for The Laurels, but it's not the notion of breakfast we have here. It's partly stupidity with you, Mr. Dobson, you don't see how you're upsetting everybody. Cook said she'd half a mind to take the chance and have the kitchen fire lighted even if the plumbers were coming; and if she'd taken it into her head to do it, none of us could have stopped her, and we might have all been in eternity by this. Don't you speak; you can't explain away things like that, and it's not only the cook. How do you think the ladies liked having no hot water for their baths? And if anything's wrong in the house, everybody seems to think it's my fault, though our gas-stove can't do no more than it can, however pressed. If you'd been here by half-past six and got through with your job by seven or half-past, we could have put the kitchen fire on then, and there'd have been no inconvenience. As it is, there's not a soul in the place you can speak to without getting your head snapped off, and we're all anyhow, and all through your laziness and ignorance.

What?

So you've only come about the gas-leak, and we might have had the kitchen fire going all the time? Ah, you may think so, but cook's one of them that likes to be on the safe side! And it's little wonder either, for her eldest sister lit a kitchen fire when plumbers were at work, and the explosure was something awful. She was never seen alive again, and two of her front teeth were found in a tree a mile away, which shows the force of it. They'd screwed something into the top of the boiler, and that was what did it. After an experience like that, it's not much good making excuses about kitchen fires, Mr. Dobson.

And what amazes me is that when you do come you don't get to work. Here you've been talking and talking this quarter of an hour, stopping me from my work and neglecting your own. I wonder where I should be at the end of the day if I went about things the way you do. I wonder what they'd say to me if I just stood still in the passage without so much as raising a finger to . . .

Well, I've seen some rude things in my life, but for a man to turn and walk away when you're just in the middle of a sentence—Oh, it's disgusting, and there's no other word for it!

The Application of It* .....Harold Stuart Eyre.....*Life

Mrs. Lascell began it by remarking: "I had such a lovely time at the club this afternoon."

Lascell laid down his paper like a well-trained husband. "Which club?" he inquired; "the Politi-

cal Discussion Society or the League for the Advancement of Humanity?"

"Neither; it was the Circle of Ethical Harmony. This is Wednesday, you know; the other two meet on Tuesdays and Thursdays."

"I had forgotten," said Lascell, apologetically; "somehow I can never keep those days straight in my head."

"For a business man you're undeniably stupid about some things," commented his wife; "but I notice you never forget on what night your lodge meets."

"Oh, that's different."

"I should hope so; I shouldn't like to think that I ever came from my club in the condition——"

"You are forgetting, my dear, that you were going to tell me about your affair this afternoon."

"Oh, yes, so I was. Well, we had the most interesting time you can imagine."

"Who was the freak?"—Lascell coughed violently—"I mean the speaker of the occasion?"

"Mrs. Van Dyker, of Boston; you must have heard of her."

"I believe I have," said Lascell, who did not believe anything of the kind.

"She always appears at her lectures," continued Mrs. Lascell, "in a long, flowing robe of India silk. The India silk is symbolical, you know, because she has gone so deeply into Hindu philosophy. In fact, they say she is almost a Buddhist."

"Almost?" repeated Lascell, wondering where she drew the line.

"Yes. But she goes to church to please her husband and for the sake of the children, although she knows a great deal more about philosophy and religion than the minister. She says it's the most painful thing in the world for her to sit through the sermon every Sunday, and that she just aches to get up and tell the man what balderdash—that was the word she used—what balderdash he's talking. It's dreadfully trying for her."

"I should think it was trying for the minister, too," suggested Lascell.

"The meeting to-day was the most successful we have ever had," continued Mrs. Lascell, ignoring her husband's irrelevant remark. "Mrs. Van Dyker spoke for nearly three hours."

"Nearly three hours!" echoed Lascell.

"Yes. She began at two o'clock and didn't leave off until five minutes to five."

"She might as well have kept it up till five o'clock while she was about it."

"Yes, but it's our invariable rule to leave five minutes for discussion."

"I see. What was the subject of the—the discourse?"

"'The Ethical Value of Trifles.'" Mrs. Lascell paused impressively. "Did you ever stop to think that the so-called big things of life don't count at all, and that it's the little ones that are important?"

"Well, no," replied Lascell. "The idea hadn't occurred to me in just that form."

"It's true, though, if you'll only give the matter a few moments' consideration. And then there's the question of the moral responsibility which we share with all the universe."

Lascell took a deep breath.

"Viewing life from this standpoint," continued Mrs. Lascell oracularly—she was beginning to warm up to the subject—"we perceive that we cannot do the slightest thing without affecting everybody else. For instance, if I take anything that doesn't belong to me, even though it be but a pin, I am not the only one affected."

"You mean," suggested her husband, "that the owner of the pin would also be concerned?"

"Not exactly that." (A sense of humor is not Mrs. Lascell's strong point.) "I mean that my act would set in motion a wave of guilty influence which would roll through limitless space and affect every human being in the world. You see, it isn't the magnitude of the theft that counts—it's the ethical and pychological principle involved."

"That must have been a most interesting address," said Lascell, suppressing a yawn.

"Oh, it was wonderful. I only wish you could have been there to hear it."

"So sorry I missed it," murmured Lascell, as he thought of the two hours and fifty-five minutes devoted to the "Ethical Value of Trifles."

"You can't imagine how it impressed me," concluded Mrs. Lascell, in a final burst of enthusiasm. "It was so uplifting, you know—gave one such a tremendous sense of personal responsibility. I came away feeling like a different woman. Oh, I forgot to tell you. Coming home I actually made five cents out of the Broadway cable road."

"How? By walking?"

"No, in a much easier way than that. The car I got into was very crowded, and when the conductor came round for the fares I looked him straight in the face so unconcernedly that he took it for granted I had paid."

"But that wasn't exactly according to the doctrine of the moral responsibility of the universe, was it?"

"How ridiculous you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Lascell, indignantly. "Just as if the moral responsibility of the universe had anything to do with my getting a free ride out of a horrid old traction company."

Over the Wine and Walnuts*

A Student of Cicero.—A student in the Latin classes of William Jewell College delivered himself with a lisp, the other day, as follows: "Thithero ith a heap eathier to read than Virgil, becauthe when I come to a plathe in Thithero I don't understand, I jutht turn to cuthin' Cataline, and I generally hit it."

A Sustained Effort.—Down in Southern Georgia two widows were condoling with each other over their troubles. In telling of the last sickness and death of their husbands, one said: "My man, poor feller, jes' suffered and suffered and suffered, and then jes' died for the want of breath!" The other replied, "Wall, mine didn't; he drawed his breath to the very last."

A Country Comedy.—Some time ago Mr. Nat Goodwin, while spending a day in the country, met with an adventure which has afforded himself as well as his friends considerable amusement. As he was walking lazily along the roadside he saw running toward him at full speed a man whose wild aspect gave strong reason to believe that he had escaped from a lunatic asylum that was in the neighborhood. Mr. Goodwin naturally turned aside at his approach, but the man turned too, and as he came nearer his appearance was even more threatening than at first. Mr. Goodwin hastened his steps, and the maniac still following broke into a run. The pursuit grew more and more exciting, and Mr. Goodwin, finally leaving the road, fled recklessly over fields and hedges, the terrifying apparition close at his heels. At last he sank exhausted on the ground, thinking his last moment had come, and even, so his friends say, started to pray, when the lunatic, tapping him on the shoulder, said "Tag, you're it," and started again at full speed in an opposite direction. Mr. Goodwin's feelings may be imagined.

Among Mine Own People.—About ten years ago there was an old negro named Moses living in Richmond, Va. He heard how the colored people were treated as equals in the North by the whites, so he decided to leave his old home. He landed at Boston in the middle of his wardrobe and without a penny in his pocket. "Now is de chance for some of dese here white folks to show their love for the poor coon," he muttered as he rang a door bell. The door was opened by a white man, who interrogated Mose in the following manner: "Well, sir, what can I do for you, sir?" Mose stated his troubles in the usual lengthy way of the darkey. The man waited until he had finished and then replied: "I am sorry, sir, but we have nothing for you." He met with this polite refusal all along the square, but before giving up decided to try the last house on the block. The door was opened by a white-haired old man, who asked Mose what he wanted. "Please, sir, I's hungry and want something to ———" "You black rascal," exclaimed the gentleman, "what do you mean by ringing my door bell? Go around to the kitchen where you belong and see the cook." Moses eyes filled with tears of joy as he exclaimed: "Thank de Lord, thank de Lord, I's found one of my own people at last!"

A Specialist in Housework.—A few days ago a well-known Washington woman, being unexpectedly bereft of her kitchen assistance, advertised for a colored woman capable of performing general housework. The first caller in response to the advertisement was a mulatto damsel, bedecked with ribbon and finery. From her airs and graces she might have been a graduate of a seminary. She announced that she had noticed the advertisement and was desirous of securing employment. "Are you a good cook?" inquired the lady of the house. "No, indeed, I don't cook," was the reply. "Are you a good washer and ironer?" was the next query. "I wouldn't do washing and ironing; it's too hard on the hands," declared the caller. "Can you sweep?" the housewife then wanted to know. "No," was the answer, and it was a positive one, "I'm not strong enough for that." "Well, in the name of goodness, what can you do?" said the lady of the house, exasperated. The placid reply was: "I dusts."

Penance by Proxy.—Father Dennis Tighe, of Holy Angels' Church, who died recently, used to give homely and quaint illustrations in his informal parish lectures. One of his favorite stories was about Bridget O'Sullivan. Bridget only came to confession occasionally and when she did she couldn't for the life of her remember any bad things that she had been doing. "When were you at confession last, Bridget?" queried the

*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

father. "Sure, faether, an' it moight 'ave been last wake!" "Wasn't it last month, Bridget?" "Sure, an' it moight 'ave been faether." "Do you think it was six months ago?" "Oi disremimber, faether." "Do you think it was a year ago?" "Sure, faether, an' it's loike to 'ave been a year ago. But pwhat do yez care, faether, to scowld an old craytur loike me? It's Moike, me husband that's the bad one. It's three weeks that Moike niver confesses his sins, an' hiven knows his sins is scarlet. He dhrinks loike a baste, shmokes loike a flue. He swears that bad St. Patrick wad trimble. An' sure, ye should see Moike smash the dishes an' break the furniture an fling the stove lids and—" "Six 'Hail Marys' every day for a week, and three fast days, Bridget," said the father. "Och, an' phwat do you mane, faether? Sure, Oi never confessed a sin." "Yes," but you confessed Mike's," said the father quietly, " and as long as you make his confessions for him I think you ought to do the penance, Bridget."

Still There Was Profit In It.—Once upon a time a chemist in a certain provincial town was noted for a celebrated ointment. Its price was 1s. 2d. a box. One day a customer came in and asked if he could not knock the odd money off, he being a poor man. "Well," said the chemist, "you look a deserving man, so I will." With that the man threw down twopence. "The shilling's odd," he said, and bolted. The chemist rushed out of the shop just in time to see him turning the corner. "Ha!" he shouted, "you beggar, I have made a penny out of you yet."

"The Whitest Coon."—When Isaac Val Alphen, the Postmaster-General of the Transvaal and a warm friend of "Oom Paul," was in this country, in attendance on the Postal Congress, he had an amusing experience which he still likes to refer to. Walking arm in arm with a friend near the Pennsylvania station in Baltimore one day, the distinguished foreigner was approached by a policeman, who announced that Val Alphen had been ordered to appear before the Coroner to act as a juror. "By what authority do you ask this?" "By the authority of the State of Maryland." "I acknowledge no such authority," said Van Alphen, the humor of the situation breaking upon him. "You acknowledge no such authority?" repeated the policeman with amazement. "What do you mean?" "Well," announced Mr. Van Alphen nonchalantly, "I am a resident of Pretoria, in the South African Republic, and I don't acknowledge the authority of the State of Maryland in this instance." "Pretoria! South African Republic!" echoed the policeman, puzzled for a moment. But finally he begged Mr. Van Alphen's pardon and walked away saying, audibly, "Well, you're about the whitest 'coon' I ever saw."

Apologized to the Wrong One.—Lord John Russell was not tactful. On one occasion he took the Duchess of Inverness down to dinner, and after he had sat down for a minute he jumped up and went to the opposite side of the table and sat by the Duchess of St. Albans. His wife asked him afterward why he had done it. He said: "I should have been ill if I sat with my back to that great fire." "I hope," said Lady John, "you gave your reason to the Duchess of Inverness." "No," he said, "I didn't; but I told the Duchess of St. Albans!"

A Dreadful Experience.—A man was going home to his wife and family. It was growing dark. His road from the station was a lonely one, and he was getting along as fast as he could, when he suddenly suspected that a man behind him was following him purposely. The faster he went the faster the man went, until they came to a churchyard. "Now," he said to himself, "I'll find out if he's after me," and he entered the churchyard. The man followed him. Vague visions of revolvers and garroters grew upon him. He made a detour of a splendid mausoleum. Still the man was after him, round and round. At last, he turned and faced the fellow, and said: "What the dickens do you want? What are you following me for?" "Well, sir, do you always go home like this? I am going up to Mr. Brown's house with a parcel, and the porter at the station told me that if I'd follow you I should find the place, as you lived next door. Are you going home at all to-night?"

The Wrong Cards.—A young married lady had just acquired a new coach and a new footman to match. "John," she said one day, "we will drive out to make a few calls. But I sha'n't get out of the carriage; you will, therefore, take the cards that are on my dressing table and leave one of them at each house we stop at." "Very good, ma'am," answered John, and he ran upstairs to fetch the cards. After they had driven about a considerable time and cards had been left at a large number of houses, the lady remarked: "Now we must call on the Dales, the Framptons and Clarkes." "We can't do it," broke in the footman in alarm. "I've only the ace of spades and the ten of clubs left!"

The Electric Automobile*

By C. E. Woods, E.E., M.E.

Manufacturers of electric automobiles are often asked the question: "Will not a battery sometime be made to run a vehicle one hundred or more miles on one charge?" While this may be possible, the writer hardly thinks it will ever be probable, and his experience with the public is that it is wholly unnecessary, speaking generally and from a practical point of view. Improvements now being made in batteries, in the attempt to make them stand more rapid charges and discharges, are much more important than one which will give them a larger mileage capacity. It is also necessary to supply conveniences for making these charges by the public lighting companies in every city. This is said because from a pleasure rider's point of view, after a man has been riding on the streets and boulevards for three or four consecutive hours, he is tired out and the pleasure of further riding is completely dissipated. For commercial purposes, fifty to sixty miles per day with a delivery wagon is all that two men can possibly cover and make their stops and deliver their packages, as something like fifty per cent. of the time between leaving the shipping department and returning to it is consumed in making stops and deliveries.

Probably no query is more frequently made by the intending purchaser of an automobile than the one about the manner of ascertaining the condition of charge in his batteries when on the street, always under the supposition that he starts out with them fully charged.

There is an instrument made by several electrical concerns called a volt-ammeter, which performs a two-fold purpose. The ampere meter is so arranged as to indicate the amount of current being taken by the vehicle at any time when it is running, and inversely also to indicate the amount of current that is being put into the batteries at any time when it is charging. The volt-meter, which is another scale on the same instrument, with another indicating hand or pointer, tells the voltage of the batteries at any given time when the vehicle is either charging or discharging. When forty cells of batteries are fully charged, the volt-meter should register when the vehicle starts out practically eighty-eight volts, or two and two-tenths volts per cell. The point to which batteries can be safely discharged is sixty volts, or one and five-tenths volts per cell, and as the batteries discharge, the volt-meter will slowly settle from eighty-eight volts down to sixty volts, and any intermediate point between sixty and eighty-eight volts shows the amount of current that has been used, or that is left in the batteries. This is the only known method that has any accuracy at all for indicating the condition of the battery charge, and the instrument has been found very convenient, as it indicates both the amperage and voltage, and is very accurate when first put into use; but the difficulty has been that it is almost too delicate to stand the bumping around that it gets on the streets, and consequently gets out of adjustment after being in use but a comparatively short time on the streets.

The question is also often asked: "Will not the weight be greatly reduced in batteries?" This is hardly desirable beyond a certain point. Automobiles are a mechanical proposition of a self-driving nature, and for the amount of power applied to the driving wheels a certain weight is absolutely necessary to give a certain traction. Then while a vehicle may require but two horse-power to drive it at a given speed on a level roadway, deep mud, heavy grades and bad places to start will often call for five or six horse-power to drive the same vehicle, and weight enough must be had to give traction for that power. The present storage battery combined with the vehicle complete weighs only about twenty-five per cent. in excess of the required weight—the battery itself being from forty to fifty per cent. of the weight of any well-constructed and designed electric vehicle. It must be remembered that a reduction of twenty-five per cent. in weight would not make a corresponding reduction in power required—all of which is merely a mathematical proposition.

The simplicity attached to the operation of an electric vehicle by any person of ordinary intelligence is too well known to need comment at this point; but it is found from experience that there is the same difference in the care taken of an electric vehicle that there is among men who attend dynamos and steam engines, or drive horses, with a corresponding difference in troubles and aggravations.

The writer knows of vehicles that have never given any trouble after six or eight months of hard use, and of other vehicles that the owner is bothered with from sheer carelessness and negli-

*Reading from The Electric Automobile. Herbert S. Stone & Co. $1.25.

gence every time he goes out. In nine cases out of ten where trouble has been reported, it has been found to be the fault of the owner or driver. First, he will not keep the solution in the batteries up to the proper height—a thing that should be attended to at least every two weeks. Again, he will start out many times with the batteries far from fully charged.

Other owners of automobiles will never stop to put a little oil on their bearings, and seem to think because they are ball bearings and it is an automobile, it can run forever without being looked after. There are those, also, who show no consideration for a vehicle in driving it over rough streets, street crossings and car tracks. If a purchaser of an automobile would give it the same careful consideration and treatment in its usage that he would give a fine horse and carriage, which costs him something like an equal amount, his troubles would disappear like snow before a summer sun.

The question of the durability of batteries has been one of vital importance and the experience of a great many manufacturers has been a most bitter one in this respect. The excessive charge and discharge demanded in this work, as compared with ordinary battery work, the rough usage received on the streets and the negligence and carelessness of both drivers and owners have been the problems that stared the automobile manufacturers in the face.

Right here it is pertinent to speak of the washing of an electric vehicle. The motors of an electric vehicle are supposed to be waterproof, but the facts of the case are, it is almost impossible to make them so, especially where a high pressure stream from a hose is used. Therefore, in showering down a wagon, it is best to have a little oil-cloth to throw over the top of the motors, and so prevent any possibility of leakage to the inside, as water, once in, works no end of damage to the motor in its insulation and windings. Should it be discovered that water has gotten into the motor and soaked it to any considerably extent, the motor should immediately be taken out and given a thorough drying in some hot place, as over the top of a steam boiler, but where it cannot possibly be burned in the process.

The batteries used by the writer at the present time have a life, with good care and intelligent looking after, of from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand miles before it becomes necessary to renew the positive plates, which are about one-third of the original cost of the batteries. He has tried some makes of batteries in which everything desirable was found as regards mileage, etc., but upon test they would not run more than a thousand or fifteen hundred miles before the positive plates would be almost entirely disintegrated. Nine thousand to ten thousand miles is an average year's work for a battery except when it is used in a public conveyance; and so far satisfied is the writer now with the battery proposition that he will insure the maintenance of batteries for so much per annum for a period of years, which settles once for all any doubts that may be in the purchaser's mind.

Another question which is asked nearly every day is: "Will not the cost of electric automobiles be greatly reduced in a few years, in the same degree that bicycles, sewing machines, and other mechanical devices in that line have been?"

The reply is invariably: "No!" While the cost may be reduced a slight percentage from what it is now, it should be borne in mind that the art of carriage building is an old art.

This also applies to wheels, ball bearings and axles, and so on for the various component parts that comprise an electric vehicle. The art of building electric motors and other accessories of that nature is already an old art. No labor-saving machinery, to any extent, can be devised in addition to that already in existence for reducing the cost of manufacture of the parts enumerated. The cost of the storage battery may be reduced somewhat, but the percentage in that alone would not exceed twenty per cent., and the battery is about twenty per cent. of the cost of the complete vehicle. The only possible way that the cost of production of these vehicles can be reduced is by a well-disciplined and systematized method of manufacturing them, and a volume of business large enough to establish the necessary system.

A first-class Brougham or Victoria, as made by the best carriage makers in the country, can be purchased no cheaper to-day than it could ten or fifteen years ago. There are some lines of light buggies and delivery wagons which can be bought cheaper now than fifteen years ago, but automobiles are subject to the same process of manufacture that these vehicles are.

Again, it should be remembered that the carriage part of the vehicle, that is, the body, painting and trimming, is but a small part of its total cost. It is necessary to use ball-bearing axles, and they are very expensive to construct. This is required because every friction-reducing device possible must be used. It is necessary to use rubber tires in large sizes, first, to preserve the motors and batteries; and, second, to give the necessary traction. Steel tires can never be made to operate successfully on motor vehicles. Then come the electric motors, storage batteries, controllers and other devices, all of which are, in

themselves, expensive as compared with the ordinary vehicle, and have to be treated as such in the selling price.

In the writer's work with motor vehicles, he has entirely abandoned the use of wire wheels, penumatic tires and tubular construction of all kinds. The pneumatic tire was designed for use on a bicycle in order to give some spring to a vehicle which otherwise had none and make it easier to operate. But this admirable design contained in its prime principle no relation to motor vehicles, which, when properly suspended on adequate and well-adjusted springs, cannot be improved in the least by the use of pneumatic tires, especially when the tire has to be pumped up to the extent of a hundred and twenty-five pounds to the square inch to keep it from deflating too much and thereby consuming too great an amount of energy. Wire wheels on bicycles have proven satisfactory in their construction and operation because there the load is hung centrally over the wheels and equally balanced on either side. In the motor vehicle the load is hung between two wheels, and the strength and durability of the wire wheels are taxed in the wrong direction. In very light vehicles they could be made strong enough, but their appearance as a carriage production, from a carriage user's point of view, is prohibitive. The writer has abandoned tubular construction because a carriage should be made in all of its essential parts so that it can be repaired by any carriage manufacturer in any city; and the bolts, nuts and carriage iron work on the vehicle must be of this nature and made to this end. The vehicle is too expensive in transportation to have to be sent back to the factory whenever repairs are necessary. Again, the owner of an automobile equipped with pneumatic tires would present a rather strange appearance carrying his automobile on his shoulder to some automobile hospital for the purpose of getting a puncture repaired, as can be done with a bicycle, because he would be performing an impossibility. The facts are, however, more tires blow up than are punctured, owing to the weight carried and the varying range of pressure in the tire as it gradually leaks out; which action, in time, disintegrates the rubber and shortens the life of the tire. Pumped to something like one hundred and twenty-five pounds to the square inch, it is as hard to ride on as a solid tire, and consumes about the same power to run the vehicle; but it requires more power as it gradually deflates.

The writer is often asked: "Is not something entirely new to be created that is quite different from a horse-drawn carriage in the same sense that a bicycle was—a new vehicle creation in itself?" This is not possible as a general proposition, and would only apply to some extreme novelty. We must have four wheels; we must have springs; we must have a seat to sit on and a body on which to build the seat; we must have a top of some kind for various vehicles; and to make a carriage that would run and eliminate a part or all of these features is simply an impossibility. Many attempts have been made, both here and abroad, to construct novelties of this kind, usually in a three-wheeled vehicle, the power being sometimes applied to the single wheel, as it saves the cost of differential gear, cost of one wheel, makes the vehicle possibly lighter and at the same time lowers the price. But this design has invariably resulted in a sacrifice of stability, as a single driving wheel has not sufficient traction and has a tendency to be slow on greasy pavements and rough streets.

Another great query is: "Will the electric vehicle go through snow, and mud, on country roads, etc?" The broadest reply that we can make to this is that it will go anywhere that one could reasonably expect to drive a horse. An interesting article on this point appeared in an issue of the Horseless Age, of December, 1898. Electric station owners are now making a very important movement to popularize the electric vehicle by providing their plants with the apparatus necessary to charge a carriage, and this movement is doing more to invite public confidence in the use of the electric vehicle than any other single step that has ever been taken. Experiments are being made with an electric hydrant, as it is called, which will be situated at various streets and junctions where a proper meter system will be installed and where the owner of an electric automobile can stop, drop his ten cents into the slot and get his supply of current in a comparatively few moments' time.

Perhaps no stronger argument was ever used against the general introduction of railroads throughout the country than that locomotives had such a limitation of fuel and water supply contained within themselves they could not go far, and that to transport fuel from one end of a State or country to another to supply the locomotives would so be expensive as to make them impractical. How speedily and with what success this limitation was overcome it is needless to mention. We take a train in New York and ride through to San Francisco, and the question of being blocked between towns for lack of fuel or water is something that probably never enters a single passenger's head at the present day. And so, in its own sphere, will the day come when the electric vehicle will operate in the same manner.

Applied Science: Invention and Industry

Sea-Power.....H. Hamilton.....Pearson's

Mr. Morley Fletcher, A. M. Inst. C. E., is to be congratulated on being the first to construct large wave-motors for the utilization of the rising and falling of the waves.

Up to the present he has chiefly directed his attention to various schemes whereby his new apparatus can be attached to buoys and other channel marks; and so well aware are the English harbor authorities of the advantages of Mr. Fletcher's patent buoys that they have already placed one of them to mark a particularly dangerous spot on the east coast, and are arranging for the installation of others.

Among the various kinds of buoys which Mr. Fletcher has invented for the purpose of putting to good use that mysterious wave-power—a power that will cause a buoy weighing ten tons to rise and fall continuously—I will describe the Beacon Light Buoy. This resembles in size and shape the buoy, lit by gas, of which thousands are now in use, but it is designed to contain a complete electric-lighting installation—pump, suction, and delivery valves, air vessel, turbine, dynamo, and so on—fully protected against the roughness of the waves, and furnished with an electric lantern of any desired brilliancy, fitted in a position well above the surface of the water.

As this buoy rides on the sea, the action of the waves, causing one portion of it to rise and fall continuously, sets a pump at work, which throws a stream of water at high pressure on to a turbine. The turbine, revolving at a rapid rate, is connected with a dynamo, which generates electricity—and thus, at practically no cost, the beacon lamp is lit. The light thus produced is of far greater brilliancy than is the case with gas-buoys. The ordinary marine gas-buoy gives a light of about fifty candle-power. It is extremely costly. In the first instance, each buoy varies in price from $2,500 to $5,000. When installed, the buoy must be visited once in three weeks by a specially constructed launch, with attendant expenses of crew and equipment, in order that the gas-chamber may be recharged. Now the electric light buoy, even when working at its lowest power in a dead calm—there is a considerable movement of the waves even then, paradoxical though it may seem—will not only produce a more powerful light than the gas-buoy, but at a nominal cost. The electric light may be arranged to flash or glow as required, or it may be projected through variously colored lenses.

To show the immense power and energy that is focussed, as it were, by sea waves on floating buoys, and which is now allowed to run to waste, it has been calculated that an ordinary buoy, weighing eight tons, when rising and falling in the waves through a distance of merely one foot, at the rate of thirty strokes a minute, is capable of developing enough power to light 600 electric lamps of eight candle-power each.

At the side of the new beacon-buoy terminals are provided, to which electric launches may be moored in order to have their batteries recharged. In the future, when these buoys are plentifully supplied round the coasts, electric yachts may make long journeys without any fear of running short of motive power, for it will be always available at one of these buoys.

Another variety of the wave-motor is the fog-horn buoy. The rise and fall of the buoy in the sea sets a pump at work, which at every stroke forces a supply of air into an air-chamber. A small engine liberates the air in regular quantities, and allows it to pass upward to the fog-horn which produces the blast.

The number and length of the blasts may be regulated as desired. Each blast contains one or more notes, a long and a short one, or any other combination to make it distinctive and easily recognizable. When once the gear has been set, it will need no further attention or expense, and the blasts will continue to sound so long as the buoys holds together and the waves roll.

Census Tabulating Machine.....Scientific American Supplement

The keyboard punch is about the size of a typewriter tray, having in front a perforated punch-board of celluloid. Over this keyboard swings freely a sharp index finger, whose movement, after the manner of a pantagraph, is repeated at the rear by a punch. The movement of the punch is limited between two guides, upon which are placed thin manilla cards 6⅝ inches long by 3¼ inches high, with the lower corner slightly clipped. The keyboard has twelve rows of twenty holes, and each hole has its distinctive lettering or number that corresponds to the inquiry and answer respecting every person. Hence when the index-finger is pressed down into any one of these holes the punch stamps out a hole in the manilla card. The keyboard is scientifically grouped, and it is very readily learned. For such inquiries as are answered by one of a very few possible classes—sex, for example, which recognizes only two

parties in the State—the answer is simply "male" or "female," or "M" or "F." So, too, in regard to conjugal relations, where the answer would be either single, married, widowed, or divorced. These holes may easily be found in "D," "Wd," "Mr," or "S." Where, however, the answers would cover a wider range of classification, as in age, running from 1 to 100, recourse is had to a combination of two holes, the first indicating a group, as from 25 to 29 years, while the second hole designates the single year in that group.

To assist the clerks in memorizing the keyboard for punching, classification lists are used, which show the combinations used to designate each occupation. At first this looks a little complicated, but after all the symbols "come easy" with each lot of schedules.

These combinations are no more burdensome to the memory than the details of a typewriter keyboard, and they are vastly interesting. The clerks punch an average of 800 cards per day, and some of the more expert, working seven hours, have done 1,100 cards, with an aggregate of 18,700 holes, each card having 17 holes in it that relate to an individual life history. So familiar do the clerks become with the position of the holes that they can read them off at a glance. When the work of punching has been completed, there will be over 70,000,000 cards, each able to tell its own story to him who understands. The information that they contain is combined and tabulated by machinery.

The cards are stacked up on end in boxes, measuring 20 by 7 by 3½ inches, each box taking 2,000 cards. In front of each box is a label stating its contents.

The electric tabulating machine consists of three main parts, namely, the press or circuit-closing device, the dials or counters, and the sorting-boxes. The press consists of a hard-rubber plate, provided with 316 holes or pockets, the relative positions of which correspond with those of the holes in the keyboard and gang punches. Each of these pockets is partially filled with mercury, and they are thus in electrical connection, when the circuit is closed, with the binding-posts and switchboard at the back of the machine. Above the hard-rubber plate swings a reciprocating pin-box, which is provided with a number of projecting spring-actuated points, so hung as to drop exactly into the centre of the little mercury cups below. These pins are so connected that when a punched card is laid on the rubber plate against the guides or stops and the box is brought down, all the pins that are stopped by the unpunched surface will be pressed back, while those that correspond with punched spaces pass through, close the circuit, and count on the dials. Each dial is divided into 100 parts, and two hands travel over the face, one counting units and the other hundreds. The train of clockwork is operated electrically, by means of the electro-magnet, whose armature, as it moves each time the circuit is closed, carries the unit hand for one division.

If it is desired to know in a given enumeration district, or all of them, the number of males and females, white and colored, single, married, widowed, etc., the binding posts of the switchboard corresponding with these data are connected with the binding-posts of the dials on which these items are to be counted. If it is also desired to sort the cards according to age groups, for example, the binding-posts of the switchboard representing such groups are connected with the clips into which the sorting-box plug fits. The circuits being prepared, when a card is placed in position in the press and the handle of the pin-box is depressed by the operator so that the circuit is closed through each hole in the card, not only will the registration be effected on the counting-dials, but the sorting-box that has been selected for a given age group is opened. The operator releases the handle, removes the card deftly from the press, deposits it in the open sorting compartment with the right hand, and pads the lid down again, at the same time bringing another card into position under the press with the left hand. It is done much more quickly than it is described. When all the cards in the case of any district have thus gone through the press, the record taken from the dials will show the number of males, females, white, colored, etc., while the cards will have been assorted into age groups.

The machine automatically throws out any card that is wrong. Suppose, for instance, that the age or sex has not been punched. Where there should be a hole for the plunger-pin to go through, closing the circuit, the card is intact. The circuit is open, and the monitor bell just to the left of the press refuses to give its signal of correctness.

Diminishing the Force of Waves..A. M. Thackara..Consular Report

An Italian gentleman, Baron Benevenuto d'Alessandro, living in Paris, has invented a new method of protecting vessels at sea, entrances to harbors, light-houses, etc., from the force of waves and surf, which he claims is more efficient than the use of oil. His invention consists in retaining on the surface of the water an unsubmergible floating net by means of outriggers when used to protect vessels in storms at sea, and by attaching it to buoys when used to protect light-houses, hydraulic works in construction, etc.

He bases the idea of his invention upon the principle that in covering the surface of the sea with a thin, flexible, light and floating body of whatever nature, the part covered forms a crust under which the molecules of the imprisoned mass of water cannot move in the same manner as the surrounding body of uncovered water, the result being that even the most violent waves, upon reaching the edge of the crust, instead of climbing over it will pass under it as if there were a fall or difference of level, become flattened out, and lose much of their force.

The net used in the recent experiments at Havre was made of a thin hemp fibre, knitted in square meshes of 4 centimetres (1.57 inches), and afterward waterproofed by the application of a solution of powdered cork and pure rubber. The material of the finished net was 3 millimetres (0.12 inch) in thickness and light, weighing only 120 grams (4¼ ounces avoirdupois), per square metre (10.76 square feet). It was constructed by the Société Industrielle de Telephones at Paris.

The net was 110 metres (360.9 feet) long and 15 metres (49.2 feet) wide, made in four sections, securely fastened together. The two outside sections were 5 metres (16.4 feet) wide throughout the whole length of the net. The middle sections were also 5 metres (16.4 feet) wide, but extended only 10 metres (32.8 feet) from either end, leaving an open space in the centre of the net 90 metres (295.27 feet) long and 5 metres (16.4 feet) wide. The inventor's reason for constructing the net with an open space in the centre is that in his numerous experiments with the net made in this way, when used for the protection of entrances to harbors, etc., he found the surface of the water inclosed in the free spaces to be always calm, as if it were actually covered by the net. The net with the open space is only used when it is anchored. For the protection of vessels at sea the net is made solid.

To illustrate the efficiency of the net in protecting hydraulic works in course of construction from the effects of a heavy surf, Baron d'Alessandro placed his net off the middle of the north jetty of the new avant port of Havre, which is now finished for about 400 metres. During a heavy westerly gale the net was held in position; but, on account of the seas hurling themselves against the jetty and breaking over it, it was impossible to approach near enough to observe the effects which the net produced upon the portion of water protected. Mr. d'Alessandro is not discouraged by the unsatisfactory results of his experiments at Havre and intends in the near future to place his net in another position, in which, while being exposed to the heavy seas, it can be readily seen from the shore and its action judged.

Other trials have been made of the floating net—in 1891 at Quiberon, Department of Morbihan, and in 1892 at Cherbourg. The following are translations of the report made by Captain Lequellec, chairman of a committee of the Société de Sauvetage, at Quiberon, to the president of the Société Centrale de Sauvetage, at Paris, and of notes upon the trials at Cherbourg taken from Baron d'Alessandro's pamphlet called Le Filet Flottant:

Quiberon, November 14, 1891.

The President: I have the honor to call the attention of the Central Life-Saving Society to the trials which were made in our waters of a floating net which is intended to be used as a protection against the force of heavy seas and as an advantageous substitute for oil. This net, which is very simple, is covered with a composition which renders it buoyant and unsubmergible and has a surface of about 1,000 square metres (1,196 square yards). I, together with the captain of the live-saving boat, Mr. Le Chanjour, assisted the inventor, Baron d'Alessandro, during the different trials which have been made since September 12. He has shown us many different ways of placing the net. At first it was anchored at each end, lengthways across the waves; but, finding that the resistance was too great and that it was impossible to continue the trials, we changed it. On November 9, we anchored one end of the net head to the wind, leaving the other free to float in the breakers. During the evening of November 10 the results were favorable. The waves did not break on the surface of the net and the effect was absolutely the same as if oil had been used. We also observed that when the boat was under the lee of the net the sea was smooth, and the contrary was true when the boat was withdrawn from its shelter. During the trials in company with the Baron and the captain of the boat, I have been able to see that this net would be of great service to our navy and merits further attention.

Very respectfully yours,

LEQUELLEC,
Chairman of the Committee.

LE CHANJOUR,
Captain of the Life-Saving Boat.

Single Motor Bicycles ..... ***New York Sun***

The first single motor cycle to be made in Manhattan is an ordinary road wheel with a motor twelve inches in height that develops one horsepower. The total weight of the machine is sixty pounds. The motor and the engine are set over

the rear wheel, directly back of the saddle, by means of an extra pair of tubular stays that are clamped to the rear axle and run diagonally upward. The gasolene tank is a box that hangs on the inside of the frame from the top tube, directly back of the head.

Back of the tank is a compressed air reservoir, and behind this a primary coil which furnishes the ignition spark for exploding the gasolene. Neither of these appurtenances takes up enough room to interfere with the leg action. The gasolene tank holds three quarts, with which it is said seventy-five miles can be traveled and 10 per cent. grades climbed. The wheel is fitted with ordinary sprockets and a chain and the original impetus for the engine is imparted from the pedals. The driving power of the engine is communicated to the rear wheel by means of a friction roller made of a composition and grooved like a pulley wheel, the groove being broad enough to accommodate any tire. The transmission between the engine and the roller is by means of a short bicycle chain. The control of the flow of gasolene and of the sparker is in front, close to the handle bars. The entire attachment can be made and unmade with a wrench.

As yet the makers of this motor do not supply riders. They simply furnish the motors to the trade at a price that would enable a retailer to fit out a rider for $100 to $125, exclusive of the bicycle. The wheel is fitted with a coaster brake, so that when it is chosen to let the motor do all the work the feet can remain on the pedals, where in case of danger they are ready to apply the brake while the hand switches off the current.

Although as a first expression of an idea this machine is remarkable in several ways, its crudities are obvious. The method of driving is as objectionable as could be conceived, but the construction and location of the engine would permit of a chain being run from it to a sprocket on the left-hand side of the rear wheel. The elevation of the motor above the saddle is another objectionable feature, as it would seriously interfere with the mount and dismount.

While this is the first American machine of its kind to be seen in New York, three others have been heard from in different parts of the country. The first of these is the product of a mechanic at San Diego, Cal., and from the description seems to be a sensible and practical affair. The motor is made for attachment to any bicycle and with the carburetter, batteries and all accessories weighs thirty-five pounds. In this case the motor, which is water-jacketed for cooling, is placed on the lower part of the bicycle frame, the centre of it being about on a line with the pedal in its extreme upward position. The motor has a fly-wheel on its left side and a small sprocket on the right-hand side from which a chain runs over an idler to a large auxiliary sprocket on the rear wheel, the driving power being "geared down" as in all motor cycles instead of being "geared up" as the foot power is.

The motor is a "four-cycle" gasolene affair, 15½ inches in length by 3½ in width. The equipment includes a gasolene tank, an ignition battery, an air reservoir and a muffler that practically kills the "teuf, teuf" noise of the explosions. These are all within the frame. In the angle between the top of the seat-post tube and the rear stays is a water tank that is connected with the cooling jacket. The sparker is cut off by use of a button on the handle bars. In starting a compression lever in front is released and a few turns given to the pedals; then the compression lever is thrown on and the igniter button pressed. The speed is regulated by means of a wire hook in front that controls the air mixture. The motor in this machine is covered to protect it from dirt.

Thus far the two motor cycles described are the only motors made for attaching to any bicycle, although there is a second Manhattan machinist at work on one that is almost completed. The other two motor cycles so far heard from are made with a specially constructed machine. At Columbus, Ohio, a bicycle dealer has made one with a gasolene engine of the two-cycle type. (The use of this expression seems to have been already adopted by motorists, four cycles being equivalent to the development of one horsepower.) The bicycle is built with a wheel base 4 inches longer than the average or about 48 inches from hub to hub of the wheels. The extension is made in the rear triangle so as to afford room for the motor to rest on the rear forks, back of the seat-post tube. The appurtenances are within the frame lines. The power is transmitted by means of a belt to a large pulley on the rear wheel. The sprocket chain runs between the engine and the flywheel on the right-hand side, while the transmission belt runs on the left-hand side to its sheave on the rear axle. Here again is used the coaster brake, which seems to have been developed just in time for the motor cycle. Besides being longer in the wheel base, this wheel is an inch wider in the tread than ordinary, but the disposition of the motor seems to be more advantageous than in the others.

In Boston a special plant has been started to turn out a type of motor cycle that is distinctly an automobile because not provided with pedals. The motor in this instance is the "whole thing" and not an auxiliary power, although the cycle

is an individual machine. The wheel is of special construction with a wheel base only slightly longer than the average, but the lower tube, instead of running to a crank hanger, sweeps in a curve to the rear forks and clusters with them. In this way extra room is made in the forward section of the diamond frame to accommodate the motor and its accessories. The rear forks are doubled in number, the upper pair joining at the motor with the seatpost tube. The motor is of two horse-power and the machine is designed for speed and distance. It is said to be capable of thirty miles an hour. Extra strong tubing is employed and the machine is a heavy one, of a weight that makes it inconvenient to handle in and out of a house.

No one can guess whether these pioneer machines will spring into popularity and become the true progenitors of the permanent type, or whether they will disappear entirely in favor of something radically different. The certainty is that the progress either way will be rapid because of the experience with both bicycles and automobiles. The chief trouble in all cases seems to be how to locate the motor, the present-day bicycle having so nearly reached the limit of compactness and distribution of weight that it is somewhat in the way anywhere it is placed.

Government Telegraph in Great Britain .....Harwood.....Century

Since the British government, in the year 1870, assumed control of all inland telegrams, the business of that department of the general post-office has grown to enormous proportions. The object of assuming this control was twofold: first, to reduce the exorbitant telegraph tolls of private companies—tolls so high as virtually to be prohibitive for many kinds of business; and, secondly, to safeguard the public against any return to former charges. It matters not what one may think as to the desirability of the introduction of such a system into the United States, the fact is patent that in Great Britain it has proved a signal success. The twofold object was long since attained, and there is no likelihood that the system will be overthrown.

The report of the Post-office Department for 1899 gives the latest available figures. This report shows that the people so far appreciate and utilize the system that they sent in 1899, up to the date of the closing of the report, in ordinary telegrams, which are exclusive of press telegrams, cable messages, government, franked and reduced-rate despatches, over three million messages more than during 1898. In 1869, the year before government assumption, seven million messages were sent; in 1899, nearly ninety million messages. In 1869 the average charge for telegrams was a little over fifty cents, while the charge for the same message to-day, inclusive of address, is about fifteen cents. In 1869 there were under three hundred employees, while there are at present over three thousand in the London office alone. Last year, after allowing for a deficit of at least a million dollars in the department devoted to the daily newspapers, the system cleared above all cost of maintenance over one hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds; in round numbers, eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

This satisfactory balance would have been far larger but for the newspaper deficit. The newspapers of Great Britain, under the present system, make large use of the telegraph, and the rate for their telegrams is so ridiculously low that the government loses about two hundred thousand pounds sterling every year on this department of the service. Of course the larger the volume of newspaper business the greater the loss. In certain years the government loses one million five hundred thousand dollars on its newspaper service. The newspapers apparently have the government by the throat, and they seem in no haste to loosen their grasp. Effort has from time to time been made to secure parliamentary relief—for changes in the system are dependent upon national legislation—but without avail. For telegrams sent between 6 p. m. and 6 a. m. the newspapers pay one shilling per hundred words. For each additional hundred words after the first they pay twopence. Provision was made at the outset for the transmission of copies of original telegrams at the rate of twopence per hundred words. The intention was that this should apply to metropolitan newspapers, but it was made to apply to papers in any quarter, provincial as well as metropolitan, so that a news association may furnish as many papers as it will with messages, which, after all expenses are deducted, cost the newspapers an extremely low price, and entail a heavy loss to the government. Last year the newspapers of the kingdom—and of course all figures given pertain to transmission in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, not to any British dependency—sent seven hundred and fifty million words, an average of about fourteen million four hundred thousand words per week. This calls for largely increased expenditures and adds many employees to the staff. But so long as the expenses of the department are more than met, the average Englishman probably does not bother his head about the newspaper deficit; the sending of his own telegrams at the twelve-cent rate doing much, no doubt, to reconcile one who might otherwise be critical.

In Dialect: Selections of Character Verse

"Forgettin'".....Moira O'Neill.....London Spectator

The night when last I saw my lad
His eyes were bright and wet.
He took my two hands in his own,
"'Tis well," says he, "we're met.
Asthore machree! the likes o' me
I bid ye now forget."

Ah, sure the same's a thriflin' thing,
'Tis more I'd do for him!
I mind the night I promised well,
Away on Ballandim—
An' every little while or so
I thry forgettin' Jim.

It shouldn't take that long to do,
An' him not very tall;
'Tis quare the way I'll hear his voice,
A boy that's out o' call—
An' whiles I see him stand as plain
As e'er a six-foot wall.

Och, never fear, my jewel!
I'd forget ye now this minute,
If I only had a notion
O' the way I should begin it;
But first and last it isn't known
The heap o' throuble in it.

Myself began the night ye went
An' hasn't done it yet;
I'm nearly fit to give it up,
For where's the use to fret?—
An' the morning's fairly spoilt on me
Wid mindin' to forget.

A Humble Sermon... .....Washington Star

Day nebber wa'n't no one who couldn't fin' out
Sumpin' clus to his home to git busy about.
It may be de work doesn't pay as it should,
But it's better dan loafin' an' bein' no good.
So I mixes de whitewash or pushes de spade
'Thout talkin' too much 'bout de money dat's paid.
Don' was'e all yoh time countin' up de reward,
Jes' ten' to yoh bus'ness an' trust in de Lord.

When Moses, de prophet, led Israel's band
He didn't staht axin' de price o' de land
He was leadin' 'em to. Ef dey followed de light
He knowed dat de future wah boun' to come right
De onlies' way to succeed is to staht
A-doin' yoh bes' wid yoh han's an' yoh heart.
So don't git contrairy an' sing off de chord,
Jes' ten' to yoh bus'ness an' trust in de Lord.

In Hospital.....London Chronicle

It's freezin' all the night and it's scorchin' all the dye,
And it's mawch, mawch, mawch till yer feet is wore awye;
It's tightenin' up yer belt with the rytions running low,
And it's 'opin', 'opin', 'opin' thet yer soon will git yer show.

It's a gent be'ind some sacks o' sand obscurin' 'im from view,
Hambitious ter be lettin' soft-nosed bullets inter you;
It's a burstin' shell, a fever, or a white flag and a gun,
An' the fightin', fightin', fightin' ain't no more for you, my son.

Yer cryin' ter be gettin' on—they tikes an' sends yer back;
Yer longin' fur the front, but, no, yer on the 'omeward tack;
Yer've 'ad it pretty stiff, yer 'av—I 'opes we'll pull yer through,
But it's witin', witin', witin' in the 'orspital fur you

But in the gloomy 'orspital the sunshine 'as bin seen,
But all as fought and suffered fur their country an' their Queen;
Sarth Efricker is fur awye, and yer a private, yet
The Queen of England knows yer, an' the Queen does not furget.

Honey, Don't You Cry.....Atlanta Constitution

Honey, w'en de lonesome rain
Drappin' fum de sky—
All de sunshine drownded out—
Honey, don't you cry!

Honey, don't you cry—
Sun'll shine bimeby;
'Bleege ter rain
On hill en plain;
Honey, don't you cry!

Don't you know de lily feel
Dusty, hot en dry?
Liftin' up his empty cup—
Honey, don't you cry!

Honey, don't you cry—
Sun'll shine bimeby;
'Bleege ter rain
On hill en plain;
Honey, don't you cry!

Commencement Is Coming.....Baltimore American

Sally's in the parlor. Listen, you can hear.
She's oratin' all about "Woman an' Her Sphere."
Henry's in the stable talkin' to the hay,
Shoutin': "Rome was not, sirs, builded in a day."
Over in the medder neighbor Spriggin's Nate
Saws the air, an' hollers of affairs of State,
Thompson's boy, Elisha, 's in the timber lot,
Readin' from a paper on "The Trend of Thought."

Abraham McGinnis, down there in the brush,
Scatterin' the silence with his wordy rush,
Yellin': "Feller-citizens, can it be denied—
Beyond the Alps is It'ly, jest the other side?"
Silas Braddock's Rufus, yonder on the hill,
Speechifyin' strong on "Workin' with a Will."
William Wiggins stands there, on a stump, an busts
All the air around with "How to deal with Trusts."

Some one in the corn field, kickin' up a fuss
'Bout a gladiator, name o' Spartycuss.
Henry Clay ain't in it, Daniel Webster's beat,
Patrick Henry's simply knocked plumb off his feet.
Gemunee! It's noisy here from dawn till late—
Scholars gittin' ready for to graduate.
Tromped the crops completely, scattered all the birds,
Woods is full o' speeches, air is full o' words.

In the Middle of the Road.....Holman F. Day.....Lewiston Journa

Oh, the sleddin's gettin' ragged and it's dodge and skip and skive,
Till it's jest an aggervation for to try to start and drive.
Fust to this side, then to t'other—here some ice and there some snow,
—Just continyal gee and holler; fust "Giddap," and then it's "Whoa."
Takes a half a day to git there, round by way of Robin Hood;
Like as not you'll bust your riggin' haulin' out your hay and wood;
'Tain't no way o' doin' bus'ness; 'tain't no way to haul a load,
—You must do your hefty haulin' in the middle of the road.
If ye want to keep a hoein'
Better wait for settled goin',
For twice the heft goes easy in the middle of the road.

Oh, in dealin' with your neighbors, brother, sure's as you are alive,
It's better to go straight ahead and never skip and skive.
For the man who keeps a-dodgin' back and forth across the way
Like enough will find his outfit in the gutter, stuck to stay.
Till the road is clear and settled, till with candor in your heart
You can see your way before you, guess ye hadn't better start;
For to get there square and easy, and to lug your honest load,
You'll find it's best to travel in the middle of the road.
—So's to make an honest showin'
Better wait for settled goin',
Then, s'r, hustle brisk and stiddy in the middle of the road.

Swimmin' in the Crick.....M. C. Johnson.....Chicago Chronicle

I heard pa tellin' oncet, about
A doctor curin' folks
By washin' 'em. Huh! First I thinks
'At's one of pa's jokes.
But, say! I b'leeve that now, fer when
I'm awful blue er sick
I feel jes' great as soon's I go
In swimmin' in the crick.

Who cares if 'tain't allowed? 'At's why
A feller wants ter go.
This "doin' things they'll let ye"—say!
'At strikes me mighty slow.
An', 'sides, it's more'n twice the fun
To resk a darn good lick,
From gittin' ketched or bein' drowned
A-swimmin' in the crick.

I have ter laff at ma. She says:
"I jes' can't understand
How Billy gits his pants an' shoes
So dre'dful full of sand."
Gosh! 'T's lucky 'at she didn't think
Of askin' Jim er Dick.
Them sand baths—that's the bully part
Of swimmin' in the crick.

Our minister kin swim, I bet.
I allus guess'd he could,
'Cause once he preached 'at "keepin' clean
Is next ter bein' good."
"Gee whiz!" thinks I, "I'm kind'r scairt
Of goin' ter heaven too quick
From 'bein' good'—'bout twict a day,
A-swimmin' in the crick."

Nice sandy bottom, jest as smooth!
An' water—say! it's fine.
There's Dick an' Jim a-whistlin' now
An' givin' me the sign—
Two fingers. Gee! Them telegrafs
Ain't no ways near so slick
As that ter coax a feller down
In swimmin' in the crick.

A Rural Philosopher.....Roy Farrell Greene.....Detroit Free Press

"I've knowed," said Uncle Hiram, "lots o' fellers in my time
That had some right good theories, yet never had a dime.
They talked quite hifalutin' an' they made a heap o' spread,
An' calkerlated somehow on a somethin' jes' ahead!
A feller you are knowin' tells you confidentially
Of a scheme fer makin' money jes' hand over fist, you see,
But the situation sizin' up, although in workin' prime,
He isn't doin' anything at jes' the present time.

"He's allers goin' t' do it, an' he's meanin' well, no doubt,
Though good at theorizin' ain't wuth shucks t' work it out.
A crank you couldn't call him, cranks persistently'll dream
Of jes' one thing—This feller passes on from scheme t' scheme.
Then there's the other feller, close related t' the one
I've mentioned—he's the feller allers tellin' what he's done,
Once he was rich an' honored, had his praises sung in rhyme—
But he isn't doin' anything at jes' the present time.

"They're never doin' nothin', far as any one can see,
An' that's jes' why their talkin' ain't of interest t' me.
I'd rather with a feller that was busy keep in touch,
I can learn a heap more from him though he doesn't talk as much.
An' so," said Uncle Hiram, "jes' observe now fer yourself,
You'll find these two I've mentioned in your struggle after pelf,
The one's been t' the top an' one's preparin' fer t' climb—
But they ain't a-doin' anything at jes' the present time."

Facts and Figures: The Little Encyclopedia*

——There are 750 silk factories in the United States. Last year they imported 73,667 bales of reeled silk yarn, valued at $41,195,209, the silkworm not having been acclimated in this country.

——Lompoc, in Santa Barbara County, Cal., grows mustard for the whole nation. In that region 2,000 acres are cultivated to the seed, the industry employing about 200 farmers.

——A substituted forefinger was shown by a Koenigsberg doctor at a surgical congress in Berlin. He had cut off the patient's second toe and sewed it to the stump of the missing finger. Primary union followed and the new finger could be moved by its owner.

——The Federal Government of Switzerland is much perplexed these days by the problem caused by the enormous proportion of foreign residents in some of the cantons or counties. In certain localities the foreign population exceeds the native.

——Of the world's corn crop for 1899, viz., 2,611,000,000 bushels; the United States furnished 2,200,000,000 bushels; Austria-Hungary, 98,000,000 bushels; a serious falling-off from the 153,000,000 bushels in 1898; Argentine, 72,000,000 bushels; and Italy, 68,000,000 bushels. The crop was about 111,000,000 bushels more than the average crop of the last four years.

——The number of telephones per 10,000 inhabitants in various countries is given as follows: Sweden, 113; United States of America, 107; Norway, 97; Switzerland, 93; Canada, 67; New Zealand, 60; Denmark, 46; Finland, 29; Germany, 29; Great Britain and Ireland, 18; Holland, 16; Belgium, 14; Austria, 9; France, 7; Spain, 6; Hungary, 6; Italy, 4; Russia, 2; Japan, 1.

——In a German mine recently a bore was being sunk, and at a depth of almost 1,000 feet the hardened end of the steel bit broke off. To get the broken piece of steel out, a soft iron bar, 5 feet long and 2.7 inches in diameter was surrounded by a single winding of india rubber covered wire. It was then magnetized by means of a small dynamo and let down the hole, and raised the steel to the surface without further trouble.

——In taking its observations, the messenger pigeon rises to the height varying between 200 and 700 feet, according to the climatic or other local conditions. But whether the height be 200 or 700 feet, the pigeon flies in a series of circles, but always returns to a central position immediately above the spot from which it has been released. As soon as it has accurately determined its direction, it darts off for home. The speed varies according to atmospheric conditions. With a strong wind behind them, they will fly at a velocity of 1,500 or 1,600 yards a minute.

——The ill-repute of Friday as an unlucky day is shown by some current statistics to be undeserved. A careful investigation, largely through official channels, has been made of the matter in Germany, and as a result it is found that of 9,948 weekly accidents and disasters, such as are commonly attributed to bad luck, 1,674 occurred on Monday, 1,551 on Tuesday, 1,631 on Wednesday, 1,547 on Thursday, 1,638 on Friday, 1,638 on Saturday, and 269 on Sunday. The most noteworthy feature of these figures, apart from their vindication of Friday, is the uniformity of distribution of mishaps among the six secular days of the week, the difference between the most and the least "unlucky" days being less than one-tenth.

——Giles County, Virginia, contains a remarkable natural curiosity known as Salt Pond, which is described as a lake of fresh water sunk in Salt Pond Mountain at an elevation of 4,500 feet above sea level. It is fed by no visible stream, yet it is claimed to have been gradually enlarging since 1804, the date of its discovery. Fish that have been placed in Salt Pond have mysteriously disappeared. Its depth is unknown, experiments with a line 300 feet long failing to reach the bottom. The origin of the lake is unknown.

——Spiders are silk-makers, but it has been settled to the satisfaction of the agricultural experts of the Government that they do not produce silk of commercial value. Large silk-spinning spiders are found in the palm trees of Venezuela. Some of the spiders produce white silk and others yellow silk, and this silk has been made into handkerchiefs, but silk produced in this way cannot be made valuable commercially, because of the troublesome necessity of keeping the spiders separated to prevent their devouring each other. Their food being insects, this also involves considerable difficulty in supplying them. Attempts to utilize the silk of a Madagascar spider of the same species some years ago resulted in the discovery that the product was more expensive than ordinary silk.

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

Brief Comment: Literary Sayings and Doings

——Macmillan & Company will shortly issue a de luxe edition of Walter Pater's complete works.

——The works of John Ruskin are soon to be published in their entirety in the French language.

——An authorized life of Theodore Parker, by the Rev. John W. Chadwick, will shortly be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

——M. Edmond Rostand, who continues to improve daily after his long and dangerous illness, has been able to leave Paris.

——At Damascus the Vali of the city is reported to have discovered a library which escaped annihilation when Tamerlane destroyed the town in 1401.

——Anthony Hope's new novel, Quisante, has just been received in manuscript by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, and will be published in the early fall.

——A novel by James Fenimore Cooper, not hitherto printed in the collected edition of his works, will be published in the autumn by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

——Daniel Murray, assistant librarian of Congress, is preparing a bibliography of books by negro authors together with a collection of books themselves to send to the Paris Exposition.

——One outcome of the recent Cowper centenary at Olney some weeks back is an attempt to organize a Cowper society, with the object of stimulating interest in Cowper's writings.

——Paul Leicester Ford is engaged upon a new story to be entitled Wanted, a Watchmaker, a Christmas tale, with illustrations in color by H. C. Christy and decorations by Miss Armstrong.

——A monument to Sallust is to be erected at Aquila, in the neighborhood of the ancient Amiternum, where the historian was born. The Italian Ministry of Education has made a grant toward the cost.

——The cottage at Hull, Mass., once occupied by James Boyle O'Reilly, is to be bought by subscription among friends and admirers of the late poet, and deeded to the town for a public library.

——Mr. W. E. Henley, formerly editor of the Scot's Observer, has lately been confessing that Kipling's Barrack-Room Ballads, which were first published in that journal, attracted little attention at the time and had absolutely no effect on "circulation."

——Charlotte Brontë's widower, the Rev. Arthur B. Nichols, is now over eighty years of age, and spends most of his time in attending to his land business at Banagher, Ireland. Though married again, he always observes the anniversaries of his first wife's birth and death.

——The Spanish Government, in spite of its impoverished condition, has decided to purchase the large library of the late Don P. de Gayangos. The price will be $80,000, payable in six annual installments to the family of the dead bibliophile. Hence this splendid library will be incorporated with the Biblioteca Nacional.

——The widow of F. O. C. Darley, the popular illustrator and artist of fifty and thirty years ago, has presented to the New York Public Library a large number of the wood engravings of his important drawings, and with them other productions, among which are one hundred bank-note vignettes from his drawings.

——Sidney Colvin, keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, is engaged on an important critical work on the early history of engraving in England. The volume will be fully illustrated with reproductions. Some of the finest examples will be issued as one of the series of the official publications of the Museum.

——In his recently published Memoirs, Edmond de Amicis describes a visit he paid to Jules Verne, who showed him a bookcase containing a complete collection of his books, eighty in all, besides translations of many of them into most European languages, as well as Arabic and Japanese. "And yet," said Verne, "I owe my prosperity not to these books, but to the dramatizations of some of them."

——Three thousand bronze tablets, containing the records of Rome from the foundation of the city to the time of Vespasian, are buried in the marshes near Ostia according to Signor Costantino Maes, an Italian archæologist. They were saved from the fire which destroyed the Capitol in the year A. D. 69 and taken to Ostia. Signor Maes wants the Italian Government to drain the marshes and hunt for the tablets.

——There is to be a Storrs alcove in the rooms of the Long Island Historical Society, as a memorial to the late Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, who was for more than thirty years president of that society, and was re-elected twenty-four hours before his death. That alcove will be established in Brooklyn by a fund of $25,000, to be used for buying books of history, biography and travel.

——It is said on good authority that a new magazine will be published this autumn by Doubleday, Page & Co., to be called The World's

Work. Mr. Walter H. Page will be the editor, and the periodical will differ from present publications both in size, illustrations and character, as might be expected in a publication coming from a firm which, in the last year, has done many original and suggestive things in bookmaking.

——It is not generally known that to his other accomplishments the late Duke of Argyll added that of an artist. Painting was one of his favorite recreations, and the rooms of Inverary Castle contain many examples—in oil and water-color—of his brush. Of recent years the late Duke spent much of his time in his library, which contains the only perfect copy of the first Gaelic book ever printed and many rare parchment volumes.

——No one knows how Mr. Andrew Lang gets through such a stupendous amount of work. He never works in the morning, generally takes a stroll in the afternoon, and dines late. The reason is that he can write anywhere on anything. A story is told that he once borrowed a farmer's hat in the train, wrote an article on the crown of it, and at the same time conducted an elaborate argument on the subject of ghosts.

——The Century Company will soon begin the publication of The Century Library of Music, of which Mr. Ignace Jan Paderewski is the editor-in-chief. The work will appear in twenty volumes, containing richly illustrated articles upon the great composers of the world, written by other composers, and with music which will include the cream of piano-forte literature, including Paderewski's repertoire, each piece newly fingered, phrased and pedalmarked, according to the latest and highest standards. The work is being prepared under Mr. Paderewski's personal supervision. The first volume will appear in September.

——Prof Max Muller, in a recent interview, said: "I lost very little time reading novels before my illness. Now I delight in them. Not that I read them extensively myself. They are read to me. The old novels are very good. I am never tired of Sir Walter Scott, but modern fiction is mostly very poor stuff. The writers of the novels of to-day can't possibly work at them." The Professor said that so far as his own literary work was concerned, he should probably go on with his Recollections, but would abstain from any great effort.

——The extensive collection of papers and publications relating to the World's Congresses at Chicago in 1893, made by Mr. C. C. Bonney, President of the Congresses, will hereafter be in the keeping of the Chicago Public Library, where a suitable cabinet has been provided for its permanent safekeeping, and where it will be accessible to the public for reference. It is to be hoped that the library authorities, in recognition of Mr. Bonney's distinguished services and generous donation, will provide a special catalogue of this unique and invaluable collection of what is the most vital and enduring part of the Columbian Exposition, and that the collection will permanently bear his name.

——A valuable collection of Humboldt's correspondence has just been unearthed in Berlin. The collection was given by Alexander von Humboldt to the daughter of the man to whom the letters were originally written, Dr. Samuel Spiker, an official in the Berlin Royal Library, and afterward editor of the Spenersche Zeitung. There are about 200 letters, written in A. von Humboldt's "fine crow's-foot handwriting," full of confidential gossip concerning the Court and political and military notabilities, and references to eminent contemporary scholars. They range from 1830 to 1840, some being written from Potsdam. Several of them are in French, which was the Court language at Berlin in Humboldt's time.

——The Century Company will publish Plain Printing Types by Theodore L. De Vinne, founder of the De Vinne Press, and printer of the Century Magazine and the Century Dictionary. This volume of 400 pages—the first in a series of treatises on the practice of typography—will contain an illustrated description of the tools, processes and systems of type-making, the names and descriptions of all sizes of book types, a sketch of the history of type founding, and numerous exhibits of the more important styles of Roman, italic, black and display letter, including recent quaint styles designed for book printing, and tables of the classes and prices of type here and in Europe.

——The Florentine antiquary Leo Olscki has recently discovered in the house of a Venetian patrician a complete copy of the Bible with Nicholas Lyra's commentary, printed in 1471-72 by Arnold Pannartz in the palace of the Marquis Pietro Massimo at Rome. This work is extremely rare, and a copy of it was sold in Italy not long ago for 30,000 lire. The copy found by Olscki is richly illustrated with colored drawings of real and fabulous beasts of a symbolical character, heads of angels, plans of sacred edifices and six emblematic jewels. The drawings are by a contemporary artist, probably Andrea Mantegna, or at least by one of his pupils. Luther is known to have prized this commentary highly, and to have used it in his interpretation of Holy Writ. This indebtedness gave rise to the saying: "Si Lyra non lyrasset, Luther non saltasset"—If Lyra had not played the lyre, Luther would not have danced.

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

The Reign of Law. A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Even before opening the covers of a book from the hand of Mr. Allen, one may be sure of its rare and high qualities. Here will be no blurred or slighted work, no "unleavened bread." Nature herself will be here, appealing not only to the inner eye, but assailing other senses as well with her aromatic scents, her multitudinous voices. Here will be supreme artistry of style, the most felicitous word always the "inevitable" one, each sentence as exquisite in its cadence as it is translucent to the thought behind it. Here will be "little miracles of observation," flashes of wit, the gentler irradiation of humor, swift incisive scorn of things petty or base, reverence for that nobleness which shines through uncouth garb and sordid conditions, tenderest pathos, true insight into the human soul, and withal so many rich gems of clear-cut expression that the reader longs to remember them all and to appropriate them as shamelessly as the Israelitish women "borrowed" the jewels of the Egyptians.

In all the characteristics that give Mr. Allen's novels such distinction and charm, The Reign of Law is perhaps supreme. The initial chapter, "Hemp," is the loveliest of idyls. One may read and reread it for pure delight in its melody, or, almost oblivious of the music, may abandon oneself to the rapture of nature breathing through it all; or, forgetting both, may ponder only the mysterious analogy between the story of the seed and that of the human soul.

The volume is full of passages of like poetic strain as the description of the scene which greeted the hero's eyes upon his pathetic homecoming, or of his "congregation of the faithful," the "dependent animals in the wind-swept barn," despite their shivering wretchedness not one of them "a critic of his providence," but all "of the household of faith, the members being in good standing and full fellowship." And again there are the lofty and epic pages that tell of "the parting of Life's road at Doubt and Faith," that portray the trial for heresy, with its innumerable throng of unseen witnesses summoned by memory and imagination, and stretching backward through all time, backward from gentle, pained professors through inquisitors and torturers; backward from the mild sentence of expulsion from church and college, through the thumb-screw and the rack, through blood and flame, through the wild beasts of the arena and storms of nameless horrors, even to the cross of Christ. The Reign of Law has its romance—a controlling factor in the story—but it is pre-eminently the study of the soul. Some writer has noted that religion as an element of life seems to have been discharged altogether from much of the fiction of the day; it is not recognized as an influence, a motive. Not so is it in The Reign of Law. Religion is here the dominant note. It tells a story which has been repeated over and over again in the history of every generation, a story which has in some form come near the lives of almost all who will read the book, but which, strangely enough, writers of fiction have seldom touched, the story of the tragedy of doubt to him who is pledged to faith.—New York Times.

Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Robert Grant has chosen a prosaic title for the bright and moving American story he tells in Unleavened Bread. There is little of poetry in the tale, but there is humor, now and then a touch of real feeling, a searching knowledge of social conditions, and a sustained interest that make his book distinctive. The ambition of a young school teacher is the theme, and her career from the country school-house to the governor's mansion, through many difficulties and over many obstacles, is sketched with fine discrimination. There are many character studies in the story, and though the scene changes from a young and thriving Western city to Chicago, to New York, and to Washington, the author's hand is sure throughout and there are no blurred pictures.

Selma White, the central figure of the story, is not an attractive heroine, in spite of the refined, delicate beauty of her face, and her superior air. But she is a goddess to her first lover, an easy-going young business man, and the definite inclination of her hard, vain and selfish nature does not appear to him until it is too late. From the village school to the narrow circle of church society in town was something of a gain, but the next remove promised the ambitious young woman a larger field for the aspirations now fully awakened. As the wife of a young and struggling architect in New York, however, her social ambition finds little gratification, and it is a relief to her when her husband dies from overwork, and she is free to struggle onward and upward. At last the success she has dreamed of is before her. She marries a newly elected member of Congress,

and goes to Washington, and a little later aids her husband to gain the proud distinction of being the Governor of his State.

Yet the novelist has made plain the fact that in spite of the high position occupied by her husband the exclusive circles of society will be closed to her, as they have been throughout her career. Her want of tact, her too evident selfishness and desire to dominate have been fatal to her plans from the beginning. The most painful experiences of her life are not the death of her child and the loss of her husband, but the view of a rival's social success—a rival who comes to the city from a New Jersey village, as ambitious and as poor as Selma, but gifted with receptive and imitative faculties. The story, true as it is to American life, is a satire. Selma White is hardly a type, but a combination of qualities rarely found in one person.—Argonaut.

Fruitfulness (Fécondité). By Emile Zola. Translated and edited by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00.

Fruitfulness, as must be sufficiently well known, is a sermon in the form of a novel, which takes for its text the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth verses of the first chapter of Genesis: "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them: Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

Moreover, as the reader may learn from Mr. Vizetelly's interesting preface, this book is but the first of a cycle of four which is to contain the crown of M. Zola's philosophy. So the pious American will find himself compelled not only to listen to a sermon preached by a foreigner, but that doubly distasteful thing, a story based on the scriptures which he needs quite as much as ever the foreigner does. It is not to be supposed that Fruitfulness stops with the mere praise of large families or the proof that children are the truest and best of treasures. There is much that needs to be taken to the heart in respect of the evils that come when the families are not large; and there is much of still darker things, crimes against God and man that shudder at the light of day. It does not make the novel a pleasant one to read, but when was M. Zola a sayer of smooth things? The point is that they are said, and those who are most disturbed by his plainness of speech are those who most need to be disturbed.

> No rogue e'er felt the halter draw
> With good opinion of the law.

But the story is undoubtedly interesting, and it is filled with the broad spirit of humanity—more; it is replete with that sanity which it seems to be the final crime of our civilization to escape. There is in it the wholesomeness of the soil and the perfume of growing things; every page holds the laughter and prattle of children and the innocent delight and pride of fatherhood and motherhood. The author himself speaks of his book as a poem, and the lover of poetry will not quarrel with his definition. But it is the wholesomeness of things that makes the poetry; and the health and good spirits of the book shine all the stronger for the outcrop of blackness which contrives to ooze through now and again. The movement of the story is epical, and its details are never too minute to interrupt its progress. That it should be a novel with a purpose is far more apparent in the reflection afterward than in the act of reading; and the fictional interest is ever the author's consideration. Nor shall we quarrel with the translation, the Anglo-Saxon mind being what it is.—Chicago Evening Post.

The Garden of Eden. By Blanche Willis Howard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

This book is a magnificent legacy. No one ever drew such entrancing pictures of love and lovers. Her world glows with the light of love, the whole scene is transfigured with its rapture; in it she finds the key to the mysteries of human existence, which even unlocks the portals of the Unknown. Monica, whose fortunes are foreshadowed in three quaint prologues, is the heroine of two intense episodes, in which her affections surpass conventionalities and almost persuade the reader of the possibility of a supreme sanction for affinities so potent and sweet. Conditions, a high ideal, something of the consciousness of the nobility of the heights of renunciation, save her from herself and from any step beyond the boundaries, yet the two episodes are outspoken, though most delicately treated passions for two men unhappily married, the one at the beginning, the other during the latter part of the story. The fact that there are two in itself contradicts the assumption that these great "possessions" are their own justification. In its way each of these beautiful love stories is similarly accounted for by the entire devotion, the surrender and perfect obedience which characterizes each of them. The first fades away into the second so artfully that it is not until the reader closes the book that he appreciates the fact that "there were two." The workmanship is remarkable. There are scores of perfectly defined, vivid pictures of people and places, the language is full of flavor and natural-

ness, clever, even brilliant, but in perfectly harmonious proportion. The life in the German town flows on as genuinely as in the dear old "Initials," and the character and personality of the frail, devoted martyr, the good and great physician of body and soul, is truly heroic. As there is no beginning, there is no end; no "satisfaction." The unity of the two loves, the devotion of the mother whose death is the tragedy of the story, all the great, loyal company of friends furnish to the susceptible mind and heart richness of experience, spiritual power, larger capabilities. The girl is unsoiled and unhurt by any of that fulfilment which after all mars the ideal, and so she attains that high estate of being in the world and not of the world, which has "the promise."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Rudyard Kipling: A Criticism. By Richard Le Gallienne. With a Bibliography by John Lane. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has at sundry times and in sundry ways tried so hard to prevent the public from looking upon his work with any seriousness that he has at last almost succeeded. Nevertheless, in all his posing and literary capering he has really done himself considerable injustice; for in those infrequent intervals when he makes up his mind to think with clearness and to write with simplicity he is very well worth reading; and in the volume which is now before us we have an example of the sort of work which he presumably might always do if he only wished to. Surely there are no two authors of our time who are at once so well known and so antipodal in taste and themes and temperament. But this very antithesis between the two only serves to make a criticism such as this more interesting, provided it be seriously written; and we are happy to say that, for the time at least, Mr. Le Gallienne is wholly serious, and has, therefore, given us a chance to study the effect upon a mind like his of the writings of so robust and strenuous an author as Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Le Gallienne has divided his criticism into three parts—the first relating to Mr. Kipling's poetry, the second to his stories, and the third to his general significance and influence. The opinions contained in the first two parts will surprise the average reader by their almost complete identity with the average reader's individual views.

In Departmental Ditties Mr. Le Gallienne finds very little to admire, yet he admits that "here and there amid all the imitative patter there were struck notes somewhat deeper, which we can recognize now for signs of what was to come."

Barrack-Room Ballads, containing, as it did, Danny Deever, Fuzzy-Wuzzy and Mandalay, is regarded by Mr. Le Gallienne as giving us the true measure of Mr. Kipling as a poet. The three poems just named are admired without any reservation, the first for its tragic shiver and mournful music; the second for its delicious humor and its irresistible music-hall swing, and the last for its romance and melody and passion.

The second part of the book, which relates to the stories (including the Jungle Books), contains a very appreciative estimate of Kipling's prose. It is when we come to the third part of the volume in which Mr. Le Gallienne discourses upon Kipling's general influence that we find our critic departing from the opinions of the average man, and setting forth the objections of an æsthetic and of the indoor bookish person. Indeed, Mr. Le Gallienne seems to think that the spirit which Kipling represents means a reversion to pure brutality that is fatal to beauty and thought and fancy and idealism; and that its triumph shows that the popular taste grows daily wilder and wilder after gore.

There is probably room in the world for both Kipling and Le Gallienne. At least, no one will desire to crowd out the latter gentleman, so long as he continues to write books, which are, upon the whole, as rational, as normal and as interesting to read as is this criticism of his on Rudyard Kipling.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00.

A book by John Fiske, whatever its title, will always command attention. There may be nothing specially new in his latest volume, but his account of the struggle in the West and Southwest is so clear, direct and concise it will be prized by those who wish an interesting outline of these events of the civil war. Professor Fiske thinks that no battle of the nineteenth century save Waterloo has been the occasion of so much difference of opinion as the battle of Shiloh. Of the hotly disputed question as to how far the Federal army was taken by surprise on the morning of that bloody Sunday Fiske says: "Rumor had it for a while that the presence of an enemy was so far unsuspected that in Prentiss' camp, where Johnston's first blow fell, men were captured by wholesale in their beds. It has also been contended that the end of the day found the Federal army so completely shattered that nothing but Buell's timely arrival could have saved it from destruction or capture. A sober study of

the documentary evidence seems hardly to justify such extreme statements; yet doubtless they come nearer to the truth than Grant and Sherman in their published memoirs are willing to admit." Why there was no pursuit after the battle of Shiloh has never been satisfactorily explained. The author praises the soldierly skill of Buell, but evidently General Thomas is the hero after his own heart. He appreciates the generalship of Grant, but with a difference. He denies that he showed great ability in the Wilderness campaign, but admits that at Vicksburg there is nothing in military history which can compare with it in recent years except the first Italian campaign of Napoleon in 1796. For Fremont, Halleck and McClelland the author has little favor. Fremont's premature emancipation proclamation showed his "lamentable incapacity for comprehending the political situation." Fiske calls Halleck "the marplot Halleck," and says: "If he could only have been removed from the chief command and comfortably immured in some old woman's home what a relief it would have been to a long-suffering people!" This volume does not belong to the series in which Professor Fiske has been dealing with the history of the United States. It is a purely military narrative and deals almost exclusively with the Mississippi Valley during the civil war. Although its scope is limited, the view is clear and definite, and the reader gets a coherent idea of the various battles in the Southwest and their bearing on the war as a whole.—Chicago Evening Post.

The Life of William H. Seward. By Frederick Bancroft. New York: Harper & Brothers. $5.00.

Forty years ago William H. Seward was regarded by the majority of the people in the northern section of the United States as the ablest and most successful man in political life, and by a majority of the people in all sections as the man in whose power, more than in that of any other individual, lay the determination of the country's future. Thirty-four years ago this same William H. Seward, though still in high official position, was powerless and insignificant as a factor in American politics, nor had he in the interval played the part which popular opinion had expected of him. It has been a much-controverted question among students of our history whether the shrinkage of Seward was due chiefly to the extraordinary and man-compelling circumstances of the war time, or to the fact that the popular estimate of his ability and character was exaggerated and erroneous. The solution of this problem had inevitably to furnish the biographer with a central theme. Hence we find in Dr. Bancroft's work a treatment corresponding to this necessity. The first volume brings us to the election of Lincoln in 1860; the second and larger volume is occupied for the most part with an account of Seward's career between 1860 and 1866. Dr. Bancroft, though he gives no formal statement of the facilities for research that he has possessed, has had access to the unpublished Seward MSS., to the unpublished archives of the State Department at Washington, and to other manuscript sources; he has consulted personally with all the leading and influential contemporaries of Seward who could contribute useful information, and he is equipped with a wide and deep knowledge of all the currents of our political history. As a result the work is much more than a mere biography; it is a significant contribution to the general history of the United States. And its value is greatly enhanced by the purely objective attitude of the author, whose historical or political bias, if he ever had any, is absolutely undiscernible in his judgments. From the standpoint of literary style, moreover, Dr. Bancroft's volumes are as distinctly successful as from that of history or of biography. The narrative flows along in the simple and lucid manner that is most appropriate to the subject. Rhetorical ornament is employed only to a slight extent, and always with good judgment.—Bookman.

London to Ladysmith via Pretoria. By Winston Spencer Churchill. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

To be sure this cannot claim to be a carefully thought out history, for the book is composed of the letters which Mr. Churchill wrote to his newspaper. It is not work conceived and planned after the events of which it tells, but written as a running narrative of things doing in the sight of the author. If, therefore, it lacks the calm equipoise of a history, it gains the vivacity and dramatic interest of the story of an eye-witness. It begins with the departure of the correspondent from England in company with Sir Redvers Buller. The story of the sea voyage to the Cape is well told. Then comes the account of the first advance toward the front. Excellently indeed does Mr. Churchill paint the narrowing freedom of the line as the scene of active operations was approached. At length we come to the story of the fight on the armored train in which the correspondent of The Morning Post was made a prisoner. Mr. Churchill was commended for his bravery on this occasion, and yet he manages to tell the story without any laudation of himself. Taken to Pretoria and there imprisoned, Mr. Churchill had abundant opportunities to ascertain

the feeling of the Boers at that time, and he shows that they were filled with an overweening confidence that they would, as they expressed it, "drive the British into the sea." The author's story of his escape from the Boer military prison is told in a simple, straightforward manner, which shows conclusively that he acted with courage and decision in a trying time, and risked his life to return to the scene of action and cover his assignment like a good newspaper man. When he reached the front again it was on the banks of the Tugela River. And here the narrative becomes really absorbing. One by one the vital positions of the besiegers were taken, and the deadly British bayonet glutted itself with Boer blood. At length the town was in sight, the relieving column was in touch with the defenders. News came to the advance guard that the way was open to the city. A bridge was crossed and at the beginning of the road on the other side was a sign put up and neatly painted by the engineers: "To Ladysmith." With the vanguard Mr. Churchill galloped toward Ladysmith. It's a good tale, and well told.—New York Times.

From Cape Town to Ladysmith. Unfinished Record of the South African War. By G. W. Steevens. Edited by Vernon Blackburn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

A significance attaches to this volume beyond that which belongs to the vivid pictures it contains of certain aspects of the war in South Africa. It presents the very last writings of the late G. W. Steevens, the war correspondent of The London Daily Mail. A final chapter by Mr. Blackburn eulogizes Mr. Steevens, while describing his illness and death in beleaguered Ladysmith. That he had remarkable powers cannot be doubted. But Mr. Blackburn, allowing his personal enthusiasm for his friend and an apparently natural leaning toward rhetorical exaggeration to inflate unduly his little essay, goes too far. He uses the tone which would be fitting in writing about a man of infinitely greater gifts than those possessed by Mr. Steevens. However, it is not difficult to understand Mr. Blackburn's feeling. Mr. Steevens did so much that was brilliant, and he gave promise of work that would have been so much more important, that it is perhaps excusable to dwell with extraordinary emphasis upon his name. If Mr. Steevens' books do not contain literature, they contain the next thing to it, description so consummate that long after the events commemorated have faded from the memories of eye-witnesses, all readers will be able to apprehend as though from the living reality the facts with which the author dealt. Let us not exaggerate what he did, because in the long run such exaggeration only does the object of it harm. Reaction comes, and the author is neglected with impatience when he ought to be read and reread. Steevens was so competent a writer that he deserves to be reread for more than one generation. There are fifteen brief letters in From Cape Town to Ladysmith, the merest fragment of the standard book of South Africa war letters which every one expected that Steevens would write. They give a glimpse of Cape Town on the eve of the struggle, a picture of Stormberg Junction and other points of interest in the campaign, an account of the battle of Elandslaagte, the story of Nicholson's Nek, and some notes on the bombardment of Ladysmith and events in the vicinity of that town. In all the letters we get that terse, lucid and spirited portrayal of the landscape, and the events for which it furnishes a background to which Mr. Steevens accustomed us in his half dozen preceding volumes. He always knew what to leave out. He put in just the things which one would want to know of, and he put them in in just the right way.—New York Tribune.

A Country Without Strikes. A Visit to the Compulsory Arbitration Court of New Zealand. By Henry Demarest Lloyd. With Introduction by William Pember Reeves. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.00.

This is an interesting little volume written by the author after a visit last year to New Zealand. It embodies the conclusions drawn from his observations. When he reached New Zealand, a friend invited him to visit the scene of what he called a strike. He went into a room, where he found a small crowd of men. There sat a court composed of half a dozen judges, half of them well dressed, and the other half dressed in garments not so good. At the bar were a number of persons, disputants and witnesses, giving and debating the evidence in dispute, and around the room sat the representatives of the press. The transactions were as quiet and orderly as those of any court in Christendom. This is New Zealand's present-day strike, in which labor never stops and defies capital and in which capital never locks labor out. Before compulsory arbitration, New Zealand had its share of labor troubles. From 1890 to 1895 there were strikes so turbulent and violent in some industries that they became completely demoralized, yet private conciliation and arbitration in every shape and form imagined was resorted to. Among the capitalists there was the same stubborn, dictatorial minority that has controlled their policy in every country.

The majority of the capitalists wanted arbitration, the workmen wanted it and public opinion wanted it, and at last these elements made up their minds to compel the recalcitrants to accept it by embodying it in law. Mr. Lloyd calls attention to one remarkable effect of the law that should receive especial attention. The manufacturers' associations are actually encouraging trades unions in most of the industries, to prevent cut-throat competition among themselves. Undoubtedly New Zealand is the best place in the whole world for the trial of this arbitration policy. Its population is almost wholly of English-speaking stock, and the islands lie in the Southern Pacific, isolated from the rest of the world.—Providence Journal.

Hôtel de Rambouillet and the Précieuses. By Leon H. Vincent. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.

A dainty as well as an interesting little volume. Mr. Vincent makes a charming picture of the gatherings at the home of the Marquise, whose lot it was "to reorganize society in behalf of virtue and culture," and, "without putting pen to paper," was "to make her name an inalienable part of the history of French literature." Of the "Précieuses," Mr. Vincent says, "they lived comic opera and didn't know it." He pictures one of their gatherings, "the high priestess throned upon her couch, the spaces on either side of the bed (the ruelles) filled with ladies and gallants, the fluttering of fans and feathers, the rustle and gleam of satin and silk, the little beribboned canes which they waved incessantly while they talked, the talk itself, infinitely clever in some cases and infinitely absurd in others; the flourishes and bows, the compliments and witticisms, and then the general serenity which filled every breast, the consciousness that no vulgar sound could mar the turn of a verse or the climax of an apostrophe, for the door-knocker was carefully muffled." But preciosity had many virtues as well as absurdities. It was exceeding picturesque, and the pages which contain its history are among the most fascinating in the annals of French literature. Historians have exaggerated the intellectual frivolity of Hôtel de Rambouillet, but Mr. Vincent says it seems less culpable to be frivolous over words and ideas than over cards, and if it is a question of ultimate idiocy, charades are no worse than dancing. "If, then, we are inclined to laugh at a society which could divide into two hostile camps on the question which of two sonnets was the better, we may take comfort in the compensating thought that these people actually knew a sonnet when they saw one." Mr. Vincent's pleasant little sketch of an interesting period in the history of French literary and fashionable society is supplemented by a bibliographical note, where "the amateur of good books rather than the pundit" can find references to more extended writings on the subject.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Meloon Farm. By Maria Louise Pool. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

A posthumous novel by Maria Louise Pool, whose premature death was lamented by all lovers of wholesome fiction. It is entitled The Meloon Farm, and tells, with a vivacity and sprightliness that makes it new again, the old story of a middle-aged man's love for a young girl, and hers for him. Once more there is the young man who interferes. Once more, maturity leaves the field clear to youth, imagining that youth must prefer youth. Once more the young woman mistakes the older man's studied reserve for indifference. And there are the usual meddlers and busybodies to encourage each in delusion. So she marries the young man, and is unhappy, and the young man discovers the reason of her unhappiness and wanders off and dies, and the eyes of the two lovers are opened, and they make up and presumably live happy ever after. You have read all this before? But you have not read it in Miss Pool's version, which introduces some well-drawn characters, many moving scenes and effective contrasts between country life and the rush and roar of great cities. For her heroine is an operatic singer, whose voice breaks down so that she is driven to temporary retirement, but who eventually regains it to score great triumphs in great cities.—New York Herald.

Passages In a Wandering Life. By Thomas Arnold. New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head.

Passages in a Wandering Life is virtually the autobiography of Mr. Thomas Arnold. Like Matthew Arnold, his brother, Mr. Thomas Arnold departed widely from the faith of his father. Matthew Arnold invented a new religion, compounded of sweetness and light and devoid of dogma. Mr. Thomas Arnold went to the other extreme, by joining the Church of Rome. His reminiscences—for the volume might appropriately be called by that name—are interesting, both for the anecdotes they contain and for their picture of the mental processes by which the author was led into the Roman fold. It can hardly be called a brilliant book, but it is on the whole a readable one.—W. L. Alden, in New York Times.

Magazine Reference for July, 1900

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

American on Modern Art, An.....Artist.
American Sculpture at Paris: L. Taft..Brush & P.
American Wares at Expositions: Teall.Brush & P.
American Women Illustrators: Armstrong..Critic.
Another Way of Designing a House.....Scrib.
Art in Needlework.....Artist.
*At the Royal Academy: H. Stratham..Fortnight.
Degenerate Dramatic Criticism: C. Scott..Metrop.
F. W. Benson and His Work: Downs..Brush & P.
*Genius of Handel: H. H. Stratham....Nine. Cent.
German Tneatre in N. Y.: N. Hapgood...Bookm.
Gustav Gurschner and His Work.....Artist.
Home Censorship of the Theatre.....Cent.
Influence of the Band: J. P. Sousa.....Metrop.
Keramic Colors for Porcelain Painting.....Artist.
Max Lieberman and His Art: De Soissons..Artist.
Memories of a Musical Life: W. Mason.....Cent.
Paris Exposition Architecture: Gibson..Brush & P.
Passing of the Roof Garden: Richardson...Metrop.
*People's Theatre in Berlin: E. Sellers...Contemp.
Possibilities of English Opera: L. Nordica.Metrop.
Puritanism and the Theatre: W. Archer....Critic.

Biographic and Reminiscent.

A. C. Swinburne: J. Douglas.....Bookm.
Alfred Moore: J. Davis.....Green B.
Bryan: A Character Sketch: W. A. White.McClure.
Charles W. Chestnutt: W. W. H.....S. Culture.
*Eleonora Duse: H. Zimmern.....Fortnight.
*Ernest Dawson: A. Symons.....Fortnight.
Francis Parkman: W. M. Hudson.....S. Culture.
Gen. Robt. S. S. Baden-Powell: F. Chester.Munsey.
Greatest Living Actress: L. Strachey.....Munsey.
*Historical Villain, A.....Macmillan.
John Philip Sousa: H. T. Gardner.....Ainslee.
Jonas Lie and Georg Brandes: Wendell..S. Culture.
Letters of a Novelist-Fruit-Grower.....Critic.
Lord Playfair: M. W. Hazeltine.....No. Am. R.
Lyon Playfair: W. Stevens.....Leisure H.
*Madame d'Epinay: S. C. Tallentyre....Longman.
Many-Sided Hopkinson Smith: A. Barton..Metrop.
Mary E. Wilkins at Home: K. Hill.....Munsey
Member of Grant's Cabinet: Watrous...National.
Mr. Bryan: C. B. Spahr.....Am. R. of R.
*Paul Kruger: F. E. Garrett.....Fortnight.
Rev. T. C. S. Macklem, L.L.D.: Shelley....Canad.
Sarah Porter: W. M. Sloane.....Cent.
*Sir William Hunter: J. A. R. Marriott..Fortnight.
Stevenson at the Golden Gate: Clemens..National.
Vilma Parlaghy: C. Ruge.....Munsey.
William McKinley .....Am. R. of R.

Educational Topics.

Academy at West Point: J. T. Smith.....Donahoe.
*Country Teaching for Country Schools..Longm.
Developments in Textile Schools....Am. R. of R.
Educational Use of Hypnotism.....Harp.
Ex-School Committee Woman, An: Dunn...Atlan.
Harvard 58 Years Ago: G. F. Hoar.....Scrib.
Manual Training in Mental Development..Arena.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology.Pop. Sci. M.
*New Authorities in English Education..Contemp.
New Psychology: H. Davies.....Int. J. of Ethics.
Physical Training in Women's Colleges...Werner.
Spencer's Essay on Education: Jordon...Cosmop.
Star-Spangled Banner, The: M. Hill.....McClure.
University Education and What It Costs..Leis. H.
Visiting Cuban Teachers: M. C. Francis..National.
What France Does for Education.....New Eng.

Essays and Miscellanies.

American Outdoor Literature: West.....Forum.
Changes of Taste in Fiction.....Atlan.
Cheap Milk is Poor Milk: Conn....Am. Kitchen.
Children in Public Libraries: Smith..Am. R. of R.
Civic Festivals and Processions.....Cent.
College Literature and Journalism: Bacon..Critic.
Diving Horses: A. H. Broadwell.....Strand.
Does Government Service Pay?: Low.....Forum.
*Evolution of Mystery: M. Maeterlinck..Fortnight.
Fiction, Old and New: L. Watson.....Leisure H.
Housekeeping in Hot Weather.....What-to-Eat.
How to Safeguard One's Sanity: Buckley...Cent.
Ideal Ration for Tropics.....J. of Mil. Ser. Inst.
Impressionism and Appreciation: Gates.....Atlan.
Invasion of Journalism: A. R. Kimball.....Atlan.
*New Mysticism, The: E. Rhys.....Fortnight.
Non-Hygienic Gymnastics: J. Buckham.....Harp.
Notable Trees About Boston: Brown....New Eng.
Old Connecticut Farming: C. N. Hall...New Eng.
*Passion and Imagination in Poetry....National R.
Pernicious Maxims and Ideas: Holmes....Arena.
Prejudices About Life Insurance: Alexander.Atlan.
*Proprietors and Editors: A. Shadwell.National R.
Scandinavian Newspapers: D. K. Dodge...Bookm.
Tendency to Health: D. G. Mason.....Scrib.
Trees: F. French.....Scrib.
Tropical Diseases and Cures: Porter.Chambers's J.
Virginia Dialect: S. D. McCormick.....Bookm.
*Vogue of the Garden Book: Batson...Nine. Cent.
Wonders of Insect World: R. Bach....Everybody.

Historical, National and Political.

Boer as a Soldier, The: T. F. Millard.....Scrib.
Boers and Poor Whites, The.....Chambers's J.
Boers in History: R. M'Cann.....Gunton.
China and Modern Progress.....No. Am. R.
Chinese "Boxers": L. J. Davies...N. Geographic.
Chinese Civilization: D. Z. Sheffield.....Forum.
Chinese Revolutionary Junta, The.....Ainslee.
Colonies and the Mother Country....Pop. Sci. M.
*Coming Afghan Crisis: D. C. Boulger..Fortnight.
Commercial Ascendency of the U. S.: Wright.Cent.
Court of Appeals of Kentucky: Doolan..Green B.
*Decline of Liberalism: Massingham...National R.
Expansion of England: E. D. Mead.N. Geographic.
Fall of Quebec: C. T. Brady.....McClure.
*French Army, The: D. Hannay.....Macmillan.
Future of Imperialism The: J. Lewis.....Canad.
*Future of South Africa: A Symposium.Nine.Cent.
*Germany, England and America: Bigelow.Contem.
*Great Britain and the Dual Monarchy.National R.
Hawaii's Real Story: F. L. Clarke.....Forum.
Historic Boston: F. A. Waterman.....New Eng.
Historic Ship of Our Navy: M. Irving..S. Culture.
Hohenzollerns, The: F. W. Fitzpatrick..S. Culture.
House and the Election of Senators.....Arena.
Is Russia to Control All Europe?: Ford..Cosmop.

*Magazines starred are June numbers of English periodicals.

Kiaochon: German Colonial Experiment..Forum.
*Last Palace Intrigue at Peking.....Fortnight.
Mr. Bryan's Proclamation.....Gunton.
New Australian Constitution: Lusk..Am. R. of R.
New England's First President: Powell....Arena.
Our Bungling Financial System: Walker..Gunton.
Our Opportunity in the Pacific.....No. Am. R.
Our Relations With Germany: W. C. Fox.Forum.
Possibilities of Porto Rico: J. C. Burnes....Home.
*Price of Party Government: W. S. Lilly.Fortnight.
Real Situation in China: R. Van Berger....Home.
Relief of Ladysmith: R. H. Davis.....Scrib.
Republican View, A: C. H. Grosvenor.No. Am. R.
Slave Trade in America: J. R. Spears.....Scrib.
Social Reform and General Election.....Forum.
Some 18th Century Newspapers.....Leisure H.
*Some Observations on South Africa....Contemp.
So. African Prospects: A Symposium.No. Am. R.
*Top-Heavy Administration, A: H. Paul.Contemp.
Treatment of Subject Races.....Int. J. of Ethics.
Turkey and the U. S.: J. S. Kerreh.....Arena.
Unwritten Chapter in Diplomacy: Low..McClure.
U. S. as a World Power: C. A. Conant.....Forum.
United States in Cuba: L. B. Ellis.....Arena.
Will the Chinese Migrate?: J. M. Scanland..Arena.

Religious and Philosophic.

Buddhism: V. M. F.....Path.
Christian Ideal, The: C. A. Allen.....New World.
Congress of History of Religions..Int. J. of Ethics.
*Convert's Experience, A: Fidelis.....Contemp.
English Church, The: W. Clark.....S. Culture.
Great Awakening, The: C. Johnston.....Ideal R.
How Religions Affect Commerce: Adams..Ainslee.
Impressions of a Canonization: Walsh...Donahoe.
Kant and the Spirit-Seer: Wright....New Church.
Law, Will, Desire and Aspiration: Carter....Mind.
*Liberalism and Intransigeance: Word..Nine. Cent.
Making and Decaying of the Creed: Frank.Ideal R.
*Mivart Episode, The: H. H. Henson..National R.
New Thought of Christ: R. H. Newton.....Mind.
Non-Existence of the Devil: C. Caverno....Arena.
On Preaching: W. Kirkus.....New World.
Perception: J. Hyde.....New Church.
Plutarch and His Age: R. M. Wenley..New World.
*Prospects of Anglicanism: Cobb.....Nine. Cent.
Psychology of Crazes: T. W. Patrick..Pop. Sci. M.
Relations of Ethics to Religion...Int. J. of Ethics.
Religion and the Larger Universe.....New World.
Ritualistic Controversy: Anderson....New World.
Science in Religious Instruction.....New Church.
Source of Moral Obligation.....Int. J. of Ethics.
What Should the Preacher Preach?.....Mind.
*Why I Left the Roman Church.....National R.

Scientific and Industrial.

Alcohol From Paper and Sawdust..Chambers's J.
Chapters on the Stars: S. Newcomb..Pop. Sci. M.
Cotton Mills in Cotton Fields: Ellis..Am. R. of R.
Development of Fly-Wheels: Benjamin...Cassier.
Earth's Development, The: E. Renouf.Pop. Sci. M.
Economy in Machine-Shop Work: Smith..Cassier.
Electric Power for Factories: Aldrich....Cassier.
Electrical Home, The: F. J. Nash.....Ainslee.
Engineering Development of Far East.Engineering.
Foundry Cranes: J. Horner.....Cassier.
Gold Mines of British Columbia....Chambers's J.
Greatest Subway System, The: Varney....Cassier.
Haeckel and the New Zoology: Williams..Harp.
History of Mining in Brit. Columbia..Engineering.
How Paris Telescope Was Built.....Strand.
Invention as Factor of American Wealth..Cassier.
Lessons of the $175,000,000 Ash-Heap.....Forum.
Liquid Air: P. George.....Everybody.
Machine Tools in Mechanic Arts.....Cassier.
Making "Best Yorkshire" Iron.....Cassier.
Malaria and Malarial Fever: Manson..Pop. Sci. M.
*Mimicry of Cuttles: Dunn.....Contemp.
New Source of Light: H. C. Boulton..Pop. Sci. M.
Pictures in Fireworks: W. G. Fitz Gerald..Strand.
Plague at Oporto: A. Calmette.....No. Am. R.
Power Features at Paris: Donner....Engineering.
Preventive Inoculation: Haffkine....Pop. Sci. M.
Profitable Philanthropy: H. B. Albee.Am. R. of R.
Psychology of Reading: Huey....Am. J. of Psych.
Psychology of Alcohol: Partridge.Am. J. of Psych.
Pumping Riches From the Ground....Everybody.
Railroad Control in Japan: Keikicki Abe...Arena.
Railroad Development in China.....McClure.
Railway Notes From Ural: L. Lodian.....Cassier.
Rapid Transit in Great Cities: Johnson..F. Leslie.
Sea Builders, The: R. S. Baker.....McClure.
Sensibility to Pain: E. J. Swift..Am. J. of Psych.
Ship Building Yards of U. S.....Engineering.
Shipping Subsidy Bill: E. T. Chamberlain..Forum.
Solar Eclipse of May 28, 1900.....Pop. Sci. M.
Synthetic Experiment: Bentley..Am. J. of Psych.
Utilizing Waste Heat: A. D. Adams..Engineering.
Work of Weather Bureau: T. Waters.....Ainslee.

Sociologic Questions of the Day.

Colored Race and Recent Conference....Donahoe.
Co-Operative Business vs. Trusts.....Arena.
*Factory Bill of 1900: G. M. Tuchwell..Fortnight.
Great Social Question, The: T. J. Ducey..Metrop.
Is Crime Increasing?: R. P. Falkner.....Forum.
Liberty and Government.....Int. J. of Ethics.
Organized Thrift: V. Thompson.....Cosmop.
Referendum in America: E. Maxey.....Arena.
Restitution to Victims of Crime: J. A. Stone.Arena.
Trusts and the End, The: J. B. Walker...Cosmop.
Women as Criminals: H. Harrell.....Arena.
*Youthful Offenders: T. Holmes.....Contemp.

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

American Derby, The: W. H. Rowe.....Outing.
Artistic Paris: R. Whiteing.....Cent.
Bit of Old France: H. Monroe.....Atlan.
Bygone International Athletic Contests...Outing.
Central City of the West: C. S. Gleed....Cosmop.
*Cowper's Ouse: J. C. Tarver.....Macmillan.
First View of the Exposition: Kidder....Cosmop.
Henley Week: Mrs. B. Harrison.....Cosmop.
Magnificent Newport: H. Davis.....Munsey.
Man Hunting: J. Fox, Jr.....Outing.
Missouri: C. M. Harvey.....Atlan.
New World Sport, A: H. A. Nichols.....Strand.
Our Samoan Station: A. de Lentreppe...F. Leslie.
Pagan Indians of Canada: M. O. Scott.....Canad.
Passion Play at Oberammergau.....Forum.
Passion Play at Oberammergau: Glasson.Donahoe.
Practical Fly-Casting: J. H. Keene.....Outing.
Provincetown: E. J. Carpenter.....New Eng.
Puerto Rico: F. W. Mansfield..J. of Mil. Ser. Inst.
"River People," The: D. Marshall.....Scrib.
Road to Bolivia: W. E. Curtis....N. Geographic.
Run Through St. Helena, A: J. Walker.:Leisure H.
Scottish Shrine, A: B. M. Buckhout....S. Culture.
Society in Cuba: M. C. Francis.....Munsey.
Transformation of New York: E. W. Mayo.Ainslee.
War Correspondents in South Africa.....Harp.
Women in Turkey: L. M. J. Garrett.....Cosmop.

Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Biographic and Reminiscent.

Autobiography of Charles H. Spurgeon: In four volumes, V. 4: N. Y., F. H. Revell Co..$2 00
Autobiography of St. Ignatius: Ed. by J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.: N. Y., Benziger Bros..... 1 00
Erskines, The: A. R. Macewen (Famous Scots Series): N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 75
Forty Years in the Medical Profession, 1858-1898: J. J. Black: Phil.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Great Napoleon's Mother, The: Clara Tschudi. N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co..... 3 00
John Ruskin: Mrs. Meynell: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co..... 1 25
Last Words (Real and Traditional) of Distinguished Men and Women: Collected by F. R. Marvin: Troy, C. A. Brewster & Co...
Life of Charlotte Brontë: Mrs. Gaskell: N. Y., Harper & Bros..... 1 75
Life of Isaac Ingalls Stevens: Hazard Stevens: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 v..... 6 00

Essays and Miscellanies.

A B C of Wall Street, The: Ed. by S. A. Nelson: N. Y., S. A. Nelson..... 1 00
American Salad Book, The: Maximillan de Loup: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co..... 1 00
Flashes of Wit and Humor: Robert Waters: N. Y., Edgar S. Werner Pub. Co..... 1 00
Hesperian Tree, The: Ed. by John James Piatt: Cincinnati, G. C. Shaw..... 5 00
Letters to the Farm Boy: Henry Wallace: The Macmillan Co..... 1 00
Official, Diplomatic and Social Etiquette of Washington: Katherine E. Thomas: N. Y., W. B. Ketcham..... 50
Outline History of English and American Literature: C. F. Johnson: N. Y., American Book Co..... 1 25
Pausanias and Other Greek Sketches: J. G. Frazer: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 1 50
Representative Significance of Form: George L. Raymond: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.. 2 00
Specimens of the Forms of Discourse: Ed. by E. H. Lewis: N. Y., Henry Holt & Co..... 60
Studies in Poetry: Thomas O'Hagan: Bost., Marlier, Callanan & Co..... 50

Fiction of the Month.

All He Knew: John Habberton: N. Y., Edwin S. Gorham..... 1 00
American Colonel, An: Jere Clemens: Akron, O., Wolfe Pub. Co..... 1 00
At the Court of the King: G. Hembert Westley: Bost., L. C. Page & Co..... 1 25
Banker and the Bear, The: Henry K. Webster: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 1 50
Baron's Sons, The: Maurus Jokai: Bost., L. C. Page & Co..... 1 50
Bequeathed: Beatrice Whitby: N. Y., Harper & Bros..... 1 50
Black Terror, The: John K. Leys: Bost., L. C. Page & Co..... 1 50
Boy; A Sketch: Marie Corelli: Phil., J. B. Lippincott Co..... 1 50
Diplomatic Woman, A: Huan Mee: N. Y., Harper & Bros..... 1 00
Dorsey, the Young Inventor: Edward S. Ellis: N. Y., Fords, Howard & Hurlbert.....$1 25
Elissa: H. Rider Haggard: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co..... 1 25
Four Years Nine: Bart Mynderse: N. Y., F. A. Stokes Co..... 1 50
Gentleman Born, A: Edward C. Kane: N. Y., G. W. Dillingham Co..... 1 50
Georgie: S. E. Kiser: Bost., Small, Maynard, & Co..... 1 00
Heart's Highway, The: Mary E. Wilkins: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co..... 1 50
Helbeck of Bannisdale: Mrs. Humphry Ward: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 1 50
Hilda Wade: Grant Allen: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons..... 1 50
How To Do It; How To Live: E. E. Hale: Bost., Littl:, Brown & Co..... 1 50
In Circling Camps: Joseph A. Altsheler: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co..... 1 50
Isle of the Winds, The: S. R. Crockett: N. Y., Doubleday & McClure Co..... 1 50
Judge Ladd: A Novel: Noble Smithson: Knoxville, Tenn., Ogden Bros. & Co..... 1 00
Juen, Slave and Empress: Kathleen Gray Nelson: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co..... 1 50
Lady Blanche's Salon: Lloyd Bryce: N. Y., Harper & Bros..... 1 25
Last of the Flatboats, The: G. C. Eggleston: Bost., Lothrop Pub. Co..... 1 50
Last Sentence, The: Maxwell Gray: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co..... 1 00
McLoughlin and Old Oregon: Eva Emery Dye: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co..... 1 50
Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg, The: Mark Twain: N. Y., Harper & Bros..... 1 75
Meloon Farm, The: Maria Louise Pool: Harper & Bros..... 1 50
Memory Street: A Story of Life: Bost., L. C. Page & Co..... 1 50
Minister's Guest, The: Isabel Smith: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co..... 1 00
Outrageous Fortune: Story of Evelyn Grey, Hospital Nurse: London, Greening & Co.. 25
Passing of Thomas and Other Stories: T. A. Janvier: N. Y., Harper & Bros..... 1 25
Peacemakers, The: John Strange Winter: Phil., J. P. Lippincott Co..... 1 00
Poverty Knob: Sarah Warner Brooks: N. Y., A. Wessels Co..... 1 25
Red Badge of Courage, The: Stephen Crane: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co..... 1 00
Rise in the World, A: Adeline Sergeant: N. Y., F. M. Buckles & Co..... 1 25
Rugby: H. C. Bradby: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50
Secrets of Monte Carlo: William Le Queux: N. Y., G. W. Dillingham Co..... 1 00
Secret of the Crater, The: Duffield Osborne: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons..... 1 00
Story of Grettir the Strong, The: Trans. from the Icelandic by Eirikr Magnusson and William Morris: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co. 2 00
Story of Two Friars, The: Eugene Field: Chic., F. M. Morris..... 1 00

Sword of the King, The: Ronald Macdonald: N. Y., The Century Co.....$1 50
Talks With Barbara: Elizabeth K. Tompkins: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons..... 1 50
Tim, Tam and Tom: Settling the Tariff-Trust Question: R. A. Benedict: N. Y., Rohde & Haskins 25
To the Healing of the Sea: A Novel: Phil., Drexel Biddle..... 1 00
Unsocial Socialist, An: G. Bernard Shaw: N. Y., Brentano's..... 1 25
Web of Life, The: Robert Herrick: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50

Historical, National and Political.

Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia, 1900: 3d series, v. 40; whole series, v. 39: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.....
Besieged by the Boers: Life in Kimberley During the Siege: E. O. Ashe: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co..... 1 25
China, the Long-Lived Empire: Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore: N. Y., The Century Co..... 2 50
Columbian and Venezuelan Republics, The: William L. Scruggs: Bost., Little, Brown & Co..... 2 50
Cycle of Cathay; or, China, South and North: W. A. P. Martin: N. Y., F. H. Revell Co..
Dishonesty of the 1898 Bond Issue, and of Our Financial System: Buffalo, Puritan Co..... 50
Fifty Years of the History of the Republic in South Africa: J. C. Voigt: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co., 2 v.....
Filipino Martyrs, The: Richard Brinsley Sheridan: N. Y., John Lane..... 1 25
Four Months Besieged: Story of Ladysmith: H. H. S. Pearse: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 2 00
French Revolution, The: Thomas Carlyle: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons..... 1 75
French Revolution, The: Thomas Carlyle: N. Y., The Macmillan Co., 2 v..... 3 00
Historical Memoirs of the Emperor Alexander I.: Mme. la Comtesse de Choiseul-Gouffier: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co..... 1 50
Our Fleet To-day and Its Development: S. Endley-Wilmot: N. Y., Chas Scribner's Sons 1 75
Overland to China: Archibald R. Colquhoun: N. Y., Harper & Bros..... 3 00
Problems of Expansion: Whitelaw Reid: N. Y., The Century Co..... 1 50
Remarkable History of the Hudson Bay Company: George Bryce: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. .....

Poetry of the Month.

Advent of Empire: Morrison I. Swift: Los Angeles, Cal., The Ronbroke Press..... 1 00
Book of Verses, A: Robert Loveman: Phil., J. B. Lippincott & Co..... 1 00
Divine Enchantment, The: A Mystical Poem: J. G. Neihardt: N. Y., James T. White & Co.
Path of Dreams, The: Leigh Fordon Giltner: N. Y., F. H. Revell Co..... 1 25
Poems Narrative, Elegiac and Lyric: Matthew Arnold: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 50
Smiles Yoked With Sighs: Robert J. Burdette: Indianapolis, The Bowen-Merrill Co.....

Religious and Philosophic.

Civil Church Law: George James Bayles: N. Y., Edwin S. Gorham..... 2 00
David and His Friends: Rev. Louis Albert Banks: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co.....$1 50
Foreign Missions of the Protestant Churches: Stephen L. Baldwin: N. Y., Eaton & Mains. 1 00
Gospel According to Darwin, The: Woods Hutchinson: Chic., Open Court Pub. Co.... 50
Lessons from the Life and Death of D. L. Moody: Rev. R. A. Torrey: N. Y., F. H. Revell Co..... 50
Memory: An Inductive Study: F. W. Colegrove: N. Y., Henry Holt & Co.....
Luther and the German Reformation: Thomas M. Lindsay: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.. 1 25
Problem of Final Destiny, The: William B. Brown: N. Y., Thomas Whittaker..... 1 50
Skilled Labor for the Master: Eugene R. Hendrix: Nashville, Tenn., Barbee & Smith. 1 25
Soul of a Christian, The: Frank Granger: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 1 50
Wesley and Methodism: F. A. Snell: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons..... 1 25
Library of Biblical and Theological Literature: Ed. by G. R. Crooks and J. E. Hurst: N. Y., Eaton & Morris..... 5 00

Scientific and Industrial.

American Business Woman, The: John Howard Cromwell: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 00
American Inventions and Inventors: William A. and Arthur M. Mowry: N. Y., Silver, Burdett & Co..... 1 00
Familiar Fish, Their Habits and Capture: Eugene McCarthy: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 1 50
Horseless Vehicles, Automobiles, Motor Cycles: Gardner D. Hiscox: N. Y., Norman W. Henley & Co..... 2 00
Ideal Physical Culture and the Truth About the Strong Man: Apollo: London, Greenig & Co. .....
Instruction in Photography: Sir William De W. Abney: Phil., The J. B. Lippincott Co.
Medical and Surgical Nursing: Ed. by H. J. O'Brien, M.D.: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 50
Mineral Industry, The: Ed. by Richard P. Rothwell, V. 8: N. Y., Scientific Pub. Co.... 5 00
More Loose Links in Darwinian Armour: P. Y. Alexander: London, John Bale Sons.... 50
Nature's Miracles: Familiar Talks on Science: Elisha Gray: N. Y., Fords, Howard & Hulbert 60
Practice of Typography, The: Theodore Low De Vinne: N. Y., The Century Co..... 2 00
Theatres: Their Safety from Fire and Panic: William P. Gerhard: Bost., Bates & Guild Co. .....

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

As Seen By Me: Lilian Bell: N. Y., Harper & Bros..... 1 25
European Travel for Women: Mary C. Jones: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 1 50
Frenchman in America: Max O'Rell: N. Y., Wilbur B. Ketcham..... 1 25
Going Abroad? Some Advice: Albert Luce: Bost., R. & L. Luce..... 1 00
Norway Nights and Russian Days: S. M. H. Davis: N. Y., Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Paris and Environs: Karl Baedeker: Leipsic, Karl Baedeker..... 3 50
Paris and the Exposition: Original Photographs and Sketches: Chic., Laird & Lee... 75

Open Questions: Talks with Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

626. Current Literature has done so much to revive old favorites, can Open Questions tell me if they have ever printed The Ritter Band, by Campbell? In our grandmothers' time it was read and admired by many people of taste. In your searches among old magazines have you ever noticed a poem beginning,

Change, Change, another leaf is turned,
And into the old and strange sink the half-learned,
Out of the quiet ways into the World's broad track
We go forth on a Summer's day and never wander back?

I should like to have the entire poem if it could be found. It is by an unknown and is very likely lost now.—Mrs. D. G., Baltimore, Md.

[It gives us pleasure to reproduce in this month's Treasure Trove (see page 204) the Campbell poem for which you inquire—the title of which, by the way, is The Ritter Bann, not Band, as you have it; "ban" or "bann" being a title formerly given to the military chiefs who guarded the southern marches of Hungary (the Banat). Ritter is the German for rider or knight. Your quotation we fail to place. Perhaps some of our readers can aid you.]

627. *The Loneliness of God:* Some years ago I read a poem, of which I cannot quote a line, but it was written on the Loneliness of God. I have searched vainly for it. If any of your readers can send it to me, or you will publish it, I shall be very much obliged.—Effie Blackington, Lowell, Mass.

628. *Riley's Knee-Deep in June:* In the June, 1900, number of your magazine, on page 321, there is a poem, Knee-Deep in June, with the author given Anonymous. Will you kindly permit me to tell you that James Whitcomb Riley wrote that poem, as you will see if you look in almost any collection of his poems, but in A Tinkle of Bells and Other Poems, page 136, especially. I was very much surprised when I saw it in your magazine, but it may be only a misprint.—Jennie MacDougall, Cleveland, Ohio.

[An editorial note correcting this oversight of the previous issue was already in type for the Treasure Trove department of our July number (see July C. L., p. 80), when this and other letters, courteously pointing out the error, were received from Ralph A. Lyon, Baltimore, Md., and R. L. C. White, Nashville, Tenn.]

629. *Astrological Predictions:* In one of the newspapers I saw an article giving an old astrological prediction indicating the character of a woman, according to the month in which she was born. Will you kindly give me the prediction in regard to the character of men, or tell where I can find a collection of these old sayings, as there is no book of the kind in the libraries here?—G. F. D., San Francisco, Cal.

[There is a very interesting chapter on Astrology in Richard A. Proctor's Myths and Marvels of Astronomy. The book was published in 1880 by R. Worthington, 770 Broadway, New York City. There should be no difficulty in obtaining it. No doubt it is to be found in any of the public libraries of your city.]

630. Where can the following lines be found?

We are the watchmen by an empire's cradle
Whose infant sinews show like ancient Rome's.

—W. F. Osborne, Ansonia, Conn.

631. In the spring of 1893 Demorest's Family Magazine published a little story on Friendship, by Beatrice Harraden, a copy of which I have been trying to get. I wrote to the magazine but never received an answer. Now I write to you to see if you can obtain any information for me as to whether a copy of the same can be had and what the price would be. Inclosed you will find stamps for answer.—Miss M., Hopkinsville, Ky.

[Back numbers of periodicals can be obtained from James W. Christopher's American and Foreign Magazine Depot, 47 Dey street, New York City. Dana, Estes, & Co., Boston, and Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, are Miss Harraden's publishers in the United States. The story may have been included in some collection of her tales issued by them since the date you mention. Application to the publishers would determine. With regard to the enclosure of a stamp, we take this occasion to again remind the readers of this department that answers to queries are made through the medium of this page only.]

632. Will you please inform me through your publication where I can find the poem beginning,

Some words on language may be well applied,
So take them kindly tho' they touch your pride,

with name of poem and also that of author?—E. McConnell, Copper Rock, Colo.

633. Some two or three years ago I heard a recitation which closed with this line: "I hate to see ye go, Bill; I'd lots rather have you stay." I think the poem was by James Whitcomb Riley. Can you give it to me, or tell me where I may find it?—C. N. Bailey, Albion, Fla.

[We do not recognize the quotation, but if written by Mr. Riley, application to his publishers,

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, and the Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, would no doubt locate the poem. Or if not by the "Hoosier Poet," it may be identified through the insertion of this query.]

634. *The Whistling Regiment:* Will you kindly inform me who wrote The Whistling Brigade, which you published several years ago in the Current Literature? I loaned my journal at the time, and have been unable to procure the number or the poem. Am very anxious to get the poem. If you can assist me in finding it, you will greatly oblige a reader and subscriber of fourteen years' standing.—Mrs. M. Guist-Wolfe, David City, Nebraska.

[Doubtless The Whistling Regiment is the poem to which you refer. James Clarence Harvey is its author. It was printed in the January, 1890, issue of the magazine. Back numbers can be had at this office.]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

513. *The Baby Stuarts Again:*

[Two courteous letters are received from Lulu A. Gates, Central City, Ia., and E. M. H., Pittsfield, Mass., questioning our answer to this query which appeared in the September number of last year. We are inclined to believe, with these correspondents, that the answer we gave in the June number may be erroneous and they right in thinking that the subject of the picture in question was the Duke of York, afterward James II., and not a daughter of Charles I. as we stated. However, this particular picture is taken from a group, and there is conflict of opinion even among authorities as to the subjects of the many groups of these royal children, painted by Van Dyck, which adorn the galleries of Europe, and have been made familiar everywhere through engravings. Witness, in Radcliffe's Schools and Masters of Painting (Appleton), speaking of the picture in the Turin Gallery, catalogued as The Children of Charles I., the author says: "The quaint little princes and princess stand demurely and pathetically before the spectator, while a King Charles spaniel is beside the young Elizabeth." And in Percy Randall Head's Van Dyck (Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists: London: Samson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington), we find the same picture referred to as "a quaint and pretty portrait group now at Turin: Mary standing between her brothers in a dress of white satin, Charles to her right in scarlet, the little Duke of York standing on a step in a robe of blue silk." Mary or Elizabeth, which was it? Another group of these same children accompanied by two spaniel dogs, hangs at Windsor Castle, where also there is still another group of five figures, Prince Charles with the Duke of York, Princesses Mary Elizabeth and Anne. The date of this painting is 1637, so that the "Baby Stuart' in this case is undoubtedly the Princess Anne, the youngest of the royal children. If, however, A. Bullis, Glenwood Springs, Col., asking in our September number "Which of the Stuarts the picture of Baby Stuart represents?" referred to Sir Robert Strange's famous engraving, then our correspondents are in the right, for we have nowhere seen it stated that the subjects of this group (also a Van Dyck) are other than Henrietta, seated, the infant Duke of York in her arms, and "Bonnie Prince Charlie" standing by her side.]

607. *The Indian Hunter Again:*

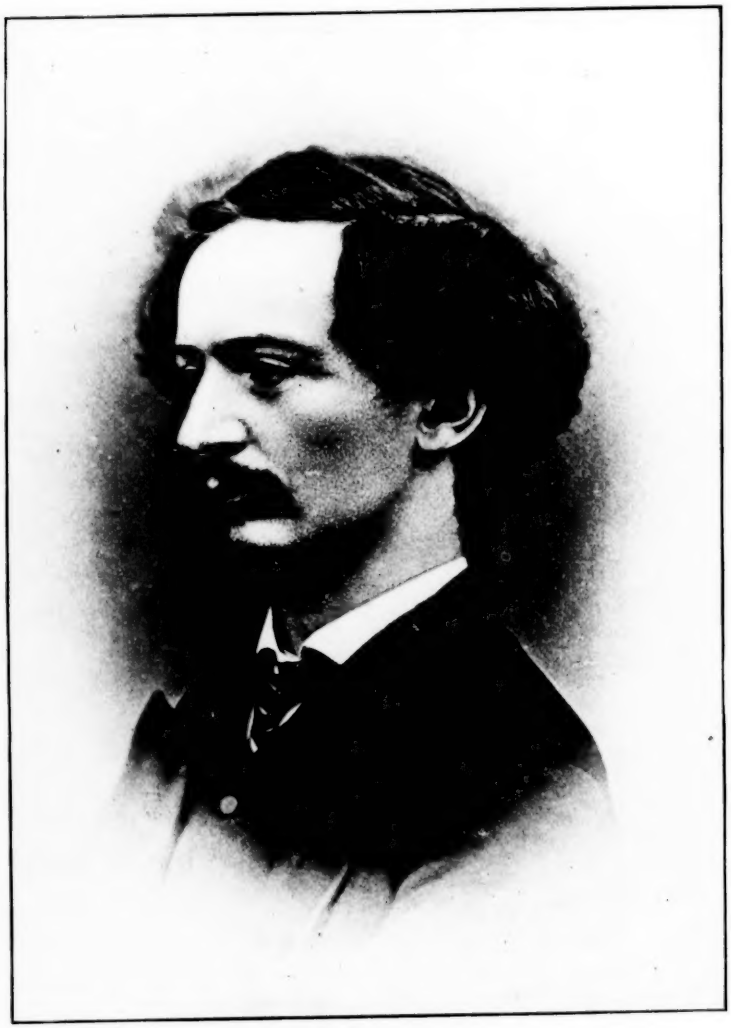
[This query was answered last month, but a letter is just received from another correspondent containing further information, and we print it also, with thanks to Mr. Costello for the copy of the poem, which we have forwarded to S. A. H., Cincinnati, Ohio, who asked for it.]

I copy this poem which was first published by Longfellow in the United States Literary Gazette, May 15, 1825, from a tiny book entitled, The Early Poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, collected, edited and prefaced by Richard Herne Shepherd and published in London by Pickering & Co., 196 Piccadilly, 1878. "These poems," says Mr. Longfellow, referring to these early pieces, "were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools and seem to be successful. Others," etc. In the June Current Literature you asked your readers to aid in identifying the poem for your correspondent "S. A. H.," Cincinnati, Ohio. He asked for a copy of it. Perhaps you will kindly transmit it to him with the above information, since you ask it for him in your columns.—Vincent Costello, Charleston, W. Va.

610. *Counsel:* Enclosed is the poem Counsel, by Mrs. Mary Evelyn (Moore) Davis, asked for in Query 610, in the June number of Current Literature.—Ralph A. Lyon, Baltimore, Md.

I enclose copy of verses asked for by querist No. 610, At Parting, I clipped from a forgotten paper, and can give no information concerning the author beyond the credit given in this instance to Coventry Patmore.—Edna Seavy Drake, Loup City, Nebraska.

[Except for the title the poems are identical. As Mrs. Davis contributed Counsel to The Galaxy in 1872, since when it has been made familiar through its appearance in Stedman's Library of American Literature, and nowhere in any edition of Patmore's poems do we find anything resembling it, we must believe that the English author's title to its authorship is yet to be proven. We take pleasure in reprinting the poem in this month's Treasure Trove, giving credit, as we think, properly, to Mrs. Davis. Thanks to both correspondents for their courtesy.]



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

(See English Poets of To-Day, page 268)